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NATIONAL REVIEW

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LETTERS

Immigration Epiphany

Lawrence Auster ["Avoiding the Issue," Feb. 21] takes Mark Lagon and me to task for writing, in the Fall 1991 *Policy Review*: "Tighter restrictions on immigration will not be the answer. On the contrary, high levels of immigration to the United States will be necessary into the next century, if for no other reason than to provide enough working men and women to support our aging population."

Touché. For my part, I still think little of the "cultural" argument against immigration (and equally little of the cultural argument *for* immigration, i.e., that we will be saved from our decadence by morally conservative Hispanics or "Confucian" Asians). There are sufficient reasons to reject multiculturalism, and to outlaw racial-preference policies, without attributing to them the power to prevent assimilation. Quotas or no quotas, America's common vernacular culture is so attractive that most of today's recent immigrant population can be expected to merge with the majority within a few generations.

However, the economic argument against mass immigration now appears to me to be compelling. The problem of too many retirees subsidized by too few young workers that Lagon and I referred to is real, but the answer is to reform Social Security, not to initiate an unworkable Ponzi scheme for financing it through escalating immigration (the immigrants brought in to pay for Social Security would require even more immigrants when *they* retire, and so on *ad infinitum*).

The U.S. economy, thanks to various long-term trends like automation and low-wage foreign competition, is not creating enough well-paid jobs for natives, much less for newcomers. Mass immigration only worsens this problem, by lowering wages which, in a tighter labor market, would naturally be higher, to the benefit of low-income Americans, or, if high wages encouraged the substitution of machinery for labor, to the benefit of the technological base within U.S. borders. (To prevent employers from relocating manufacturing and services to low-wage countries when entry-level American wages, following a steep reduction in immigration, begin to rise, deterrents to the expatriation of industry like a social tariff in some industries—preferably a common tariff shared by the U.S. and the EC—might be necessary.)

While a case can be made for retaining moderate levels of humanitarian and family-reunification immigration, in today's economic circumstances the burden of proof should be shifted to those who argue for retaining a policy that permits great numbers of immigrants to compete with native and naturalized Americans for a diminishing number of good jobs. Mark Lagon and I were wrong in 1991. Tighter restrictions on immigration *are* the answer.

Michael Lind
Executive Editor
The National Interest
Washington, D.C.

Hear Me Roar

I am astonished to see a distinguished conservative publication such as NATIONAL REVIEW promulgate so sweeping a revocation of traditional conservative morality as is set forth by Steven Goldberg ["Can Women Beat Men at Their Own Game?" Dec. 27].

Mr. Goldberg seems to agree with basic conservative social values, arguing that marriage, the rearing of children by two parents, and sexual restraint in general are unquestionably beneficial for society. But the entire male sex, according to his analysis, appears relieved of all responsibility for ensuring these benefits. Men cannot be expected to exercise sexual restraint voluntarily; it is women who must tell them "no." Men cannot be induced to take on the restrictions of marriage unless women offer them special privileges within the family. And while the economics of modern society require increasing numbers of women to work outside the home, husbands refuse to do their share of the housework, making marriage a steadily less appealing prospect for women as well. Mr. Goldberg's conclusion: Hey, men are just like that, and women had better accept it.

This sort of reasoning has traditionally been the Left's response to social issues. Conservatives, on the other hand, have insisted that all people are inherently capable of moral behavior because the responsibility to do good rather than evil rests within the individual, and not in his background, social class, or society. For this reason, differences between men and women are not relevant to their responsibilities. Men do not need to be innately nurturing in order to change a diaper or to cook dinner. Mr. Goldberg should devote his rhetorical talents to exhorting men to support the institutions of home and family to which he pays lip service, rather than devising excuses for mass laziness.

At the same time, it is not necessary that women be innately aggressive to perform well in positions of dominance in society; aggression influences only one's ability to attain high office, not one's ability to fulfill its functions. Indeed, if Mr. Goldberg is correct in his portrayal of women as superior standard-bearers of conservative ideals, would not the world be a far better place if men stepped back and allowed us to run it?

Barrie Greene
Cambridge, Mass.

My piece in NATIONAL REVIEW *was concerned not with morality, but with analysis of the implications of empirical evidence. I suggested that the evidence of every one of the thousands of societies we have studied indicates that there are innate differences between males and females that generate differing male and female behaviors. The evidence is so overwhelming that we would have to posit the determinativeness of male–female physiological differentiation in the differentiation of behavior and institutions even if we had no direct neuroendocrinological evidence at all.*

The study of cross-cultural regularities of sexual differentiation of behavior and institutions leaves no doubt that males exhibit dominance behavior more readily and more strongly, are more easily drawn to sexual alternatives to the spouse, and are less galvanized by an infant's distress. It is these male–female regularities that are relevant to the issues discussed in my article.

Miss Greene may well be correct in saying that "the world would be a far better place if men stepped back and allowed [women] to run it." None of my work is concerned with moral questions of good and bad, but only with empirical realities and the possibilities and impossibilities they suggest. That Miss Greene is aware of the empirical reality rendering impossible the opportunity for women to demonstrate that they would do a better job at running the superfamilial world is in-

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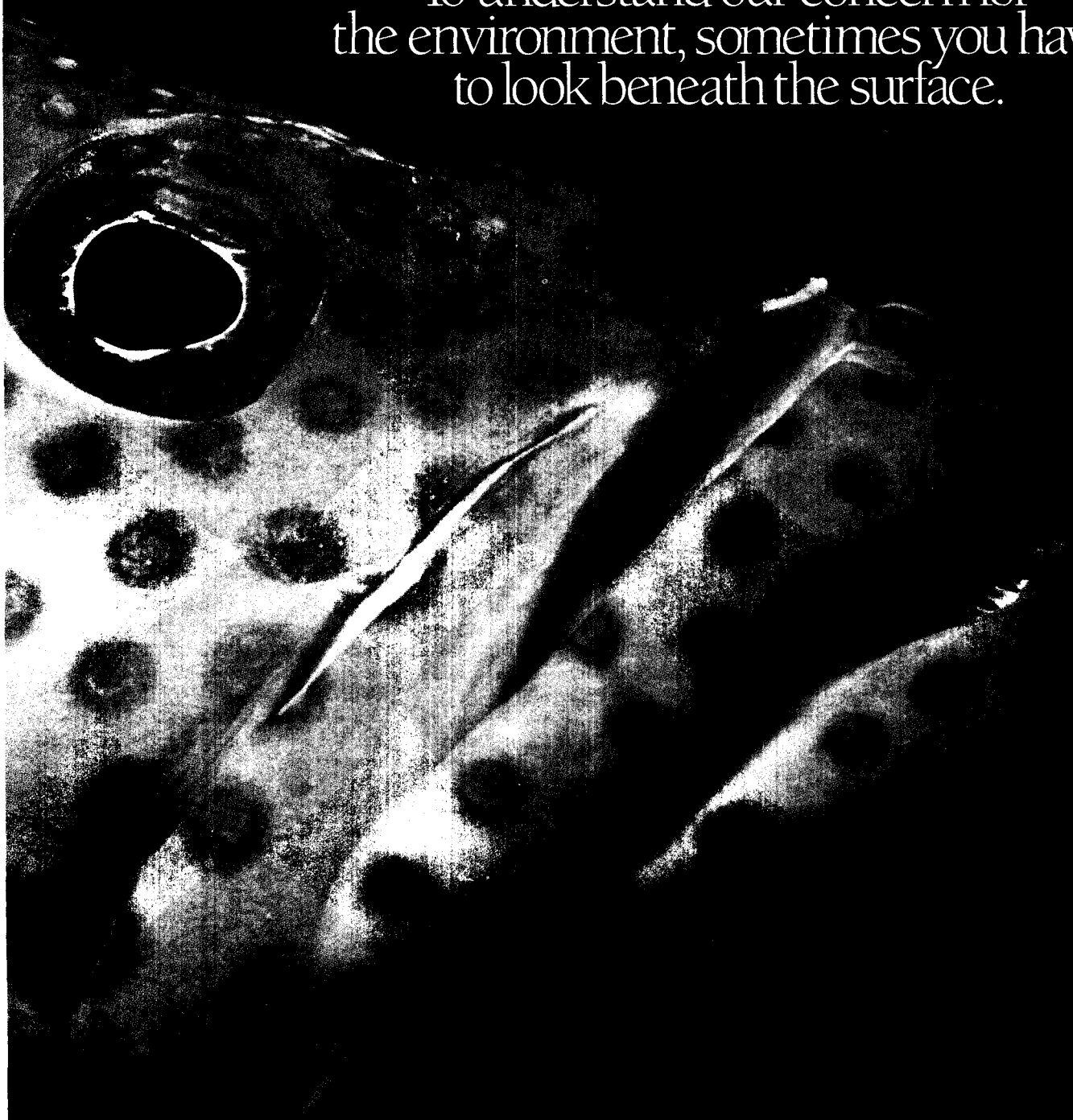

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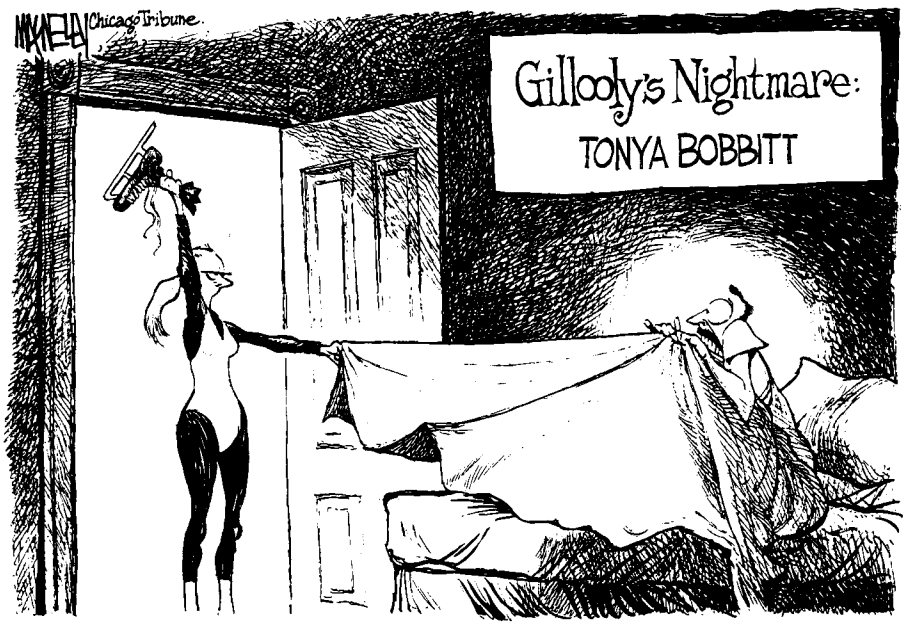
dicated by her understanding that this is something men would have to "allow."

Contrary to contemporary wish and ideology, there is not the slightest evidence that males will suppress their greater tendency to hierarchical dominance sufficiently to allow females equal hierarchical power. Miss Greene's hope that men and women will suppress the innate tendencies that make them men and women seems to me more naïve than anything the Left has come up with.

Men and women are simply different from each other, and the difference accounts for the realities I discuss in my article. It seems to me that any morality that ignores this difference, or the evi-



dence demonstrating it, is both doomed and unworthy of being called "conservative." —SG

Philadelphia Story

John Simon is the most obtuse, unfeeling movie critic imaginable. He seems dedicated to destroying whatever vestiges of art, talent, and excitement still survive in our movies. In his review of *Philadelphia* ["Romancing AIDS," Feb. 7], he decries the only scene that takes a genuine risk—the scene where Tom Hanks listens to Maria Callas while dancing with his IV—as "tasteless, patronizing, and offensive" (adjectives that could easily be applied to Mr. Simon's reviews), and goes on to call Miss Callas's rendition "hammy."

Didn't his theatrical reviewing duties lead him to Terrence McNally's *The Lisbon Traviata*, a brilliant explanation of gay men's almost universal idolization of Maria Callas's artistry and heartbreaking intensity of feeling? The fact that anyone connected with *Philadelphia* actually knew that much about gay men's lives is a shock after all the sanitized scenes of Mr. Hanks with his family, Mr. Hanks at the doctor's office, etc. The scene is the only time the movie sheds its careful point-making and becomes moving and touching. Whether they succeed or not, such risks should be recognized and encouraged, not sneered at.

Mr. Simon further remarks that the scene seems to imply that homosexuals have something special to offer the world. This is crossing the line from simple obtuseness into willful boneheadedness. There isn't enough space here to point out the countless contributions that homosexual artists, including Charles Busch and Charles Ludlam, whom Mr. Simon has praised so fulsomely in the past, have made to culture. Is such an offensive remark merely thoughtless or is it intentional slander? Whatever the answer, I can hardly wait to see what bile Mr. Simon will spew at *Six Degrees of Separation*, a brilliant, witty, gay-themed movie.

Steven Zumbrun
Hampstead, Md.

It is interesting that while Mr. Zumbrun agrees with me about the general failings of Philadelphia, *he immediately launches on a maniacal attack on me for the one scene we disagree on. Now, why must a scene that (allegedly) takes genuine risks be encouraged whether or not it succeeds? Good intentions will get you to Hell on a well-paved road, but not to achievement in the arts, where one of the worst things a critic can do is to disburse patronizing, or downright foolish, unearned praise.*

I, of course, reviewed The Lisbon Traviata, *and praised its excellent first act, but had serious reservations about its weaker second, especially the ending, which, in however many ways McNally rewrote it, never worked. By a curious enthymeme, Mr. Zumbrun concludes that I have questioned the contributions to culture by homosexual artists, an allegation he immediately contradicts by citing my "fulsome" praise for Ludlam and Busch —where, incidentally, his context makes me wonder whether he understands the meaning of "fulsome." In any case, I was not talking about artists, homosexual or heterosexual, but about the character whom Tom Hanks portrays, who is a lawyer, which is as far as you can get from "artist," with the possible exception of the screenwriter of* Philadelphia.

As for Six Degrees of Separation, *I reviewed the play twice in* New York *magazine to show why I consider it as dishonest as it is insignificant. And much as I admire Fred Schepisi's Australian films, the Schepisi–Guare movie version of* Six Degrees *is so vastly inferior even to the play that I chose not to review it at all, frustrating as this may prove to Mr. Zumbrun. I do, however, agree with him that the single word "hammy"—a desperate attempt of mine to save space—is insufficient to describe Callas's rendition of* La mamma morta *or anything else. I consider the diva's voice "velvety," as when you rub velvet against the grain.*

Finally, what is this about any review of mine being tasteless, patronizing, and offensive? Right after Philadelphia, *in the same column, I review* Wrestling Ernest Hemingway *in a manner that, however lacking it may be in other ways, Mr. Zumbrun would be hard put to characterize by those three epithets.* —JS

A Correction

In the exchange of letters between conservative scholar Paul Gottfried and NATIONAL REVIEW television critic Matthew Scully [Feb. 7], Mr. Scully wrote that Mr. Gottfried's speech at a November American Cause conference "struck me, as it did Mr. Buchanan and his staff, as not the best use of a keynote address."

Oh, yeah? Paul Gottfried's speech was marked by a spirit that has almost become extinct in the conservative establishment—a passion to pursue the truth even when there is a political cost to be paid for finding it.

In this case, one cost Mr. Gottfried incurred was getting hit in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW, which puts him in very good company.

We are always honored to have him in ours.

Terence P. Jeffrey
Executive Director
The American Cause
McLean, Va.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Uncommon Laws

■ Some years ago, when the first poll appeared showing President Carter more popular than President Reagan, I recognized an instant orthodoxy.

Sure enough, a Nexis search reveals one constant theme, from the *Los Angeles Times* ("Carter now scores higher than Reagan") to the *Atlanta Constitution* ("Carter . . . passed Ronald Reagan in the popularity stakes") all the way down to *USA Today* ("Jimmy Carter held in higher regard").

Why is this? Do Americans think Mr. Carter's foreign policy had more success? Or his economic policy? Or what? The polls were silent on such points. Nor were the journalists curious—as if they thought Mr. Carter's superiority too good to be true.

We thought the same thing. So NATIONAL REVIEW asked Fabrizio, McLaughlin to hold a more searching poll on the two Presidents. Bingo!

Even the standard question—"Overall, who would you say you admired more as President . . . ?"—produced a comfortable win for Mr. Reagan by 48.2 per cent to 41.1 per cent.

More specifically, which President had done "the best job" in three areas? Fifty-seven per cent thought that Mr. Reagan had done best in creating economic growth and opportunity—with 29.7 per cent for Mr. Carter. On handling foreign affairs, Mr. Reagan's superiority was 62.2 per cent to 28.6 per cent. And as for restoring America's spirit and standing in the world, Mr. Reagan was better regarded by 65.6 per cent to 25.5 per cent. A hat trick.

Remember, you read it here first—because you won't be reading it anywhere else a second time.

■ Readers continue to coin their own laws. And very good laws they are too. To coin a mere epigram, I would rather be governed by the first two hundred names on our subscription list than by the Harvard faculty.

Alas, I must confess to sowing confusion. O'Sullivan's First Law—"All organizations which are not avowedly right-wing become left-wing over time"—is a sociological law which claims to detect a recurring, apparently causal, relationship in social life.

Another example is Watkins's First Law of Journalism—"Articles which never get started never get finished"—formulated by the distinguished Welsh journalist, Alan Watkins.

(To logical positivists Watkins's law may appear a mere tautology; but this is an illusion created by the densely textured web of infinitely regressive psychological causalities it attempts to account for. The concept of an article, or even a novel, which has never been started but which has been finished, indeed favorably reviewed and sold to Hollywood, though difficult for philosophers to grasp, is instantly accessible to any writer. But I digress.)

All sociological laws describe such regularities. But O'Sullivan's Second Law—"Never order decaffeinated espresso in a multicultural society"—did not. It was a law in the lesser sense of a regulation.

Admittedly it could be reformulated to read, "Multicultural societies have no reliable concept of decaffeinated espresso." Alert readers will, however, notice the sleight of hand. The word "reliable," by preserving the law from the test of falsifiability, simultaneously deprives it of scientific status.

Most readers, misled, coined laws of the second kind. Let me then offer two proper laws from Peter Hannaford, Mr. Reagan's occasional speechwriter. His law of lines—"If there are two lines, the new arrival will always choose the slower line"—and his law of parties—"If you accept an invitation to two parties in the same evening, the second party will be a dud"—are both laws that, once formulated, are immediately seen to be valid, even though any causal relationship is more than usually difficult to hypothesize.

Some clue is perhaps provided by the fact that Mr. Hannaford is a Murphy on his mother's side.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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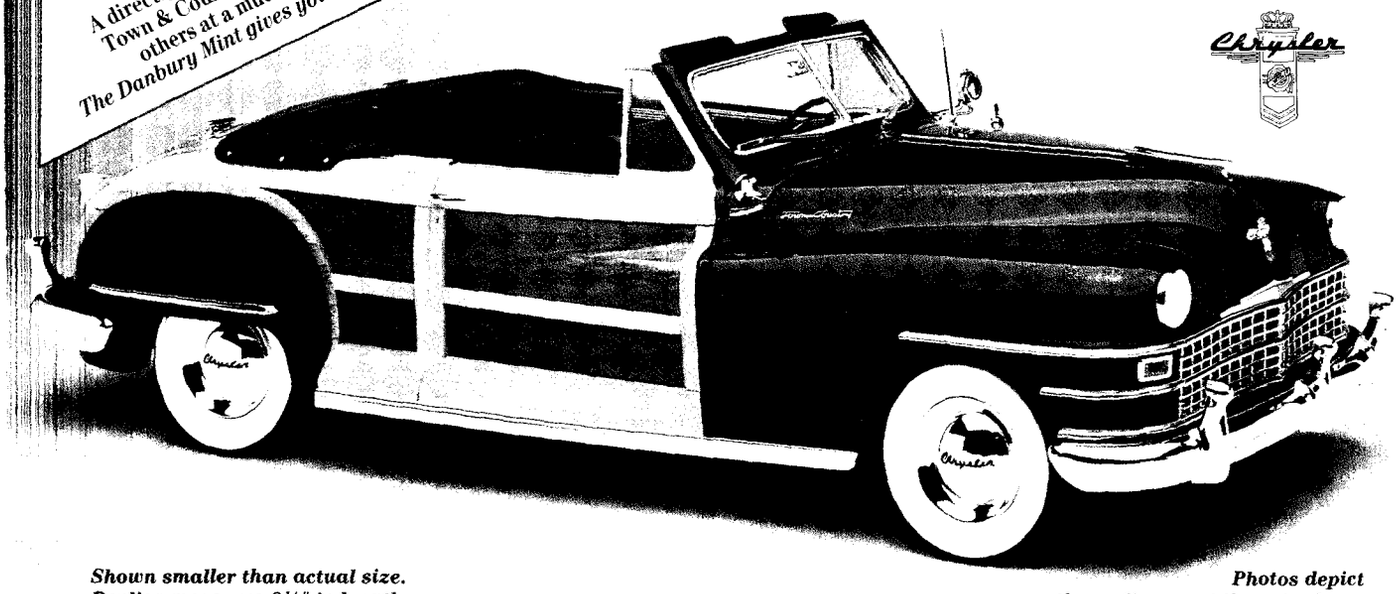

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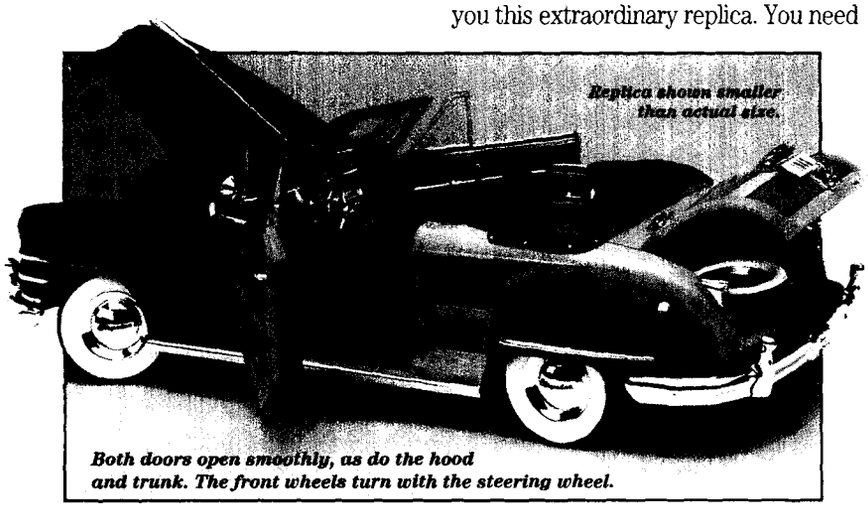

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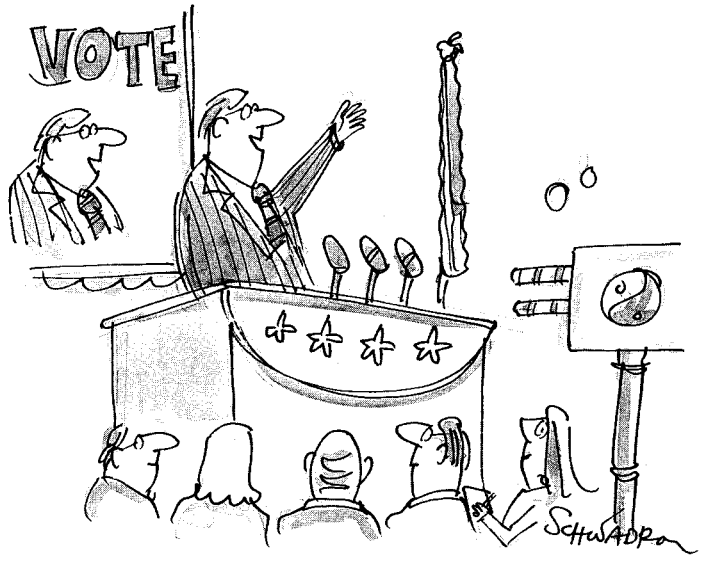
FOR THE RECORD

■ Is **Bill Clinton** following up on rightward rhetorical shift? **Geoffrey Cowan**, former *Village Voice*, *Nation* writer and aide to former Sixties left-wing Rep. **William Fitts Ryan**, has been named to head Voice of America. . . . **Fred Barnes** speculates that **David Gergen** may be back in private sector because of efforts to shift Clinton image from Left. Gergen told Barnes his detractors on the Left "won't be satisfied until I'm gone." . . . **Tim Wirth**'s office of population control at State has a bowl of condoms for the taking. . . . **Deval Patrick**, veteran of NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund and partner in law firm of **Michael Dukakis**, is nominee for assistant attorney general for civil rights, post for which **Lani Guinier** was too radical. Patrick favors quota system for death penalty. . . . President chose **Ricki Tigert**, close friend of **Hillary**, to head FDIC; Miss Tigret could play role in Whitewater investigation, and has been ambivalent about recusing herself. . . . **Mort Halperin**, whose activist past forewarned tough Senate confirmation to State Department post, is to be senior director on democracy at NSC, which does not require Senate confirmation. . . . **Bill Bennett** told CPAC audience: "It took a woman half my size and twice my age" to offer President best advice on social policy. **Mother Teresa** said on abortion: "If you don't want the babies, give them to me." Advice not applauded by President.

■ CPAC straw poll found **Jack Kemp** leading presidential field with 34 per cent (down 14 points from last year) to **Pat Buchanan**'s 11 per cent and **Bill Bennett**'s 9 per cent. **Bob Dole** received only 8 per cent. Conservative favorites **Phil Gramm** (4.9 per cent), **Dick Cheney** (4.3 per cent), and **Dan Quayle** (3.6 per cent) did not fare as well. . . . In Senate races: nationally, Republicans excited that **Hugh Rodham**, brother of First Lady, plans to challenge popular conservative **Connie Mack** in Florida: Hillary becomes campaign issue. . . . Supply-side **Reagan**ite and 31-year-old engineer **Scott Williams** is challenging three-term Sen. **Patrick Moynihan** in New York. . . . In California gubernatorial contest, tough stance on immigration is helping beleagured **Pete Wilson**, now neck and neck with leading Democrat **Kathleen Brown**. . . . House Speaker **Tom Foley** may have dodged bullet when Washington State federal judge ruled term-limit initiative unconstitutional, yet he has become vulnerable among constituents. Only 43 per cent feel he should be re-elected; 49 per cent do not. Three-quarters still favor term limits. . . . Texas Sen. **Kay Bailey Hutchison** furlongs ahead in her race for re-election after judge dismissed charges that she misused state office for campaign duties.

■ What will **Bill Clinton** do as things heat up over North Korea? South Korean Foreign Minister **Han Seung Joo** says "we are very close to the point of no return," and calls for UN sanctions. . . . Japanese Prime Minister **Morihiro Hosokawa**, whose government warned Iranians late last year they would cut off economic aid if North Koreans were permitted to test fly new missiles, says crunch is coming before month's end. . . . "UN sanctions would have limited success because of North Korea's minimal interaction with the rest of the world," says **Yu Suk Ryul** of Seoul's Institute of Foreign Affairs and National Security. . . . **Akira Katoi**, writing in Japanese weekly *Shukan Bunshu*, says 160 Russian technicians are working in North Korean nuclear program. . . . **Emperor Akihito** and **Empress Michiko** paid homage to the World War II dead at **Iwo Jima**, first by a Japanese ruler. . . . Personal visit to Sarajevo by two women Moslem prime ministers, **Tansu Ciller** of Turkey and **Benazir Bhutto** of Pakistan, both close U.S. allies; they hoped statement by moderate Moslems would attract support for Moslems worldwide. . . . **Irving Kristol** says Russian–Ukrainian showdown is coming, and that "Russia is bound to win." If this were to occur, he says, State "will be lost in a maze of irrelevancies." . . . Ukrainian President **Leonid Kravchuk**, coming to Washington March 3, reminding he has 176 nuclear warheads, says "let no one imagine that if a war were to explode . . . he could somehow be immune to the nuclear poison."

■ **Jay Leno** says of Clinton's anti-AIDS message, "sex is not a sport": "Too bad . . . Between the President, **Bob Packwood**, **Joey Buttafuoco**, and the **Bobbitts**, America would sweep the gold."



"I have a very simple plan to stop skyrocketing medical costs—do away with doctors."

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THE WEEK

■ Those wild and crazy supermarket tabloids just get more and more outrageous. First they reported that Elvis had been sighted alive, and now they're saying the same thing about the Clinton health plan.

■ Bill Kristol of the Project for the Republican Future has grasped that the best way to get publicity for an idea is to label it "confidential." His third memo on the political strategy of health-care reform, faxed to rudderless Republicans all over Washington last week, recognizes that the Clinton plan as written is in real trouble, but urges Republicans not to find themselves supporting the Cooper bill (whose prospects have improved with the wounding of Clinton's scheme) by default. No large issues divide the two as John Hood demonstrates on page 46—indeed, Jim Cooper correctly claims that he and Clinton are "first cousins in this debate and . . . hoping for a family reunion this year." So Mr. Kristol argues that there is now an opportunity to reframe the debate as a choice between a crisis-driven Clinton–Cooper "jump into the abyss," or practical solutions that give individuals more control over their health care. Bob Dole and Haley Barbour are praised for already taking this tack—which might eventually become, Kristol thinks, the "Moynihan–Dole" bill. Of course, once deals began to be cut in the Finance Committee, even a Moynihan–Dole bill might not look so good. But that's a problem—not a crisis.

■ Tom Foley won round one in his battle against term limits when a federal judge struck down a Washington State law which required them. Representative Foley will have to retire in 1998 if it is reinstated on appeal. But he might have to retire in nine months if Washington populists fall back on the form of term limitation currently allowed: elections.

■ A woman came forward in Washington, D.C., with a complaint of sexual harassment. Paula Jones, 27, related that in 1991 she was approached by an intermediary to go to a hotel room to meet the governor of her state (the boss of her boss in a state agency). Considering it an honor, she went to the room. The governor soon turned the conversation to sexual innuendo. "You have nice curves, I love the way your hair goes down your body," he allegedly said, and made a specific sexual request. There is more in like vein. Mrs. Jones, who did not yield to the governor's advances, left the room badly shaken. Affidavits from two female co-workers confirm that she returned from the encounter emotionally distressed. The then-governor she accused is President Clinton, who, through a spokesman, said that "he does not recall meeting her." We have no idea of the truth of these allegations, and in general we dislike the present situation in which damaging sexual charges can be made without convincing proof and without legal risk to the complainant. But we will not shrink from stating the obvious: if Nina Totenberg, Tim Phelps, Catharine MacKinnon, NOW, Anna Quindlen, Senators Paul Simon and Howard Metzenbaum, three-quarters of Washington, nine-tenths of the media, and, yes, Hillary Clinton do not give the same credence and publicity to Mrs. Jones's claims that they gave to the far-less-corroborated charges of Anita Hill, then they should tender Clarence Thomas the most grovelling apology.

■ Two days later, the *Sunday Times* of London, furthering the impression that the British press is the place to go for reports of Democratic scandals, untangled a suspicious 1989 transaction wherein 45 Iowa nursing homes, financed by state bonds, were sold and resold on the same day, generating $10 million of profits for the Little Rock company which had owned them, and perhaps half a million in fees for the Rose Law Firm. William Kennedy III, who handled the deal, is now associate counsel in the White House; Hillary Clinton, that other Rose alum, would have made a bonus on the deal. Nuclear war-gamers used to speak of "fratricide," a scenario in which simultaneously incoming missiles would destroy each other instead of their target. This may be the Clintons' best hope.

■ The Eastern Seaboard was struck by one of the worst blizzards in years as Little Rock's Rose Law Firm reportedly shredded all of its documents pertaining to the Whitewater/Madison Guaranty affair.

■ And speaking of scoundrels, Dan Rostenkowski coughed up $82,000 for chairs engraved with his name and crystaline figurines of Washington landmarks that he had purchased improperly using his House account. Newt Gingrich said the affair "raises some serious questions regarding the House's procedure and integrity." To say nothing of its taste.

■ That President Clinton has done wonders for conservative unity was evident at the 21st Conservative Political Action Conference, held in Washington February 10 to 12: at 1,500 participants, it was the largest ever. In addition to brisk T-shirt sales, opposition to Clinton and Cooper health plans (as well as to the long liberal march in general) was unanimous and

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comprehensive. But a good defense is not a strong offense. Lurking below that solid opposition are splinters among conservatives on a number of issues—and not lurking among the crowd was an unquestioned heir of Ronald Reagan, the man who managed to unify conservatives and the nation. Jack Kemp led the poll of presidential candidates with a healthy 34 per cent (Buchanan: 11; Bennett: 9), and he has an appeal extending beyond CPAC. But the conservative rank-and-file wants a more aggressive campaign on such issues as quotas, multiculturalism, and immigration which, as yet, no conservative leader is providing. There will be a rich reward for the one who does.

■ Meanwhile, however, don't expect a replay of the Lani Guinier fiasco with Mr. Clinton's new nominee to head the Justice Department's civil-rights division, Deval Patrick. As legal expert Clint Bolick has pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal*, Mr. Patrick, a 37-year-old corporate attorney who served at the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, is a "stealth Guinier": holding the same extreme stands but lacking Miss Guinier's damaging past of law review articles. Still, Mr. Patrick's record at the NAACP is a definite eyebrow-raiser: he defended continuing forced-busing programs, racial quotas for public employees in New Orleans and the District of Columbia, and court-ordered tax hikes to bankroll school desegregation in Kansas City. His most prominent act, however, was arguing before the Supreme Court, in the 1987 *McClesky* v. *Kemp* case, for overturning the death sentence given to a black man convicted of murdering a white police officer. He claimed that since statistical studies showed murderers of whites were more likely to face capital punishment than murderers of blacks, the death sentence violated the Eighth Amendment's ban on cruel and unusual punishment and the Fourteenth Amendment's equal-protection clause—whereas a Clintonian New Democrat, avid for stern punishments, would presumably have called for more executions of white murderers. The bottom line: expect Mr. Clinton's nominee to win on Capitol Hill. But don't be surprised if the President's ideological doublespeak someday catches up with him.

■ President Clinton has signed an $11-billion California earthquake-relief bill which—*quelle surprise*—earmarks only $8.6 billion in disaster aid. The rest went, courtesy of Congress, to a slew of pork-barrel projects, including $1.4 million for Maine potato farmers, $203 million for highway "demonstration projects," $1 million for senators to hire lawyers to defend themselves against civil-right suits, and $10 million to renovate New York's Penn Station. Better get used to these aftershocks—they'll be occurring after every disaster.

■ A little known U.S. law sets strict conditions for use of private mail services: the shipment must be urgent, and the private postage must be at least twice the cost of first-class mail rates. The urgency regs are no problem. With a little creativity, the most mundane mailing can be fobbed off as something requiring an "immediate response." But try finding a private mail service that charges more than the Post Office. Until recently this was merely an arcane quirk in a forgotten statute. But in the past three years postal inspectors have swooped down on more than twenty companies—including GTE of Stamford, Connecticut—audited postal records, and collected more than $500,000. The P.O. warns that many other businesses face a similar fate unless they mend their Federal Express ways. Senator Paul Coverdell has introduced legislation which would ban the P.O. from fining private-carrier users. Congress should Fed-Ex it.

■ Boris Yeltsin may be presiding over a sicker economy than we thought. There's a report he has entered Russia's name in the Publishers' Clearing House sweepstakes.

■ We owe a lot to Under Secretary of State Peter Tarnoff, who has an uncanny knack for off-the-cuff remarks that are devilishly embarrassing to the Administration but wonderfully revealing of the truth of its thinking about foreign policy. Last spring, Tarnoff commented at a luncheon with journalists that the U.S. could no longer afford its traditional role of world leadership; we would henceforth have to defer to others and work in a multilateral framework. But he has now outdone himself. At another lunch last spring, he and his colleague (and ex-Senator) Tim Wirth tried to explain to

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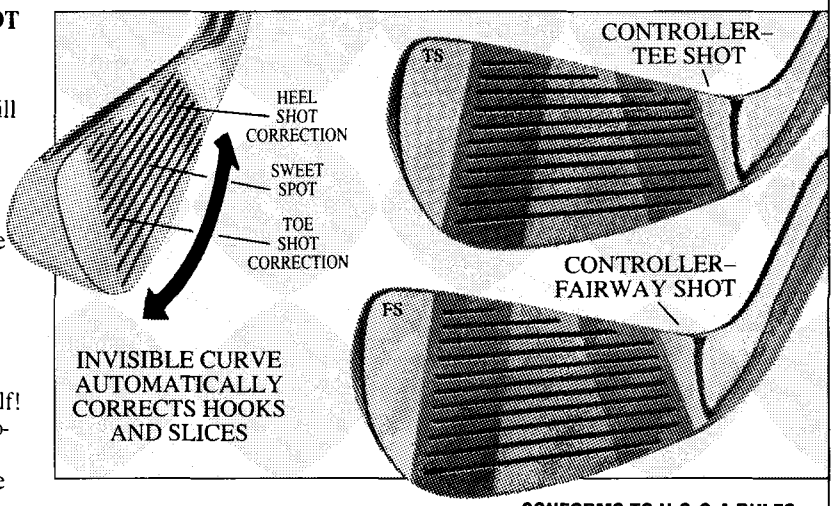

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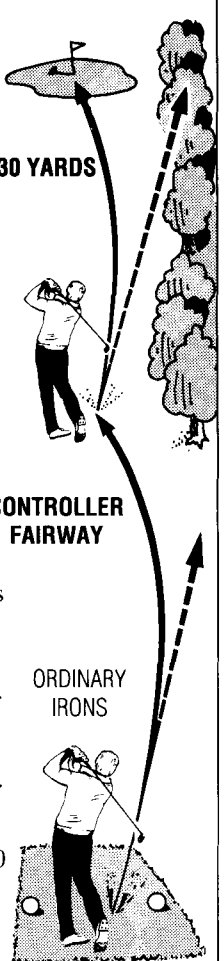

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Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel why the Administration was unwilling to intervene forcefully in Bosnia. He explained that higher moral stakes were involved than the prevention of genocide: a failed military intervention in Bosnia could "destroy the Clinton Presidency." Mr. Wirth added that the "survival of the fragile liberal coalition represented by this Presidency" was morally too important to risk. On second thoughts, they're right: the world cannot afford U.S. leadership. Or it may soon come to think so.

■ A British MP, said to be a rising star of the Tories, was found in his London home wearing only women's stockings and a plastic bag over his head, dead. Foul play was ruled out (depending on how you define foul play, of course), and the theory advanced that the MP was engaged in a technically advanced sexual encounter at the time of his demise. The incident is said to have set back Prime Minister Major's campaign for family values and higher standards of public service. The technique therefore shows great political promise for opponents of family values in the U.S. Congress.

■ The latest environmental scare concerns a new growth hormone, called Posilac, designed to increase milk output in cows. Most dairy farmers are ecstatic at the prospects of the estimated 5 to 20 per cent rise in production that the new drug promises. But some supermarket chains are feeling pressure to refuse milk and cheese products from the treated cows, out of fear that customers, scared off by hysterical protestations of environmental groups, won't buy. This despite the green light for the hormone from the FDA, the NIH, and the American Medical Association. All in all, a further confirmation of Bob Tyrrell's remark that the average American intellectual has more fears than a medieval peasant.

■ A forthcoming edition of the American Physciatric Association's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders—the DSM of the APA, as it's known in the trade—reclassifies certain religious experiences as problems of living, instead of physciatric illnesses. "One tendency in the mental-health field," explained a shrink who backed the change, is to treat all conversions or visions as signs of "mental disorder." But if a religious perspective is brought to this, there is a way of validating the experience these people are going through, enabling them to integrate it and reach a higher level of functioning." *Case Notes (to Health Alliance): Client D. Aligheri reported descending a conical cavern and climbing down the flank of a hairy, bat-winged figure which did not chew with its mouth closed. Suggest taking him off lithium, and referring him to Politics of Meaning workshop.*

■ Liberals like to say you can judge a country by how it treats its poor, but we like to say you can judge a liberal by how he treats conservatives, or at least conservative ideas. Two new TV programs illustrate the point. On Fox, Henry Winkler produces and stars in the sit-com *Monty*, about a conservative talk-show host modeled, very crudely, on Rush Limbaugh. Mr. Winkler's Monty is an unamusing boor and bigot who in each episode screws things up for his liberal family, members of which must come to his rescue by the end of the half-hour—for instance, by proving to Monty the wisdom of contraception for kids. Meanwhile, Norman Lear, creator of *All in the Family* and spiritual leader of People for the American Way, is getting ready to premiere a new series on CBS, *704 Hauser Street*, about a middle-class black family which has moved into Archie Bunker's old house. But in a clever twist, the dad, a liberal, stands in for gruff, intolerant Archie Bunker, while the son is a bright, urbane, ideologically committed *conservative*. When the father remarks that a "black man can't be a bigot, son. Ha!" the kid shoots back "Tell that to a Korean, Dad. Ha, ha!" Bravo. *San Diego Union-Tribune* columnist Joseph Perkins recently recounted a phone call he received from Mr. Lear, who was doing research into the puzzling phenomenon of black conservatives, of whom Mr. Perkins is one. Mr. Lear obviously learned something from that conversation. When Henry Winkler rings up Rush Limbaugh for a similar conversation, we'll say there's hope for him too.

■ After weeks of anxious speculating in the press, ABC has at last decided to allow Roseanne Arnold to French kiss Mariel Hemingway on national television. Everyone is now happy except Madonna who may sue for breach of copyright.

The Bosnian Bargain

THE NATO allies appear headed for agreement on retaliating for Serb artillery barrages on Sarajevo, while simultaneously squeezing the Bosnian Muslims to accept a partition of their country on ethnic lines. It is an odd outcome: the U.S. Administration reluctantly persuaded to endorse its original plan for tactical air strikes, egged on by a French government that had been most reluctant to consider military action.

Hence it should not be taken at face value. We have long suspected that the British and French secretly want the Serbs to win the war as the quickest way to end it. That was one reason they resisted lifting the arms embargo or considering any serious military options that might have equalized forces on the ground. But the atrocity of the shelling that

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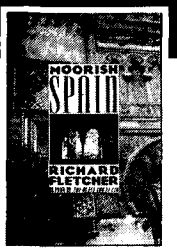

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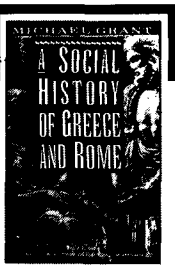

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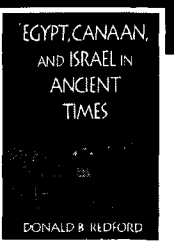

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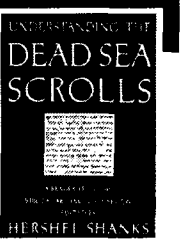

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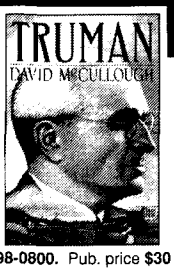

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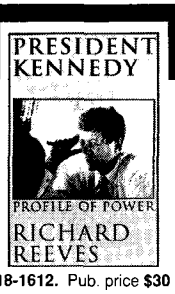

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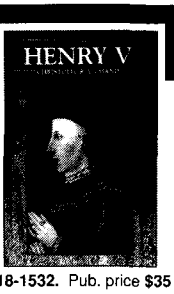

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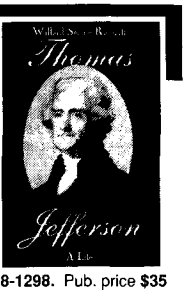

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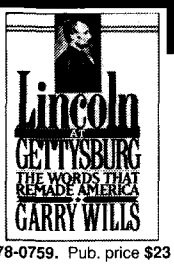

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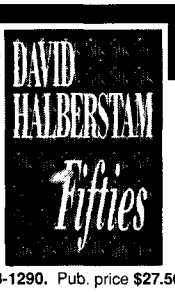

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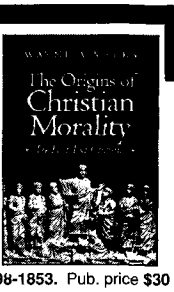

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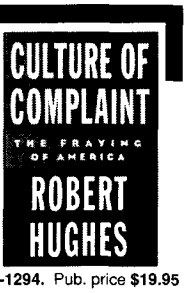

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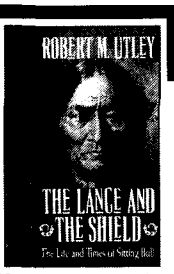

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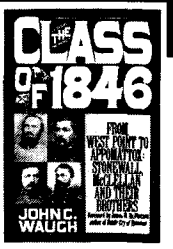

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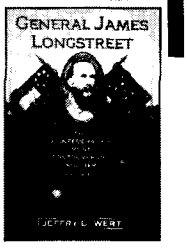

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killed 68 people at the open-air market in Sarajevo has shaken both Americans and Europeans from their previous positions—the Europeans from their total aversion to anything militarily potent, the Americans from their declaratory sympathy for the Bosnians. Both may also be alarmed that the Bosnians have gotten a bit stronger—perhaps with Iranian-smuggled weapons—and decided they wanted to nip this in the bud. Thus the trans-Atlantic bargain—the gunpowder smell of a few air strikes (futile on their own against mobile artillery) to mask the odor of Munich as the allies join in ramming partitions down Bosnian throats.

Is nothing better available? There appear to be three consistent policies on Bosnia. The first is to do nothing, and let the Yugoslav chips fall where they may. Faced by pictures of innocent casualties and the public outrage they provoke, however, democratic politicians lack the courage to follow this policy with any consistency. They hint at rescue for the victims, encourage them to fight on, and then leave them in the lurch, thus maximizing their sufferings. This dithering—the liberal mind grappling with foreign policy—was U.S. policy until two weeks ago.

The second policy is that described above: NATO air strikes against the Serb aggressor as a cover for persuading the Bosnian victim to surrender. This see-through Machiavellianism—a pro-active version of the Anglo-French strategem of merely hoping the Serbs would win—has been U.S. policy for the past two weeks. It is, admittedly, a squalid policy. But what it lacks in moral idealism it more than makes up for in practical ineptitude. The Bosnian government did not surrender in retreat; why should it do so when it is regaining territory? Certainly not because NATO, as Noel Malcolm quotes a senior officer as saying, had managed "to knock a few drunken Serbs off a hillside" (see p. 49). If the U.S. were to succeed in compelling the Bosnians to an inequitable compromise, moreover, this would achieve no more than a fragile ceasefire. Such an arrangement could be sustained only by a long-term NATO peacekeeping force which would include 20,000 American troops. How long would it be before they attracted fire from all sides? How long would they then remain? How much would they achieve? A glance at Lebanon ten years ago may provide some answers.

That leaves the third policy: lifting the arms embargo, supplying arms to Bosnian forces, assisting them with NATO air strikes against Serb military targets in both Bosnia and Serbia, but ruling out any intervention by NATO ground troops (and probably requiring the withdrawal of the UN forces already there). The calculation underlying this policy is, very simply, that it would create a better military balance on the ground. The Bosnians, helped from the air, would regain territory; their advance would be the basis for a more equitable settlement; and because it had been achieved by the Bosnian forces, it could be sustained by them without the need for a NATO force—at least of any great size.

Of this policy, George Will reasonably asks: What if the Bosnians fail? Will we not be drawn inexorably into sending in American ground troops to ensure that our intervention from the air does not end in humiliation? Not every commitment, however, is a make-or-break one—even for a superpower. It is the Bosnians whose homes and liberty are at stake; in the last resort they must be the ones to secure them. America has lesser interests—a moral interest in halting barbarities like "ethnic cleansing," a stake in European stability that warns against allowing a Balkan war to spread, a desire not to see Bosnia reduced to a large refugee camp breeding terrorism—justifying the lesser risks of limited intervention.

A likelier risk is that the Bosnians, succeeding too well, will not want to halt until pre-war multi-ethnic Bosnia is restored. That is no longer attainable; ethnic hatreds are too fresh. The best they can hope for is that Bosnia, mainly Moslem, will be the largest part of the pre-war country—with civilized transfers of population to reduce ethnic frictions between the new states. Persuading a resurgent Bosnia to accept such a compromise will be easier if the U.S. can muster both the credit of supplying arms and air strikes, and the threat of cutting them both off.

Both houses of Congress have passed, in different form, a bill urging the President to lift the embargo against arms for Bosnia unilaterally, so that U.S. weapons could flow in, pre-empt the Iranians, restore the balance of forces, and foster a *decent* outcome. The Administration is said to be apoplectic. Congress should pass the bill—and push the Administration into marrying it with air strikes to create at least a less futile policy on Bosnia.

Our Mole at the Fed

Mr. Greenspan's first tease of a squeeze
Left (off camera) Bill on his knees,
  While the Mrs.'s insides
  Churned like Jekyll's and Hyde's,
And Panetta slipped off his trapeze.

W. H. VON DREELE

Rising Sam

IS THE Japanese economy the yellow peril imagined by Ross Perot and James Fallows, with *keiretsu* taking the place of carriers? Or is it an autarchic lion, which can be bullied to lie down with

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the free-trade lamb? President Clinton's recent confrontation with Prime Minister Hosokawa shows the Clinton Administration thinks it's a bit of both.

Jim Kolbe (see p. 54) analyzes the Japanese system and the ways by which it has hitherto maintained its trade barricades. Japanese protectionism is less the result of specific trade regulations than of the comprehensive regulation of the economy as a whole. Only when shareholders demand real returns on their investments, will Japanese companies abandon the system of sweetheart deals among themselves which shuts out the more economical goods and services of foreign competitors.

The collapse of the Japanese stock market was a warning that Japan could not indefinitely defy economic gravity. Hosokawa rose to power by recognizing that reality. Instead of encouraging him in the direction of macro reform, however, the Clinton Administration has focused on product-by-product trade targets, threatening sanctions if they are not met. The only thing new about the Clinton strategy is its bumptiousness. It still focusses on the same old numbers—so many cars, so many widgets—which have bedevilled previous Administrations.

At a time when Japan Inc. is facing the need for a major restructuring, Washington is squabbling with the mail-order department.

Education: Business as Usual

IN THE endless quest to shake up the nation's creaky, costly, mediocre education system, the "business community" is often regarded as a stalwart promotor of bold alternatives to the status quo. After all, business stands for efficiency, productivity, innovation, competition, customer-responsiveness, and free markets—the key features of today's more radical strategies for education renewal.

Once in a while, it actually works out that way. Business leaders stick to their guns. Companies practice what their CEOs preach. Dollars and political support flow to those who would overthrow the education establishment.

But not often. Most of the time, the business community handles that establishment with kid gloves, sometimes even bolsters it. Radicals get little or no help. The status quo is, at best, gently nudged.

Three recent examples:

—Back in September, *Fortune* staged its sixth annual "Education Summit," attended by platoons of CEOs and assorted governmental and educational bigshots. So far as can be determined from the magazine's own account of what transpired, the words "choice," "vouchers," and "privatization" were not even uttered during the three-day extravaganza.

—To advise CEO Lew Gerstner on education reform, IBM has reportedly engaged the services of the former top deputy to ousted New York schools chancellor Joe Fernandez—the man who brought condoms, Heather's two mommies, and New Age values to the nation's largest school system. (One reason business so often wimps out on education reform is that tycoons hire establishment figures—and left-wing educationists—to do their thinking for them.)

—Philanthropist Walter Annenberg's munificent half-billion-dollar gift to renew U.S. primary and secondary education is being channeled—insofar as recipients have been named—to safe, uncontroversial, mainstream "reform" projects. (And at least one large beneficiary, the Education Commission of the States, is a *pillar* of that establishment.) If the remaining $385 million is similarly apportioned, a unique opportunity will have been missed.

It's an Unmentionable

The premiums for health care had
  Been planned to have been kept
Off-budget, since the White House viewed
  All things that crawled or crept
As generally icky-poo,
  But now the jig is up,
And Hillary's about to scream
  While Bill's about to pup.

W. H. VON DREELE

Ballot-Boxed In

SOUTH AFRICA stands on the verge of civil war. An outline constitution and multi-racial elections, scheduled for April 27, have been agreed upon between the African National Congress, the (just) ruling National Party, and South Africa's liberal business community, and in essence imposed on everyone else. Neither the conservative whites nor the Zulu-based Inkatha Freedom Party, led by Chief Buthelezi, are prepared to accept what looks like a recipe for ANC rule, however, and they have announced that they will not participate in the April elections. Much moralistic harrumphing has greeted this refusal in the U.S. and Europe where liberal opinion gives a simplistic endorsement to free elections even if they lead to a de facto tyranny.

Viewed from the streets of Durban and Soweto—where a low-intensity tribal war is already taking place—the situation looks very different. The ANC, dominated by an alliance of Xhosas and Marxists, has revealed itself to be power-hungry, totalitarian, and savagely violent. (For a chilling exposé, see

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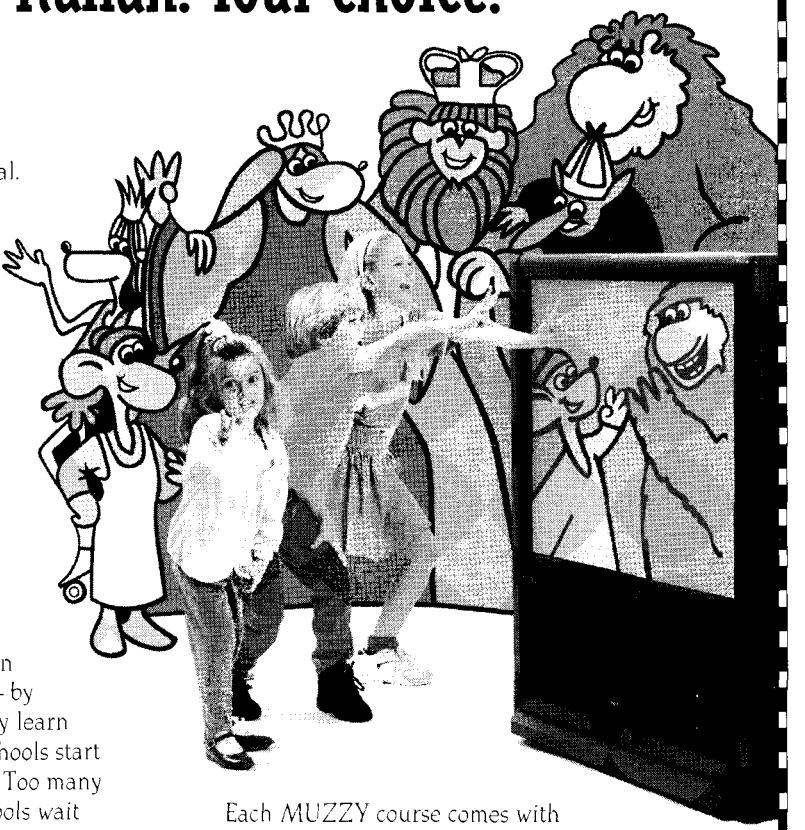

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Mary R., Rochester, MN.

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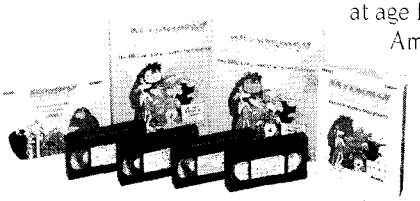

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Marching to Slavery, by Dr. Sipo E. Mzimela, a former ANC supporter who is now Inkatha's representative in the U.S.; Soundview Publications, P. O. Box 467939, Atlanta, Ga., 30346-7939; 800-728-2288, $12.50.) News of the uncompromisingly unitary outline constitution seems to have enraged other elements in Zulu society, notably King Goodwill Zwelithini, who has shocked South Africa's notoriously optimistic white liberals and their American media amplifiers by calling for the reconstitution of the old Zulu kingdom, encompassing most of Natal.

This is no mere nostalgia. South Africa is a collection of peoples (a/k/a tribes). There is no single South African identity, and the only unity that has ever existed there was imposed first by the British, later by South African white powers. Now that white power is collapsing, the country's tribal identities are re-asserting themselves. In the absence of a shared South African identity, there is no moral reason the Zulus should submit to a vote of their hered-

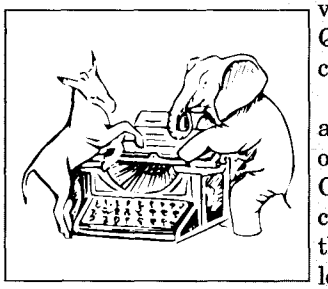
POLITICAL NOTEBOOK

■ **Nebraska**: Nebraska is such a dependably Republican state that George Bush beat Bill Clinton there by 18 percentage points. So it seems an aberration that it would elect to the U.S. Senate Bob Kerrey (ACU: 0)—a man who voted against Clarence Thomas, the Gulf War (in fact he led the charge against it), aid to El Salvador and the Contras, and for abortion funding. Prior to his 1992 presidential run, he proposed a health-care plan that would have introduced a new payroll tax, increased income, cigarette, and alcohol taxes, and that would have put tremendous power in the hands of Uncle Sam. This summer, after catching an afternoon movie, Sen. Kerrey cast the tying vote for Bill Clinton's budget.

His likely Republican opponent, Jan Stoney, says Kerrey "did not cast that vote to represent the state, but to save the President." Mrs. Stoney doesn't think this President is worth saving. In fact, she says, he stands for the opposite of what America and Nebraska stand for. She advocates small government, low taxes, and fewer regulations. She is adamantly pro-life. And she wants to slow down the health-care debate, and get away from the crisis mentality.

Raised by her mother after her father's death when she was five, Jan Stoney worked as an operator at Northwestern Bell, eventually becoming company president; she has recently retired. When she announced her candidacy, the Kerrey campaign blasted her as a product of the "conservative Religious Right." When asked to explain, a spokesman elaborated: Mrs. Stoney goes to church! The *Omaha World-Herald*, a faithful Kerrey supporter, scolded him for "religious bigotry."

At the moment, Jan Stoney doesn't have much money, and is not particularly close in the polls; political prognosticators don't think that Medal of Honor winner Bob Kerrey can be defeated. But, as a man who has always run to the right of where he governs, he has never before run as an incumbent—serving one term as governor before moving to the Senate. Jan Stoney hopes that he never has a chance to do so again.



■ **New Mexico**: Democratic Sen. Jeff Bingaman has plenty of campaign funds, no scandals attached to his name, and a reputation as an industrious legislator; he is a likable guy whose wife has a job in the Clinton White House. He works vigorously to get federal jobs to New Mexico, which relies greatly on public-sector employment. It's a Democratic state; if things go reasonably well with the economy and plenty of Bingaman's pork stays in the budget, he'll likely glide into his third term. Being an avid supporter of President Clinton, however, Sen. Bingaman could sink if the economy droops, voters punish legislators who raise taxes (gas and income), or the state loses government jobs.

Republicans are lining up to dethrone him. Bill Turner is a hyrogeologist and small-businessman who was Perot's state chairman in 1992 (Perot won 16 per cent). Turner's Perot connection fits his anti-establishment, anti-PAC message (the latter will likely hinder fund raising). He calls abortion a "woman's issue" that only 1 per cent of the population really cares about. He also hopes to slow the flow of U.S. dollars out of the country. He opposed NAFTA, but "favors free and international trade."

Robin Dozier Otten is pro-choice, supports a "modified Cooper plan," and is not committed to freezing or reducing taxes. She favors family values, but "not the Dan Quayle type," says her campaign manager.

Colin McMillan was an assistant secretary of defense under Dick Cheney. He is a fiscal conservative: back in the Seventies as a state legislator he pushed through the largest tax cut in state history, which got dubbed the "Big Mac Tax Cut." He would like voters to compare that legislation with the Clinton budget that Sen. Bingaman supported. McMillan has personal money from a successful career in the oil business. And party regulars figure he has the ability and contacts to raise enough cash to sustain a race against Bingaman. He opposes abortion funding and abortion itself, but wouldn't say how he would act as a senator.

Mr. Turner is an earnest and impressive man. But in order to defeat Sen. Bingaman, Republicans need someone who can raise the funds to spread his message. McMillan would get the nod on that score, but also on a matter of principle: when many Republicans are giving up on the abortion issue, we need candidates who, if elected, will prevent the government from funding it and let fathers know that it is just as much an issue for them as for mothers. It is Colin McMillan who could put Jeff Bingaman out of work.

—Geoffrey Morris

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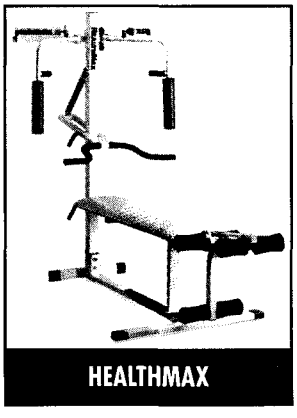
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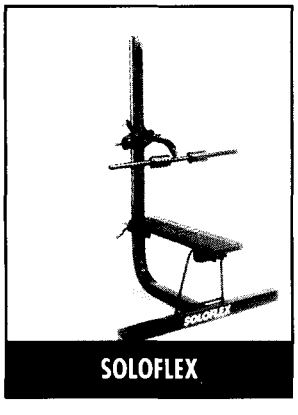
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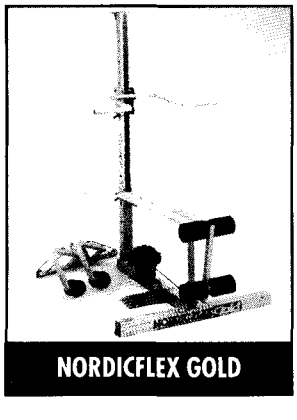
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5 Strength conditioning for all five major muscle groups	YES **HEALTHMAX** strengthens all five: arms, legs, abdominals, back and pectorals.	YES **BUT...**You must purchase $400 in extra accessories to do comparable exercises for legs and pecs.	YES **BUT...**Why would you pay $700 more than **HEALTHMAX**?
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7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system	YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.	NO Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.	NO Uses complicated cord/pully/mechanical resistance system.
8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned	YES If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!	NO You pay over $85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!	NO You pay about $65 to return by UPS.
9 Payable in installments	YES 9 easy installments of just $36.56! ($49.00 S/H added to first installment.)	YES **BUT...**You pay $39 per month for the next 2 YEARS!	YES **BUT...**At 4 payments of $250, each installment is almost as much as the total cost of a **HEALTHMAX**!

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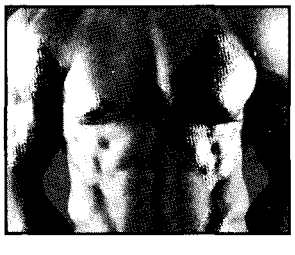

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itary enemies—and least of all offer them a blank check with details to be filled in after the elections, which is what South Africa's constitutional negotiations process actually amounts to. Nor is there a peaceful way the Zulus can be compelled to accept a contitution they regard as foreign rule in disguise.

Genuine statesmen would respond to these realities by shaping a truly federal constitution that devolves real power to different ethnic groups. That, however, would require the ANC to renounce its dream of absolute power—when ANC Stalinists like Joe Slovo are doubtless already plotting to crush Zululand as the French Revolution did the Vendée, the Russian Revolution the Ukraine, and the Shona-dominated Zimbabwe government Matabeleland. Whether the Zulus can resist such an ANC on-

RIGHT DATA

The Wrong Numbers

THE DEFICIT is down. Growth in federal spending is less than the inflation rate. From a distance the 1995 budget seems to be, in President Clinton's words, the "toughest budget on spending cuts Congress has yet seen."

A better gauge of this Administration's spending proclivities is the projected trend in domestic spending—i.e., total spending less defense, interest payments, S&L bailout costs, and foreign aid.

FEDERAL DOMESTIC SPENDING
(Billions of 1993 Dollars)

	Discretionary	Mandatory Entitlements	Total	As Percentage of GDP
1975	$180.0	$443.7	$623.7	15.3%
1980	227.5	513.7	741.2	15.9
1988	185.5	578.7	764.2	13.6
1993	229.4	760.9	990.3	15.7
1994E	237.6	781.9	1,019.5	15.8
1999E	244.2	919.2	1,163.4	16.2

Source: CBO. Calculations by author.

Over the next five years Mr. Clinton proposes to increase real domestic spending by $143.9 billion (constant 1993 dollars), or 14 per cent. The share of GDP devoted to such spending would rise to 16.2 per cent, exceeding even the level at the end of the Carter Administration.

The 1993 Budget Act supposedly "capped" discretionary spending in nominal dollars, forcing real spending reductions. The defense budget, however, will bear the brunt of this restraint. The Clinton budget pours money saved at the Pentagon into job training, Head Start, infrastructure, data highway entitlements, and other "investment" programs. As a result, discretionary spending will rise by $9 billion (1993 dollars) in 1994, and another $5 billion in FY1995, a 6 per cent real rise in just two years. Fiscal discipline, such as it is, is evident only after the 1996 election.

This budget looks good in comparison to the Bush–Darman spending explosion. But the last really "tough" budget occurred in the Reagan years. By 1988 discretionary spending had been slashed nearly 20 per cent below its 1980 level.

But the big problem isn't discretionary spending. Almost half, $730 billion, of all federal outlays this fiscal year consist of entitlements. By 1999, even if the Clinton health plan is enacted and works as advertised, entitlements will rise by $325 billion and account for 56 per cent of all outlays. Wither the deficit? In his State of the Union, the President touted a sharp decline—"40 percent lower than was previously predicted." But the previous prediction was made before his $262 billion tax hike. Recent history demonstrates that actual revenues rarely attain predicted levels.

When the Social Security "surplus" is netted out, the deficit outlook is less than impressive: In the long run the relationship between federal debt and the size of the economy is crucial. Debt cannot grow faster than GDP without creating financial instability. Eventually investors demand exorbitantly high interest rates, or cease buying federal debt entirely, reflecting doubts about the government's ability to raise sufficient revenues to pay interest.

THE DEFICIT: STILL UNSUSTAINABLE
($Billions)

	Official Deficit	ex Social Security	Gross Federal Debt Total	Gross Federal Debt As Percentage of GDP
1993	$-254.7	$-300.0	$4,351.2	69.2%
1994	-234.8	-290.0	4,676.0	70.4
1995	-176.1	-236.0	4,960.1	70.7
1996	-173.1	-239.8	5,267.1	70.9
1997	-180.8	-259.9	5,601.3	71.5
1998	-187.4	-276.1	5,953.5	72.0

Source: OMB, FY1995 Budget.

The government's own numbers show the national debt increasing by more than $1.5 trillion over the next five years. With GDP growth lagging debt growth, the nation is in a dangerous debt trap. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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DEATH HAPPENS

Our culture does its best to distract us from one brutal fact: We die. Perhaps you tune God out, but He's sitting up there in a corner, just waiting. Sooner or later we'll have to settle accounts. No consuming pleasure, earthly utopia, therapy, or opiate will spare us.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the Ultimate Questions: evil, suffering, faith, love, and death. Not that we're trying to scare you into subscribing, but only by squarely facing our mortality do we have a chance of grasping the reason we were put here. We probe the spiritual wisdom offered not only by the Bible but by such giants as Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Dostoyevsky, Eliot, Maritain, Mauriac, Solzhenitsyn, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Flannery O'Connor. We also scrutinize a wide range of contemporary issues, including the quest for a more just and humane world, but refuse to subordinate religion to political ideology.

A Catholic monthly magazine, we've been characterized by *Newsweek* as "cheeky" (it takes cheek to mention death, especially in an ad!), by Martin E. Marty as "lively" (in every sense, we hope), and by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original" (which shouldn't surprise you). We publish both Catholics and non-Catholics. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Walker Percy, Irving Howe, Christopher Lasch, George Kennan, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Robert Coles, Norman Lear, John Lukacs, Avery Dulles, Robert Bellah, Sheldon Vanauken, John T. Noonan Jr., and Daniel Bell. At the risk of sinning against humility, we note that *Library Journal* calls us "brilliant." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

We're tailor-made for inquisitive people — like you, we presume. So no excuses for turning the page! We can't guarantee you'll agree with us on everything, but we dare say you won't find us dull or deadly.

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slaught depends on their strength in the streets. Hence the pre-emptive raids in the townships.

The nearer full civil war approaches, with all its bitterness, the less practicable a federal South Africa seems. If civil war is truly the alternative, the U.S. should accept, and if necessary advocate, partition and an independent Natal.

Bravely Saying the Obvious

THERE ARE SOME things one just does not do. Not if one is an academic in good standing and hopes to remain that. So it is with a sense of surprise, not untouched by admiration, that we note the appearance of "The Homosexual Movement: A Response," issued by the Ramsey Colloquium of the Institute on Religion and Public Life. Published in the March issue of *First Things* and then excerpted in the *Wall Street Journal*, the statement is authored by 21 distinguished thinkers from diverse institutions, including Princeton, Yale, Catholic University, Oberlin, and the University of Virginia. We expect that those who have put their names to this document will be hearing from the keepers of campus orthodoxies, few of which are enforced as zealously as gay liberation.

"The Homosexual Movement: A Response," while a manifesto of sorts, is almost painfully temperate in tone—in line with the stated purpose of the document: "The gay and lesbian movement, and the dramatic changes in sexual attitudes and behavior of which that movement is part, have unloosed a great moral agitation in our culture. Our hope is that this statement will help turn that agitation into civil conversation about the kind of people we are and hope to be." There can be no doubt about the great agitation. Beginning with the "Stonewall Riot" of June 1969 and reaching a crescendo of media promotion in the last year, we have witnessed a remarkable insurgency demanding fundamental changes in how we order our lives. Cheering on "The Gay Nineties," *The Nation* declared (May 3, 1993): "All the cross-currents of present-day liberation struggles are subsumed in the gay struggle. . . ."

The *First Things* statement views such hype with a measure of skepticism, noting that "the homosexual movement" is by no means monolithic. Some who are homosexual are not part of the movement at all. "They want no more than help and understanding in coping with what they view as their problem; others ask no more than that they be left alone." Among those who identify with homosexuality as a social and political cause, there is a sharp division between those who want to "mainstream" homosexuality and those who are set upon a moral and cultural revolution. But the movement is one in its demand for moral, social, and legal approval of homosexual behavior. "The Homosexual Movement: A Response" addresses policy disputes such as the recognition of "gay marriages," child rearing by homosexuals, and employment discriminations designed to protect vulnerable young people.

Drawing upon religion, moral reason, law, and common experience, the signers contend that there is a legitimate and urgent public interest in sustaining and strengthening "the heterosexual norm." "Marriage and the family—husband, wife, and children, joined by public recognition and legal bond—are the most effective institutions for the rearing of children, the directing of sexual passion, and human flourishing in community." Most Americans do not need to be persuaded of that. Yet, in the fact of the gay insurgency and the sexual confusions of which it is part, the same Americans are often uncertain about how to make the case for what seems to them obvious. The authors say: "We seek to articulate reasons for the largely intuitive and pre-articulate anxiety of most Americans regarding homosexuality and its increasing impact on our public life." They articulate those reasons with great effect, and we hope their effort elicits the civil conversation that they desire—even, if that is still possible, on the campus.

Approaching Critical Mass

Has Hillary been shredding?
  Was Nussbaum in the loop?
Have Park Police gone bonkers?
  Will G-men get to snoop?
Did Foster pull the trigger?
  Who fears McDougal's bow?
Is Fiske an Emile Zola?
  The last one's easy: No.

W. H. VON DREELE

Walter Judd, R I P

TO THOSE who came of political age during the period following World War II, Representative Walter Judd was a jewel in the crown of American conservatism. His fiery eloquence was the outward reflection of his thorough decency.

A physician and missionary with long experience in China, he opposed Japanese expansionism and militarism during the 1930s, and was taken prisoner by the Japanese. With equal fervor he fought the consolidation of Communist power on the mainland, and championed the once-forlorn cause of the Republic of China on Taiwan. His public speaking and or-

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ganizing abilities were formidable. It can even be argued historically now that the Republic of China and not Mao's People's Republic represents the future of the mainland. If so, that single Chinese province, from a long-range perspective, won the war. In all of this, Walter Judd played a large role.

He lived to see the end of Japanese militarism and the demise of Maoism, fitting rewards for a lifetime of principled struggle. In 1981, President Reagan presented him with the Medal of Freedom. Walter Judd died at 95.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW and a watcher of *Firing Line*, and I have been for a few years, which is unusual, since I am 17 years old. This letter, however, was not written to denounce *The New Republic*, or *The Utne Reader*; its sole purpose is a criticism of the English language; specifically, the King James version of the Holy Bible.

Someone recently quoted First John 3:2, which goes: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, *we shall be like him: for we shall see him as he is*."

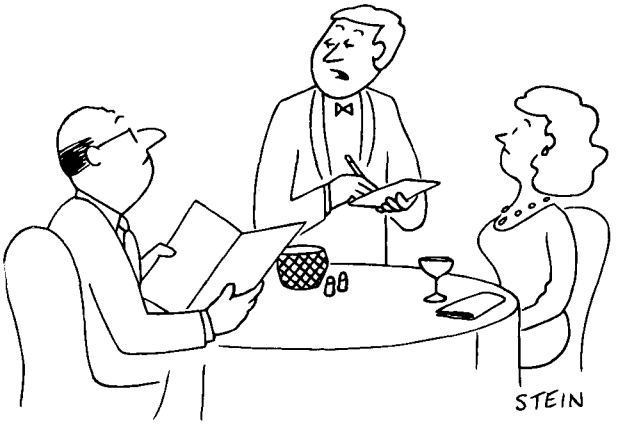
A friend and I simultaneously corrected the speaker, saying, "We shall be like [He is] . . ." The reader then insisted that the scripture went according to his words. After a few minutes, the verse was located, and it went as quoted above.

This bothered me, because I absolutely could not understand why the King James version, perhaps the foundation of the English language, could have a fault. This bothered me even more when it was verified—by double-checking other Bibles, not solely King James versions—not to be a typo. Accordingly, my English teacher seemed to believe the error was in the translation, but with subtle gestures, I felt she knew little of what she was talking about. I then asked another English teacher, and was given a slightly different answer; I really didn't think they knew why it was incorrect.

Now, Mr. Buckley, this is where I need your help. I looked up the word "him." *Him* is to be used only as the direct object of a verb, the indirect object of a verb, or as the object of a preposition. I then looked up the word "like" (both in the "Second College Edition" of *The American Heritage Dictionary*) to see if *like* could have been used as a preposition. It is not, in this usage. Just as I had thought, the example with the most similarity says "—conj. *To dance like she does requires great discipline*." Knowing that two public-school teachers, both with master's degrees in the English language, helped little, and since I have read that you hold a doctorate in the English language, I ask you this question. What rule allows you to use the objective case of *he* as in the example of First John 3:2, or if the verse does have an error in translation, why has it not yet been corrected?

Sincerely,
Jon Collegio
Jacksonville, Ore.

Dear Jon: No no, there is no problem. See Fowler, page 335: "Of sentences in which *like* is not followed by a verb, certain forms are unexceptionable. . . . The unquestioned forms are *He talks like an expert* and *You are treating me like a fool*, in which *like* is equivalent to a prepositional adverb = similar to." By the way, I do not have a doctorate in English like (unlike) so many writers, who nevertheless manage to muddle through. Cordially, WFB



"An excellent choice, sir—it's the official salad dressing of the 1994 Olympics."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As an avid reader of the NATIONAL REVIEW and your other literary pursuits, I look forward to your injections of levity, wisdom, and experience into the various issues of the day. So, please consider this a fan letter as well as a small request.

I would like to draw on a small bit of your experience, if I may. How would a small group here at Rhodes College go about establishing a Skull & Bones chapter? I suppose that there are other sources for this information, but I would regard your assistance as ever-so-more valuable.

Cordially,
Andrew Mark Veprek
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Veprek: How to start a chapter of Skull & Bones? The only appropriate answer was that given by Huxley to the young man who asked how he might go about starting a new religion? "The thing to do is to get yourself crucified. Then rise again on the third day."

—WFB

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ON THE SCENE

Budget Sleight-of-Hand

STEPHEN MOORE

Bonnie Gardner

WASHINGTON, D.C.

TO UNDERSTAND President Clinton's new $1.52-trillion budget, all you have to know is one plain fact: virtually everything you have read and heard about it is wrong. For the last several weeks the media and special-interest groups have been obligingly parroting the White House line about this being "the toughest budget on spending cuts the Congress has ever seen." The *Washington Post* described it as a "dose of bitter medicine." There's a lot of truth to that. Unfortunately, it's the taxpayers, not the parasites in Washington, who are being asked to bend over.

The central untruth in all this rhetorical nonsense is that federal spending will be sharply restrained. According to the President's own budget document, however, federal outlays will rise from $1.41 trillion in 1993 to $1.74 trillion in 1998. Only inside the fantasyland of the Washington Beltway would a $330-billion spending build-up be universally applauded as frugal and tight-fisted.

This year alone, the first for the Clinton budget program, federal spending is soaring upward by $76 billion. Just to keep things in perspective, the $1.5 trillion that Congress will divvy up this year could buy every share of stock of America's hundred largest companies *and* all the postage stamps that Dan Rostenkowski allegedly stole from the House Post Office. We're not talking here about small change.

Yes, there has been, and may continue to be, some genuine progress in federal red ink. From a high of $290 billion in 1992, the deficit dropped to $255 billion last year and, if all goes according to plan, is expected to dip to about $175 billion by 1995 (when, incidentally, it will still be higher than Reagan's last three budget deficits). However, my Cato colleague Bill Niskanen has calculated that historically the projected deficit in a President's budget is about 1 per cent of GDP below the actual deficit. So expect the 1995 deficit to be closer to $235 billion.

In any event, the puny deficit-reduction progress that has occurred has nothing to do with the anti-supply-side Clinton budget pact. The budget deficit is falling for two reasons, both unrelated to Clintonomics.

The first and foremost of these is that Ronald Reagan won the Cold War. Thanks to the fall of Communism, the defense budget has shrunk by almost $70 billion in real terms since 1987, while inflation-adjusted spending on everything else in the budget has ballooned by $165 billion. It's a testament to the fiscal ineptitude of Congress and Presidents Bush and Clinton that despite a multi-billion-dollar defense drawdown, the deficit has risen sharply since Reagan left office. If you've been wondering what happened to your share of the peace dividend, it probably got invested in the Lawrence Welk museum, helped underwrite the construction of a new government center in Robert Byrd's hometown in West Virginia, or went to a needy honey-bee producer.

The post–Cold War butter-for-guns fiscal swap is eerily reminiscent of the disastrously shortsighted post–Vietnam War budget policies. In the early 1970s, deep Pentagon cutbacks went to purchase an expensive arsenal of new and expanded domestic programs. When Reagan was elected to rebuild the nation's hollow military, the political obstacles to paying for it by taking away some of the domestic goodies proved insurmountable. Thus the seeds of the 1980s deficit crisis were sown in the free-spending days of the 1970s. This drama is now being replayed in the 1990s. There will surely be a day of reckoning, unless one assumes that there will never again come a time when America will need a strong military.

The second reason the deficit is falling is that the savings-and-loan crisis is over. By a fiendish twist of fate, Bill Clinton is now the lucky beneficiary of Dick Darman's budget chicanery. In 1990 Darman insisted that the one-time savings-and-loan clean-up costs be placed on budget, because he knew that the large outlays for purchasing the assets of failed thrifts in 1990 and 1991 would be transformed into billions of dollars of receipts starting in 1993 when the government started selling off the acquired properties. This fiscal hocus-pocus was intended to create the illusion that the 1990 budget deal was a great fiscal triumph. Instead it has contributed to the fiction that Bill Clinton's budget deal is a fiscal triumph.

The numbers confirm this. The Federal Government spent $60 billion in 1991 to close down failed S&Ls. Next year the Federal Government will collect $14 billion in S&L receipts from asset sales. That's a $74-billion cosmetic improvement in the deficit. Worse yet, because these S&L receipts are scored in the budget not as revenues, but as "negative outlays," the "historic restraint" on federal spending that the White House has been trumpeting is in part an artifact of the budgetary treatment of the savings-and-loan sales.

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

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Perhaps the central fraud of the Clinton budget is the sanctimonious claim that it has no gimmicks. "What you see is what you get," boasts budget director Leon Panetta. But when you search the budget to find the price tag for Hillary's health plan, what you see is—wait, what's this?—a big magic asterisk. The kind that would make David Stockman blush. So after flipping through page after page of fiscal austerity measures—the $3.5 million of savings from ending bilingual-education teacher training, the $18 million from eliminating the Small Business Administration's tree-planting program, the $100,000 from terminating shark research—you discover that the behemoth health-care-reform costs are nowhere in sight. It's the budgetary equivalent of fending off a few pesky mosquitoes as you're about to be trampled by Godzilla.

President Clinton is to be applauded for targeting 115 federal programs for termination, but the $3 billion of savings won't even pay for a week of HillaryCare. The day after the White House released its budget, the Democrat-controlled Congressional Budget Office issued its own devastating critique of the health-care plan and argued that it belongs on budget "because it relies on the exercise of [the government's] sovereign power." CBO director Robert Reischauer says that if Hillary's plan is enacted it will be like increasing the federal budget by 20 per cent overnight. As for the impact on federal borrowing, the Clinton health plan would add as much as $400 billion to the deficit by 2000, according to a new study by the minority staff of the Joint Economic Committee. So much for the era of deficit reduction. □

Italy's Capitalist Crusaders

CHANDLER ROSENBERGER

BOLOGNA

THEY HAVE stormed out of the Alps, bent on taking Rome. And with the backing of a media mogul nicknamed "the Knight," Italy's free-market Northern League might yet keep the Communists out—if not of the whole country, then at least of its base above the River Po.

Once a separatist party popular only in Milan, the League has won elections across northern Italy ever since allegations of corruption destroyed the dominant Christian Democrats and Socialists. But the same scandals have boosted the popularity of Italy's former Communists. Adept at forming alliances, the "Party of the Democratic Left" swept five major local elections in December and stands poised to win national elections on March 27.

The fear of a left-wing victory has prompted the Northern League to set aside its plans for an "Italian Republic of the North." At a party conference provocatively held in "Red Bologna," the League voted to fight the March elections in right-wing alliance with "the Knight," Silvio Berlusconi. In January, Berlusconi, chairman of the Finvest media conglomerate, set up his own party, "Forza Italia," as a rallying point for anti-Communists.

The deal will give the League access to Finvest's three nationwide television stations and two newspapers (including Milan's *Il Giornale*). In exchange, the Knight will get a piece of the League's northern majority, which, thanks to Italy's new "first-past-the-post" electoral law, is the only guarantee of seats in parliament.

A visit to the League's pre-election congress was enough to convince the observer that Berlusconi, whose favorite politician is Ronald Reagan, has found an appropriate and energetic ally. The ragtag assembly transformed a faceless concrete auditorium on Bologna's Stalingrad Street into a medieval hall, complete with shields of northern cities and the League's symbol, a crusader thrusting his sword in the air. When Bologna's Communist mayor tried to persuade the invaders that his city showed socialism's achievements, the delegates howled "*Buffoono!*" and advanced threateningly toward the stage. The mayor broke off his speech and hurried out.

Like the Reagan coalition, the League sprinkles yuppies in among its paleo-populists. The hall buzzed with the sound of mobile phones ringing as young men in blue suits and gold-rimmed glasses conducted business long distance. Every delegate had free-market ideas for his region, be it to make the port of Trieste a free-trade zone or cut off subsidies to Turin's mammoth Fiat plant. "This meeting is proof that there is still enough freedom for people to organize to defend themselves against the state and all its Soviet aspects," said League president Franco Rochetta.

Some delegates still traded in the party's own currency, the Northern Republic's "Legha," which conspicuously lacks the zeroes of Italy's inflation-ridden lira. But in the hall the talk was of federalism, not separatism. The party has even set up symbolic offices in the south, although the fight there will now be led by Forza Italia.

The League has put its clean image at risk by embracing Berlusconi. He built his empire by courting politicians, such as the discredited Socialist chief Bettino Craxi, whose heads the League proudly displays in its trophy case. But League founder Umberto Bossi pleaded for forgiveness of Berlusconi's past sins. "Even military revolutions," he told the congress hall, "have built a new order in part by recycling pieces of the old."

Delegates accepted that the alliance was sensible, if not ideal. Berlusconi had made clear that, regardless of what the League decided, he would sign a pact with its enemy, the neo-fascist Italian Social Movement (MSI). The MSI is invincible in the south. By dealing with Berlusconi the League has some influence over MSI without touching it themselves.

The MSI, League members believe, is dedicated to maintaining a strong central state with all its corrupt and bureaucratic trappings. "They are necessarily opponents of federalism," said Marco Formentini, League member and mayor of Milan.

Federalism is the least the League can ask. "In a centralist state," said party organizer Bruno Alessandro, "the regions give money to Rome, which decides where it will go. A lot disappears along the way."

And since the electoral pact will probably give Berlusconi only 20 per cent of the northern power base, the League can still make good its threat to secede, if necessary.

If Italy breaks up it will only have

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its egalitarians to blame. Like citizens of the Czech lands, Slovenia, and Croatia, the northern Italians are sick of seeing their wealth disappear into corrupt government projects to "industrialize" the poorer south. "We in the north have a common identity of economic productivity, wealth, and progress," Northern League parliamentarian Giovanni Lilio said, "we are willing to share the fruits of that wealth in part with the other regions." But if the leftists were to win nationwide? "A Northern Republic without the Communists," Lilio said. "That would be better." □

Rocking the Love Boat

C. SHELDON SMITH

Bonnie Gardner

DES MOINES

WHEN ASKED about the contest to choose a new House minority leader, Iowa Representative Fred Grandy observed, "I just can't get too jazzed about the leadership race. . . . I tend to do my legislative deals with guys on the other side of the aisle."

Grandy now takes that commitment to ending gridlock into the June 7 gubernatorial primary against conservative Governor Terry Branstad. Indeed, Grandy's entire strategy mirrors Bill Clinton's in 1992, and both parties will be watching to see if that dog will hunt again in 1994.

With intelligence and articulation fine-tuned at Harvard, Grandy has overcome his portrayal of Gopher on the TV series *Love Boat*. And with his actor's command of an audience he has been able to compensate for the complaint that he isn't a "true Iowan"—abandoning his home first for Harvard, then for Hollywood, returning to Sioux City only long enough to win a ticket to Washington, D.C., where he is in the middle of his fourth term.

Grandy is candid about his ambition. Why is he challenging Branstad? "I'm 45 years old. I don't want to be thinking about this when I'm 50." After declaring as recently as September that he would not fire on a fellow Republican, he changed his tune after the November elections, which, he believes, showed that "incumbents are vulnerable—regardless of what party they are in."

GOP officials were incensed. Former state co-chairman David Oman said: "Not one of [Iowa's other three GOP congressmen] would walk across the street to shake his hand on a sunny day." State Chairman Richard Schwarm said a contested primary will make it difficult for the GOP to capture the legislature.

Grandy has conservative credentials: the Christian Coalition awarded him a rating of 77 (out of a possible 100). However, since his announcement, Grandy has bent over backward to distance himself from the Religious Right, even referring to them as "evangelical thought police" in declaring his displeasure with the 1990 flag-burning amendment (at the time, he "wholeheartedly" supported it).

So now Grandy has planted himself firmly to the left of Branstad, and peppers his speeches with phrases such as "We must be the agents of change," and "I'm crazy enough to believe this state wants a change."

As for ending gridlock, he says, "We need a new style of politics—a style based more on consensus and cooperation than on partisan clashes and confrontation . . . I will reach across the aisle as the governor of our state."

For good measure, he has resorted to class warfare: "To limit the enrollment is to create a political party by invitation only. That's what the Wakonda Country Club is about." Indeed, he immediately called on Democrats to cross over and vote for him in the open primary (the 1996 caucuses are open, too). He goes on: "I hope to look out on a Republican crowd that has more individuals of color and more women *under 40*" (emphasis added).

Will Grandy's Clintonesque strategy work? The early consensus is that the contest could go down to the wire for a variety of reasons. For one, Grandy runs laps around Branstad in the charisma race. The congressman will also benefit from crossover votes of the enemies Branstad has made over the years—state employees, public-school teachers and administrators, union activists, and "women under 40."

And there's something to the notion that voters are unhappy with government generally. But while Fred Grandy may be as slick as Bill Clinton, Iowa is not in the same condition in 1994 that the nation was in in 1992.

First, the Iowa economy is not in bad shape; unemployment is at about 3.5 per cent. And while Governor Branstad's performance on taxes has been mixed, Grandy's has not. Grandy voted for the 1990 tax hike after signing a no-tax pledge. He still defends his capitulation: "Anybody who tells you you can balance the budget without looking at revenues is lying to you. This is called making tough choices and standing up to the plate." Last year Grandy stepped up to the plate and voted with the Black Caucus to raise taxes and spending even more than Clinton wanted.

In other key areas, such as school test scores, crime rates, and fiscal integrity, Iowa is one of the nation's leaders, and Branstad has done his part to make it so. He has pushed through an open-enrollment law for the schools, proposed medical IRAs, backed tough crime measures and welfare reform, and used his item-veto authority to cut spending bills.

Grandy has attacked Branstad for lacking a "strategic vision," although he has yet to identify his own. Actually, the governor does have a vision for Iowa—"a safe place to live, a good place to raise a family, and the tax burden is reasonable." That lacks Hollywood glitz, but a lot of people would snap it up in a minute.

In the end, what may decide the

Mr. Smith is a freelance writer in Des Moines.

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race is character. As David Oman remarked about Grandy, "At what point do you begin to ask, 'How good is this man's word?'" Iowans were forgiving of Bill Clinton in 1992. In 1994, Fred Grandy may find that gaining their trust is more difficult than pouring martinis on the Love Boat. □

The Peres Gambit

JOEL BAINERMAN & BARRY CHAMISH

BEIT SHEMESH, ISRAEL

ACCORDING to the Labor Party's chronology of the Israel–PLO accord—most details of which were ironed out near the beginning of February in Cairo—progress toward the deal began only after the party assumed power.

In this official scenario, Deputy Foreign Minister Yossi Beilin started the "Gaza–Jericho First" ball rolling at an academic conference in 1992, and the idea was subsequently pursued for a year at a Norwegian university through the offices of Terje Roed Larsen, a social scientist who had been doing research on the Israeli–Palestinian conflict.

But a closer look at the activities that led to the signing in Washington last September tells a radically different story.

In January 1990, Science Minister Ezer Weizman (today Israel's president) met with PLO officials in London. He returned to Israel and reported his meetings to Labor Party head Shimon Peres, who was then a member of the National Unity Government, an uneasy coalition formed after the 1988 elections had failed to give either major party a solid plurality.

Peres was enthusiastic but knew that Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, of the hard-line Likud Party, would never go along. He decided that the only way to exploit the opening was to bring down the government. He assigned the task of keeping the PLO talks alive to his aides Adi Tamir and Nimrod Novick, while asking his deputy Yossi Beilin to join him in breaking up the ruling coalition.

Step one in the plan was to force the ultra-orthodox Shas Party, headed by Interior Minister Arye Deri, to leave the coalition. Peres, as finance minister, was well placed to do this. He had gathered indisputable proof of Deri's large embezzlements and bribe-taking. Beilin approached Deri with the findings and gave him a choice: quit the government or face the legal consequences. Deri chose to lead Shas out of the coalition.

Next, a strong issue was needed as a pretext for a no-confidence motion. This was supplied by U.S. Secretary of State James Baker in February 1990. He asked the Israeli government to support a plan, bearing his name, which implicitly put Jerusalem up for negotiations, a state of affairs both he and Peres knew Shamir could never support.

Shas once again was the instrument: it shocked its supporters by backing the Baker Plan, thereby bringing down the National Unity Government. The party eventually reneged and returned to the Likud fold, but Peres had gained the cover he needed to leave the coalition.

Labor was now in opposition and Peres began planning a victory in the next national elections, scheduled for 1992. Meanwhile, in June 1991 Yossi Beilin traveled to Cairo, leading a delegation of six Labor members of the Knesset. He disappeared from his group for several hours without explanation. Had they known why, they might never have signed on for the Egyptian junket.

What Beilin did was go to the King Hotel to meet two high-ranking PLO officials, Said Kamal, the PLO's representative in Cairo, and Mahmud Abbas, a special envoy from Yasir Arafat. Beilin handed Abbas a written message from Peres, which asked the PLO leader to use his influence to persuade Israeli Arabs to vote en masse for labor in the 1992 national elections. In return, if Labor was elected it would immediately freeze settlements in the administered territories, adopt a land-for-peace diplomacy, and cancel the law prohibiting meetings between Israelis and members of the PLO.

The last promise is significant. Beilin and Peres were both well aware that the former's meeting with Kamal and Abbas was against Israeli law, which as members of the Knesset they were sworn to uphold. Peace activist Abie Nathan had already sat in prison for violating it. Beilin was consorting with the enemy on orders from his superior.

By January 1992 it was becoming clear to Arafat that Shimon Peres would likely lose the party's leadership to Yitzhak Rabin after the elections. Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak sent a delegation to Jerusalem to meet with Peres and find out if the deal that Arafat had been offered would be valid if Rabin took over the party. Peres assured the Egyptians that nothing would change, though clearly he knew Rabin would never play along with secret deals with the PLO.

On January 17, James Baker met with Mubarak and told him that the U.S. would begin a campaign to force Israel into freezing settlements. This message was transmitted by the American ambassador to Nabil Shaat, Arafat's diplomatic advisor.

Two days later Beilin was in Cairo on his second known secret mission. Unfortunately for him, he was spotted by Yehoshua Meiri of the Hebrew daily newspaper *Hadashot* entering the lobby of the Ramses Hilton Hotel. Meiri watched him enter a room, followed a few minutes later by Nabil Shaat. Beilin's secret was out, and two Egyptian newspapers, *Al-Gomhouriya* and *Al-Wafd*, disclosed details of the meeting. According to Shaat, who felt free to talk since the story was out, Peres had upped the stakes. If the PLO rallied Arab voters behind Labor, helping it to oust the Likud coalition from power, his government would support an "independent autonomous entity" led by the PLO, i.e., something resembling a Palestinian state.

Although a credible Israeli journalist witnessed the meeting, Shaat confirmed it, and two Egyptian papers printed details of it, Beilin denied that it had ever taken place. Incredibly, the Israeli media missed the story.

Meanwhile, when Shaat returned to Tunis with his report of the promises from the American secretary of state and the leader of the Israeli opposition, not all his colleagues accepted

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these promises unskeptically. About half the PLO leadership wanted something concrete before agreeing to play ball with Peres.

The skeptics won the day in February, after Rabin wrested the Labor Party leadership from Peres. Rabin had been the defense minister during the first two and a half years of the Intifada, and his measures for quelling the uprising had earned him enemies in the PLO.

Arafat could not ignore the discontent in his own ranks. Soon after Rabin's ascension, the PLO invited the leaders of various Palestinian factions to Cairo. Arafat called for them to close ranks behind one united pro-PLO party. He promised to deliver enough supporters to the polls to make unity worthwhile, but the politicians could not settle their disagreements and the plan failed.

With the unity scheme unworkable, Arafat sent orders to Arab town councils and village leaders to support Labor. On election day, June 23, Arab voters united behind Labor and made enough of a difference to change the government. Effectively, the PLO had decided who was to run Israel.

As soon as Peres was appointed foreign minister, Arafat demanded that his promises be honored. However, Rabin had different ideas. He felt the Israeli public had elected him personally and not his dovish party. He agreed to promote a settlement freeze but would not change the basis of the peace talks nor permit a lifting of the ban on meetings with the PLO. In response Mubarak sent a now infamous message to Rabin demanding that he live up to commitments made by the party when Peres was the leader. However, Rabin wasn't budging. So once again, on September 11, Beilin embarked on a trip to Cairo. The issue this time was how to conduct diplomacy behind the backs not of the Likud but of his own leader.

Predictably, the Americans pitched in. Just before Beilin's arrival President Bush's special emissary, Dennis Ross, sent a message to Arafat via Shaat promising a restoration of good relations with the U.S. if Israel canceled its ban on meetings with the PLO. In response, Arafat's message to Beilin was that he wanted a change in the law before the American elections.

Beilin explained to the Egyptians that he couldn't deliver that fast without challenging Rabin's leadership, which would have been political suicide. Mubarak asked Arafat to give Peres more time. Arafat adamantly refused and expressed his anger in a letter to Peres accusing him of treachery and threatening to reveal the meetings with Beilin, which in Israel would have been viewed as treason.

Within a few weeks Arafat flew to Sudan to make his peace with the radicals, and Said Kamal leaked details of his meetings with Beilin, stopping just short of naming him. Meanwhile, the Palestinian delegation was ordered by the PLO to create an aura of crisis and breakdown at the peace talks in Washington.

The Egyptians panicked and Mubarak sent Omar Musa, his foreign minister, to Jerusalem to implore Rabin to honor Peres's promises. To prod the prime minister Mubarak sent a message: he was considering reneging on the Camp David Accords and placing armored units in half the Sinai Peninsula. Rabin, however, would still not agree to Arafat's terms. He sent Musa back to Cairo with an innocuous concession in the autonomy negotiations which expanded Palestinian municipal authority somewhat.

Roman Genn

Arafat, not appeased, pulled the joker out of the pack. He announced that he had no choice but to turn over PLO policy to the rejection front. Put simply, he threatened to abandon diplomacy in favor of terrorism. Peres got the message and immediately flew to Cairo, where he assured Musa that he would pull out all the stops to force a change in the PLO-meetings law. Musa informed him that Arafat wanted to send the new Clinton Administration a clear-cut message that the PLO were partners in the peace negotiations. He demanded that the ban on meeting the PLO be removed immediately. On November 25 a Peres ally, Justice Minister David Libai, introduced into the cabinet a bill to rescind the law.

In February, after a long and bitter fight, the law was finally revoked, and Knesset member Yael Dayan was sent to Tunis the next day as a token of the new law. The PLO had altered the results of the Israeli election and had reaped two of the three rewards promised them. All that remained was a return to a land-for-peace approach at the peace talks.

A month later, while Beilin continued his deceit in Oslo and the government offered repeated denials of contacts between Peres's men and the PLO, the road to the agreement hit major snags.

In September, after Rabin had spent months defending his two Shas cabinet comrades on corruption charges, the Israeli Supreme Court ordered him to fire Arye Deri and Raphael Pinchasi. The Labor government was on the verge of losing its majority among Jewish voters and hence its mandate for negotiating an agreement with the PLO.

Although the PLO wanted more time to consider the final mutual-recognition pact, they were told that Labor's days were numbered. It was sign now or never. The PLO relented and both sides rushed into an agreement. Rabin did not even bring the historic treaty to a national referendum for fear of losing.

There is no doubt that Rabin's strings were pulled by Peres, who according to the original coalition agreement in June 1992 was to stay out of the peace talks. Peres disobeyed the edict and, while Rabin became enmeshed in the Deri scandal, cut a deal with the PLO.

Rabin was not informed of the secret negotiations until the second week in August. By then he was presented with a *fait accompli*. The PLO activists in the territories were already starved into submission and the Israeli public was to be manipulated into acceptance with pro-agreement rallies and favorable media reaction. All that was left for the prime minister was to lift a pen and sign. □

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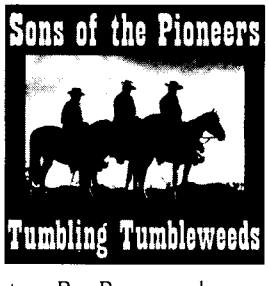

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RANDOM WALK

■ Just when socialism was in the ash-can of history, James Fallows resurrects it in "How the World Works," a three-part *Atlantic* series on Japanese industrial policy. He argues that central planners at Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) cleverly engineered a wipe-out of America's once dominant computer semi-conductor industry in the 1980s.

Since MITI officials are the whiz kids who advised Honda to stay out of the automobile industry in the 1970s and pushed Toshiba, Fujitsu, and Hitachi to shovel tens of billions of research and development dollars down the high-density-TV rat-hole in the 1980s, how did Japanese semi-conductor firms survive their help?

For a while, very well. After billion-dollar investment subsidies in the mid 1980s, the Japanese nearly seized the market for dynamic random access memory chips (DRAMs) from American companies such as Texas Instruments, Motorola, and Intel. To the industrial-policy set—that's the story.

What they missed is that meanwhile U.S. companies were perfecting microprocessors—the brains of the computer. Thus, Rob Abrams of the investment firm A. G. Edwards, an industry authority: "When the Japanese became serious competitors, U.S. semiconductor companies tightened their belts and focused on proprietary products. Since the late 1980s they have regained leadership."

Despite market ups and downs, since 1991 Intel's stock is up from 45 to 61; LSI's is up from 11 to 18; TI's is up from 45 to 72; and Micron of Boise, Idaho, is up from 15 to 60.

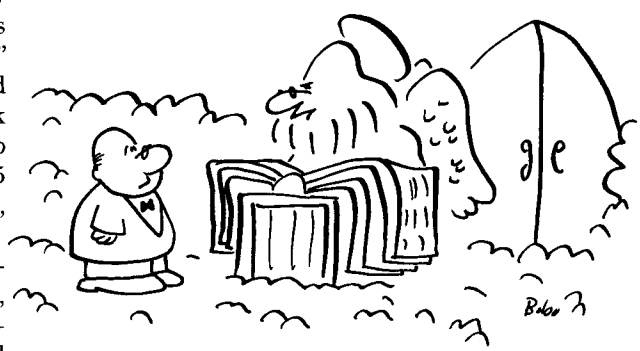
Industrial policy fans attribute this rebound to Sematech, the government–industry partnership formed in the mid 1980s. But industry insiders, such as T. J. Rodgers, CEO of Cypress, dismiss that as "utter nonsense." In fact, Micron and LSI, two rising industry stars, and others pulled out of Sematech in the early 1990s.

Japanese firms, according to Laura Conigliaro, a Prudential-Bache analyst, "have been very slow in adapting to new trends." For example, the Japanese banked on a large main-frame industry in the 1990s and geared their products accordingly—IBM's mistake.

Since the late 1980s the share price of Hitachi, Matsushita, and Toshiba has fallen (although in recent weeks there has been some upward movement). And a massive build-up of debt threatens problems. Between 1991 and 1993 Mitsubishi's long-term debt expenses went from about $40 million to $740 million; Fujitsu's from $100 to more than $500 million; and Toshiba's from $220 million to $1.3 billion.

As Americans conquer emerging markets in micro-processors, software, and other new value-added computer products, Japan struggles to keep the market for yesterday's technology—DRAMs. In recent years lower-wage South Korea has wrestled away an ever larger share of that market.

And while Mr. Fallows was on the newsstands, the Nikkei index lost almost one-quarter of its value.



"A government economist?—You know where you *can go!"*

■ The de-industrialization of America that Democrats scorched Reagan and Bush for continues under Clinton—if you accept his definition of the disease. In 1993, even as the economy produced roughly two million new jobs, some 250,000 manufacturing slots disappeared. Clinton reportedly turned ashen when he asked a Fortune 500 CEO if this trend would end soon—and was told no.

But America is *not* de-industrializing today—anymore than it was in the 1980s. Chuck Brunie of Oppenheimer Capital tells me that "the employment trends we've been seeing in manufacturing run parallel to what the U.S. experienced in agriculture for most of this century . . . [when] we produced more goods with less people." Similarly, even as two million manufacturing jobs were lost in the 1980s, the share of total U.S. output devoted to manufacturing *increased* from 21 to 23 per cent. It has remained steady since.

Under Reagan, factory productivity leapt forward at a 3.5 per cent annual rate—and fourth quarter 1993 numbers show manufacturing productivity surging more than 7 per cent. Since 1985 U.S. manufacturing productivity per dollar of compensation has fallen from 20 per cent above the OECD average to about 15 per cent below it. Joseph Carson of Dean Witter, who assembled this data, claims that "America's competitive edge is now so large that many foreign companies feel they have to produce goods in the U.S."

The major impediments left to expanding a manufacturing company in the U.S. today are regulation and taxes. White House teeth-gnashers could do something about that.

■ America's first supply-side mutual fund, the Laffer–Canto Equity Fund, has been launched by Art Laffer and Victor Canto, architects of Reagan's tax cuts. Its unique investment model assesses equity values on policy changes—in marginal tax rates, regulation, monetary policy. As the prospectus says, the model uses "statistical links between expected macro-economic events and the return on equities."

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—GEKKO

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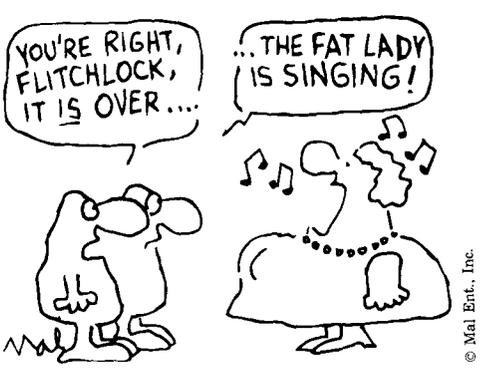
Glorobots

A down-to-earth robot named Ned,
When a fanciful programmer said,
"Hitch your wagon to stars,"
Is now halfway to Mars,
And fears he was cruelly misled.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

*"I was just looking at your law-school diploma—
I have never seen one with an expiration date."*

"Find out who is responsible for all this term-limitation nonsense and have him beheaded."



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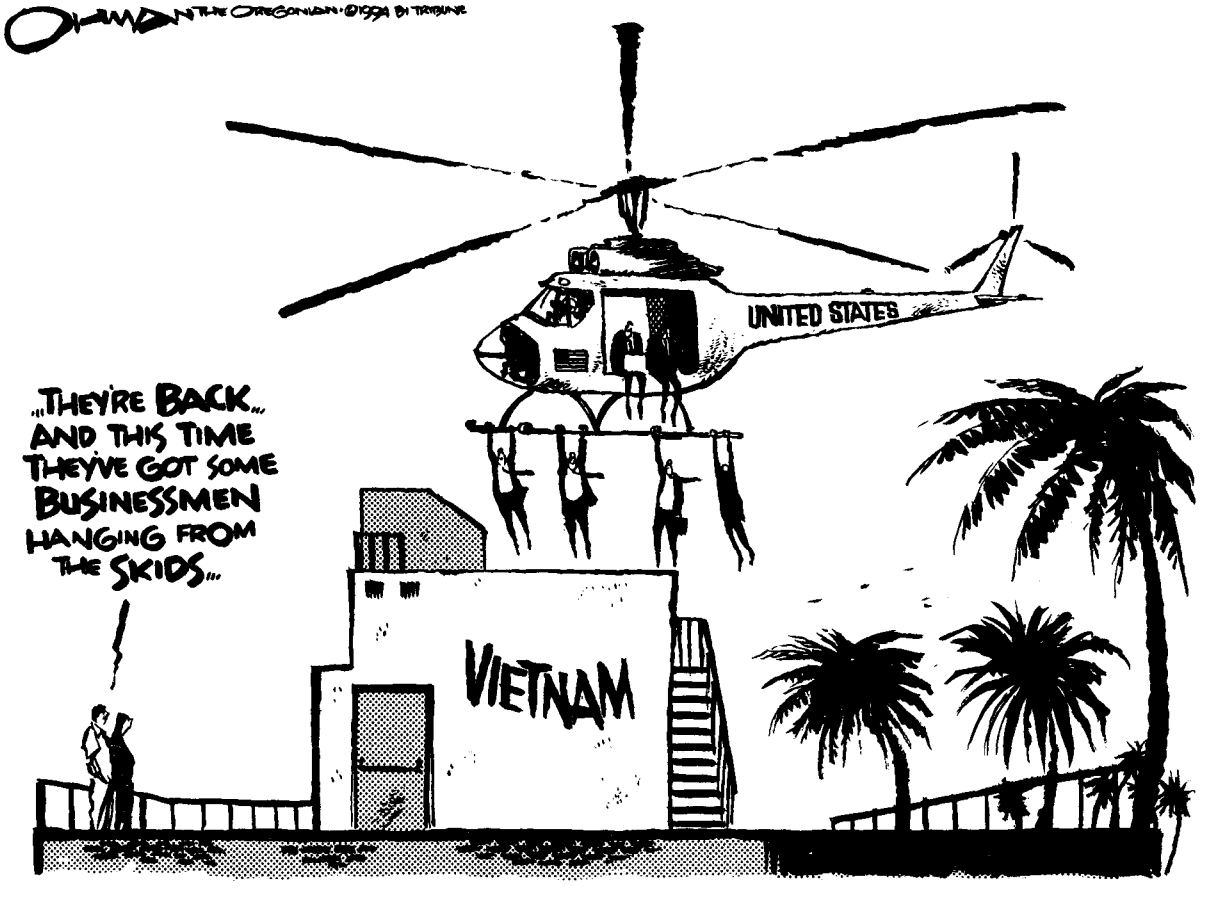
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UNITED STATES
..THEY'RE BACK.. AND THIS TIME THEY'VE GOT SOME BUSINESSMEN HANGING FROM THE SKIDS..
VIETNAM

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Growing . . . Growing . . .

GROWTH WITHOUT END, AMEN?

Conservatives normally keep a steely eye on the law of unintended consequences—except, lately, where economic growth and population growth are concerned. Is more always better?

FRED CHARLES IKLÉ

THAT CAPITALISM is the best engine for economic growth is now understood throughout the Third World, the former Second World, and—save for some Marxist sects huddled in academia—even the First World. Also, it is universally understood that capitalism can do its good work only where governments follow conservative economic policies. From Shanghai to Prague, everyone now comes to us conservatives for the Rx on economic growth. Clearly, we enjoy a strong wind in our sails.

But if we don't know where we are sailing, every wind will take us there. To be growing is not a destination—emphatically not a conservative one. Benito Mussolini decreed that Fascists must keep expanding Italy's productive capacity. And all Leninist regimes kept promising abundant economic growth: a goal of such supreme value to them that they constantly, with mind-numbing mendacity, fabricated statistics on the growth allegedly accomplished. Hurray, a 50 per cent increase in steel production, a 100 per cent increase in the potato harvest!

The fabulous success of conservative economic policies has seduced many in our midst into taking economic growth as the defining attribute of conservatism. These brethren now believe that conservative policies can and must make all good things in society grow, and that this good growth can and must continue indefinitely. They act as if conservative thought were nothing but the philosophy of perpetual growth. Yet, the intended consequences of growth—getting more of all the good things in life—are held in favor by almost any political philosophy. And there are unintended consequences, which these conservatives ignore.

Looking at the world through the wrong end of the economist's telescope, they regard the standard measures of economic increases (such as in gross national product or in average per-capita income) as the yardstick for evaluating all change in society. Growth in these measures is the arrow of progress; it is the compass needle that shows whether any correlated social change is good, bad, or indifferent.

This way of evaluating society's progress or decline has been elaborated to create an ideology of truly metaphysical sweep—the Utopia of Perpetual Growth. This ideology holds that continuing population growth, for example, is a good thing so long as it correlates with increases in GNP. Likewise, growth in population density is to be welcomed so long as it is associated with increases in per-capita income. And increases in global communications, growth in the number of television sets per capita, longer vacations, an increase in the average length of life—all these changes represent "good" growth to be cheered along, provided they are more or less correlated with the standard measures of economic growth.

For any social change to be exempt from this rule requires a compelling case. Violent crime normally qualifies as an exception. Even if violent-crime rates correlated perfectly with economic growth, few conservatives would claim that, *therefore*, crime is a good thing. But for lesser irritants—such as traffic congestion or pollution of beaches—the growth utopian has two things to say. First, these irritants must be tolerated as a price worth paying for economic growth. Second, such tolerance will be richly rewarded—as if by divine justice—because further economic growth, precisely, will elimi-

Mr. Iklé, currently a distinguished fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, was undersecretary of Defense for policy in the Reagan Administration.

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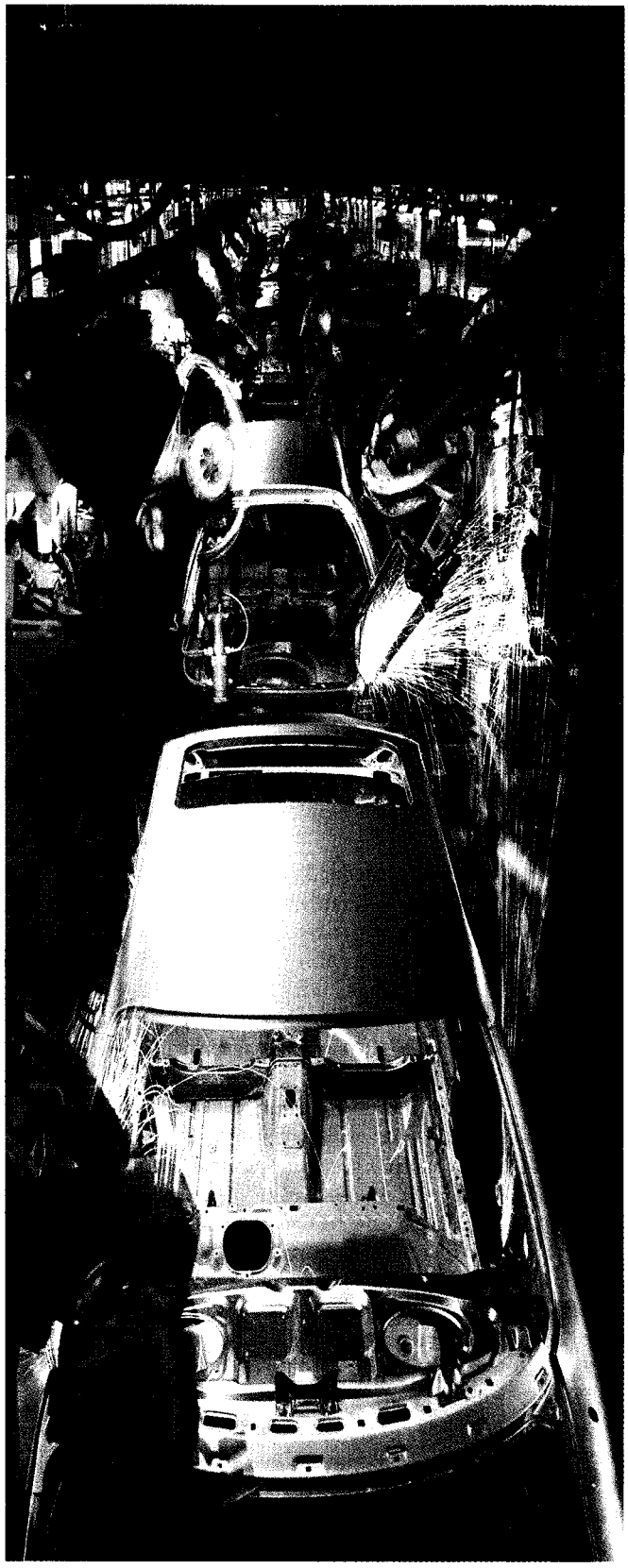

Toyota's Camry manufacturing plant, Georgetown, Kentucky.

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"I'm only doing this until my long-term growth stocks pay off."

nate the squalor and congestion. Indeed, *only* economic growth can overcome these irritants.

The idea that economic growth is the arrow of progress sounds superficially plausible because many historical examples suggest that, within reason, it holds true. Economic growth brought on by the Industrial Revolution and the triumphant march of capitalism has vastly bettered the conditions of human existence. It overcame Dickensian squalor in London, the threat of renewed famine in Ireland, and widespread poverty in Japan; in recent decades it has brought new prosperity and greater freedom in a whole range of countries.

By asserting there is no end to this progress, the Utopia of Perpetual Growth fully reveals its utopianism. Indeed, it holds that growth is a grand historical process; a process that *can* be perpetual thanks to the laws of nature and the rules of history, and that *must* be made perpetual by dint of man's efforts. Thus any limits deliberately imposed on growth by government or private groups are a perversion—a suicidal twisting around of the arrow of progress to point it at our own hearts. Limits that nature might impose are nothing but temporary hurdles, challenges to be overcome by—you guessed it—further growth.

The utopians also assert that perpetual growth will benefit everyone. A rising tide lifts all boats. If you are worried about taxes you are told that growth will bring relief. A growing economy enables the government to feed its expanding appetite without raising taxes; indeed, if growth is brisk, tax rates can be lowered. Better yet, we can anticipate these benefits by lowering taxes first, which will accelerate economic growth and make it easy to lower taxes further.

If you are worried about the deficit, perpetual growth is also your answer. Economic growth will expand government revenues until they balance the budget. Or, if the deficit should then expand again—as seems likely—further economic growth will come to the rescue. Like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the solution is always waiting for us at the horizon.

More Growth, More Government

THE STRONG GROWTH in the U.S. economy during the Reagan years did a great deal of good. Americans in need of jobs found employment, those holding jobs earned higher wages, many people on welfare received better benefits, and the nation regained its self-confidence. As Martin Anderson put it in his splendid book on the Reagan Revolution: "It was the greatest economic expansion in history. Wealth poured from the factories of the United States and Americans got richer and richer."

And the government grew and grew. "Spending on social welfare programs," Anderson wrote, "increased surely and steadily, perhaps more than Reagan would have liked." Government support for agriculture experienced the biggest percentage increase, far higher than defense spending and, indeed, far higher than the economy itself. "In 1980 the Federal Government paid U.S. farmers and ranchers $8.8 billion," Anderson recalls; seven years later it "was doling out over $31 billion a year." The Federal Government's role as a provider of health care also grew dramatically. So did the amount of taxpayers' money spent on non-military space flight (demanded by some for scientific experiments, by others as entertainment, and by NASA as its entitlement). And Congress—always mindful of itself—increased sharply the tax dollars spent on Congress.

Evidently, the law of unintended consequences must have been at work here. George Will may have been too generous when he wrote, in his recent book *Restoration*, that not only do conservatives take this law seriously, "they often are conservatives largely because of it and all that it intimates about political life." Would that this were true for some of the most articulate American conservatives today, who keep praising the glories of economic growth.

A rising tide, yes, lifts all boats—including the tax collector's boat. It enables every congressional committee to spend more of the people's money. It "forces" every federal bureau chief to expand his staff and offices "just to keep up with growth." The rising tide also helps governments to cover up gross malfeasance; the citizenry may have to wait for the ebb tide of a recession to see it exposed. At that point, it may at last be goaded into starting a clean-up. In Japan, it was the recent recession that helped to reform, and perhaps to save, the democratic system. In Italy, it was the cessation of economic growth that provoked the political dis-

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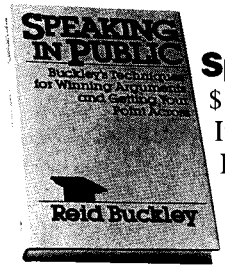

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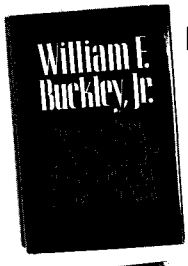

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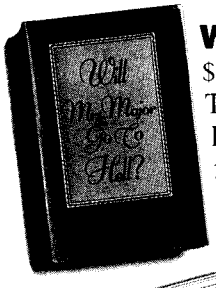

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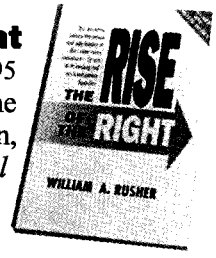

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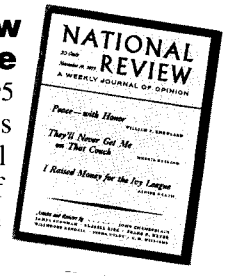

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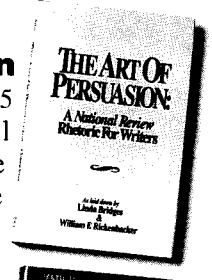

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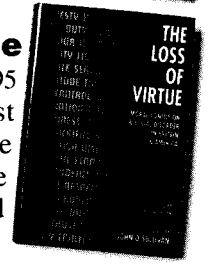

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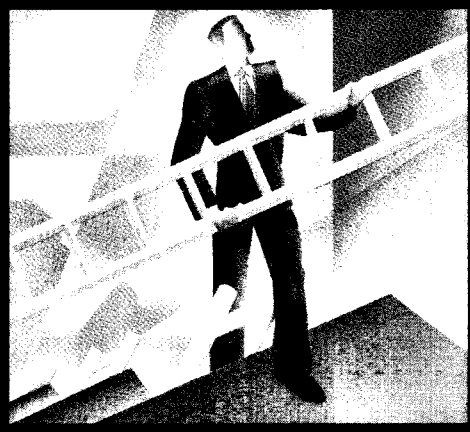

A substance abuse program at work can save employers money on insurance.

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READING, WRITING, AND BUREAUCRATS

To solve our education woes, the call is for more money. But we may be spending too much already.

K. L. BILLINGSLEY

HOW DO YOU improve the public schools? "Open your wallets" is the perennial response from the unions and the bureaucracy. The mantra was repeated most recently at California Assembly Speaker Willie Brown's "Education Summit." The myth that the schools are underfunded proves remarkably resistant to plain-as-day evidence: the fact, for instance, that overall spending on K–12 education has increased continually since at least 1980 (while test scores have sunk to Mississippi's level). And the fact that California's teachers and school administrators are among the best-paid nationally—at the same time that average class size in the Golden State is nearly the largest in the country. Priorities, anyone?

Priorities. If Speaker Brown and like-minded politicians ever develop an interest in directing dollars to real needs rather than bureaucratic black holes, there are many targets crying out for elimination. I focus here on some of the most egregious: the 58 county offices of education. These bureaus consume over $1.5 billion yearly, more than

(Continues on page West-5)

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THE WEEK IN THE WEST

■ The L.A.-area earthquake is being called the biggest disaster in U.S. history. But there are some who think it ranks second to the 1992 Bush campaign.

■ Assembly Speaker Willie Brown wants to raise the state sales tax "temporarily" for earthquake relief. When he pushed through a sales-tax hike after the 1989 Bay Area quake, that was to be "temporary" too, but he tried to get it extended indefinitely when it came time for the tax to expire (then–Governor George Deukmejian balked). The latest quake lasted a few seconds, but be warned: Mr. Brown's shakedown will last a lifetime.

■ With the mudslides in the hills and the gridlock on the freeways, Southern California may be the only place where the houses travel faster than the cars.

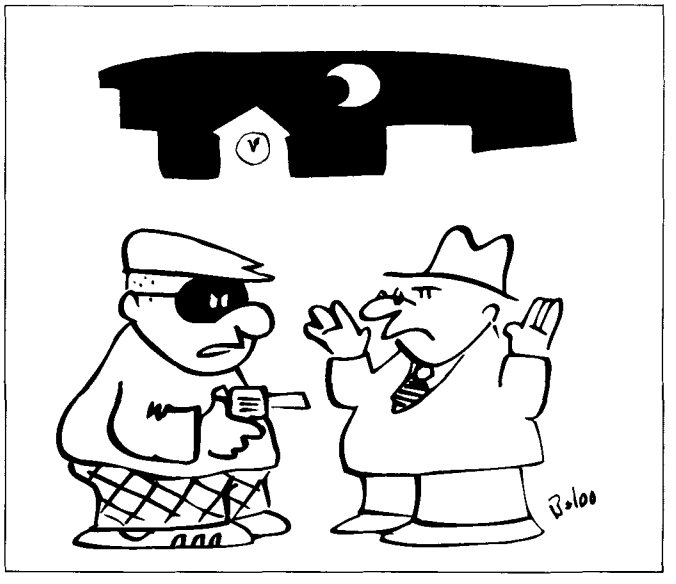
■ Not every governor is timid about offending the public-schools establishment. Republican Fife Symington of Arizona is pushing a school-voucher program, and his vocal support for this subversive concept has helped embolden local community leaders from across the ethnic rainbow to speak up for a reform that would benefit low-income members of minority groups more than anyone else. The sentinels of the status quo are doing their worst, and may yet succeed in cowing enough members of the legislature—for now—but the state that gave us Goldwater conservatism is still strides ahead of most others in the trek toward genuine school reform.

■ Former anti-American radical Tom Hayden has entered the California gubernatorial race. If elected, he promises to restore the statue of Marx in Santa Monica that toppled during the earthquake.

■ Ken Hamblin, a radio talk-show host in Denver, styles himself "The Black Avenger," but there the similarity to angry black militants of the Left ends. This black conservative translates the philosophy of Thomas Sowell and Walter Williams into a bluntness that draws consistently high ratings from a multi-racial audience—but white-hot fury from the black establishment. "My mother and aunts did not raise me to be a victim," he explains, as he lashes out against quotas, welfare, urban renewal, and the psychology of entitlement. It was all too much for a national conclave of black legislators who met in Denver recently; some of their members, including the fiery State Senator Diane Watson of Los Angeles, were even calling on the FCC to put the squeeze on the radio station that carries Hamblin. Howard Stern has to wax obscene to get people riled; Ken Hamblin only has to wax common-sensical.

■ Welcome to the Sagebrush Rebellion, Round II. In a letter to Washington, the Nevada Association of Counties has the audacity to challenge the Federal Government's right to own 87 per cent of that state's terrain. In part, this epistle is a reaction to the heavy-handed land, water, timber, and mineral policies of Bruce Babbitt's Interior Department—policies tilted decidedly in the direction of the enviro-zanies. But even if that weren't so, the idea that the feds should lord it over the American West to the extent they do—claiming more than half of a number of states as Uncle Sam's stomping grounds—doesn't seem to square with what James Madison & Co. had in mind. Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution gives Congress "Authority over all Places purchased by the Consent of the Legislature of the State in which the Same shall be, for the Erection of Forts, Magazines, Arsenals, dockyards, and other needful Buildings." No mention of any veto power for Robert Redford, Barbra Streisand, or the Sierra Club.

■ State Senator Ray Moore, a 15-year Democratic legislator from Seattle, actually makes his home in Hawaii and has no true residence in his district or anywhere else in the state of Washington, according to the *Seattle Times*. This may violate the law, the newspaper reports. But don't worry, his employment of his wife as a legislative aide at a salary of just over $31,000 is quite legal. And, yes, he attends to



"Don't get all huffy, mister—I'm innocent until proven guilty, you know!"

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his duties in Olympia, faithfully supporting his party's line on taxes and regulations (raise 'em!). Don't take him to court; get him to promise to spend more time at home and less time at work.

■ Will the Americans with Disabilities Act hamper L.A.'s earthquake recovery? Westside Councilman Zev Yaroslavsky fears it might. According to columnist Robert Novak, Yaroslavsky cites a restaurateur in his district who'd been exempted from the full rigor of the ADA previously (he didn't have to install ramps or widen aisles) but whose building has now been devastated by the Northridge quake and must be rebuilt. Which means the new code, brought to us by George Bush and congressional co-conspirators, could crash down on this businessman with full force. Disabling the economy—was that what this legislation was all about?

■ Angelica Bustamente, an heiress of a wealthy Tijuana family, figured she'd come north when it was time to deliver her child. She ran up $635,000 in maternity bills at the University of California-San Diego Medical Center, courtesy of the state's taxpayers. But nothing is too good for an American kid, right?

■ Even before the earthquake, *Forbes* was surveying the damage in California: The magazine's new survey of the job climate in the 50 states ranks California's the worst. The best areas: Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, and Utah. In the year ending last June, half of the 12,000 new jobs created in Arizona had shifted from the Golden State, "where taxes are high and regulation onerous," *Forbes* reported. Arizona's "Republican Governor Fife Symington has actively courted California companies looking for a cheaper, less red-tape-filled home. Some 27 companies moved from California to Arizona during this period, including Hughes Aircraft. . . . Similarly, Utah, Nevada, and Idaho have gained at California's expense." Go East, young man—unless you're in a growth industry like state government.

■ Kathleen Brown, running for the nomination to challenge Pete Wilson in November, has moved so far to the right on crime that she could be nicknamed "Dirty Harriet." We are just waiting for her to propose SWAT teams to retrieve library books.

■ "They can shake us, but they can't break us," boasted Governor Wilson in his "State of the Earthquake" address. But earthquakes may not be the biggest threat to California stability. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, the Cato Institute's Stephen Moore gives Wilson a "D" on fiscal policy (but cheer up, that's still higher than Lowell Weicker's "F"). Notes Mr. Moore: he "rammed through the legislature a gigantic $7-billion tax increase in 1991—the largest state tax hike in American history. In three years Mr. Wilson has raised virtually every state tax imaginable: the income tax, the sales tax, the gasoline tax, the cigarette tax, and a host of other fees. The tax increases have so devastated the economy that only a fraction of the projected revenues have been delivered, and thus big budget deficits remain." Tax-and-spend politicians seem to want to shake us *and* break us.

■ "Three strikes and you're out" has a big lead in the polls. Come November, we'll learn if voters favor "one tax hike and you're out" for governors.

Clinton's Air War

PRESIDENT CLINTON claims to be a New Democrat, but he has surrounded himself with old-fashioned bureaucrats. Consider EPA Administrator Carol Browner. Last spring Browner wrote California Governor Pete Wilson "to urge [his] support" for an "enhanced" smog-check system in the Golden State. Then she put aside the pleasantries: If there wasn't compliance, billions in federal transportation dollars would be cut off, hardly a happy prospect given the "difficult economic conditions facing the state," as her blackmail note put it.

Up until a few weeks ago, she was still demanding capitulation: The state would have to gut its current one-stop smog-check system—forcing as many as 5,000 small garages and service stations out of this business—and replace it with a network of 200 "test-only inspection centers." For motorists already benumbed by gridlock, the EPA plan prescribed more inconvenience, because if a car didn't pass its emission test, it would have to be taken elsewhere for repairs and then brought back to an inspection center for a second test.

But the ground shifted on the controversy the morning of the Southern California earthquake. Clinton's political operatives immediately realized—even if Mrs. Browner didn't—that threatening to rain brimstone on the nation's largest state, when it was already under siege from the forces of Nature, was political numbskullery.

The Administration also found itself facing surprisingly broad opposition from California's elected officials. At the urging of Governor Wilson and his California-EPA secretary, James Strock, the Democrat-controlled legislature had refused to be cowed by federal brass knuckles. Lawmakers had passed a balanced reform of the smog-check system, sponsored by state Senator Newt Russell. The plan would increase the number of smog-check outlets, upgrade testing technology, centralize the data base to fight

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fraud, and introduce remote sensors that target the dirtiest cars. This display of pluck drew an angry response from state Senator Tom Hayden, which meant things were going well.

Then, the earthquake, jarring the Clinton Administration into a conciliatory mood. A compromise was quickly reached that leaves the legislature's reform plan largely intact.

The discouraging thing, of course, is that it took a natural disaster to make Clinton's enforcers back off. The episode is a reminder of how tattered are the remnants of federalism, how precarious a state's freedom to chart the policies that best match its needs.

It also shows how Clinton has assembled an administration whose first instinct is to balance its zealotry with bullying. A genuine New Democrat would give us better.

WEST WORLD

■ Announcing she will not seek re-election, **Barbara Roberts** becomes second Oregon governor in a row to bow out after one term. Her predecessor, **Neil Goldschmidt**, also a Democrat, quit for "personal reasons." Roberts's popularity wasn't helped when the sales-tax initiative she sponsored crashed in November, with less than 30 per cent of the vote. . . . Indeed, Sen. **Bob Packwood**'s positives in Oregon voter surveys exceed Gov. Roberts's, even as he's chased by skirt-chasing charges. . . . **Kathleen Brown** was among first callers when brother **Jerry** debuted as a syndicated talk-show host, but does her show of support mean she has no qualms about his venture? Columnist **Dan Walters** suggests her smile might fade if Jerry takes up death penalty as a perennial topic, because it will remind voters not only of his own opposition to it, but father **Pat Brown**'s and sister Kathleen's. . . . **Willie Brown**'s planned TV talk show will reportedly be syndicated by Kelly News and Entertainment, which runs Sacramento's KCRA-TV, an NBC affiliate. **Val Nicholas** of the station told journalist **Bud Lembke** that Brown has star power: "He's a personality and a very strong one. Whether you love him or hate him, he's hard not to watch. Sort of like **Rush Limbaugh** or **Howard Cosell**." . . . Conservative stalwart **Tom McClintock** has an opponent for GOP nomination for state controller. **John Morris**, son of Mervyn's Department Store's chief, has donated to candidacy of Assemblyman **Terry Friedman**, among other Democrats. His campaign is managed by **Ron Smith**, **Tom Campbell**'s campaign director in his 1992 U.S. Senate race. . . . The **Cascade Policy Institute** in Portland announces the 1994 Oregon Better Government Competition, a contest seeking top-notch proposals to streamline government. Winners will be eligible for up to $30,000 in honoraria. For info, call 503-242-1994.

■ Two mirror-image candidates for California state superintendent are Democratic Assemblyman **Delain Easten**, close ally of teachers' union, and Democrat **Maureen DiMarco**, Gov. Wilson's education advisor, pro bilingual-education and against vouchers. Wilson will likely weigh in for DiMarco. . . . The demise of the *Sacramento Union* came too late for ousted schools' chief **Bill Honig**, whose felonious habit of steering public money toward his wife's consultancy was highlighted in scrappy paper long before more mainstream publications deigned to take notice. In an obituary, former *Union* Editor **Joe Farah** reminds how Gov. Wilson, along with Democrats and liberal Republicans like Senate GOP leader **Ken Maddy**, pushed through a sales-tax on newspapers that did no favor to struggling enterprises like the *Union*. Indeed, Maddy wrote the *Union* at the time, taking note of the paper's financial plight "and looking forward with glee to the day it would close," writes Farah. . . . Former Los Angeles County Supervisor **Pete Schabarum** has unveiled initiative to bar illegal immigrants from access to subsidies. . . . Washington state Sen. **Kevin Quigley** (Democrat from Lake Stevens) has proposed doing away with most statewide offices, including treasurer, insurance commissioner, and secretary of state. His proposal isn't exactly lighting fire with colleagues, many of whom are believed to envision their own names on one of those office doors. . . . San Francisco State University President **Robert Corrigan** gets a $14,000 raise (to $140,000) under the California State University system's new "austerity" policy, while **Norma Rees**, president of Cal State Hayward, will get only $130,000, up from $116,000. . . . Police Chief **Jerry Sanders** of San Diego denies complaints that minority officers get special treatment on the sergeant's exam. Test answers were *not* given out at the special tutoring class for blacks, he says.

■ "Who is the most amazing person you ever met?" **Arsenio Hall** asked **Bill Cosby** on a recent installment of *Arsenio*. "**Herbert Aptheker**," Cosby replied, praising Aptheker as a chronicler of "Negro history." Not mentioning his membership in the Communist Party or unwavering defense of Stalinism, from the forced labor in the Ukraine to the Moscow show trials to the Nazi-Soviet Pact. . . . **Bill Clinton**'s December visit to Hollywood still has the faithful singing praises. "He's the most amazing motivating force," gushes producer **Brian Grazer**. "He's like a prophet because he speaks completely from the heart." . . . **Warren Beatty** seconds the glowing assessment: "I think he speaks substantively and extemporaneously very well." . . . "I like being around him," says **Whoopi Goldberg**. "He could have read the phone book and I would've been happy." . . . Rap star **D Soul** doesn't object to lyrics that promote violence against women. "If a woman knows she's not a bitch and she knows she's not a whore," she says, "then those lyrics don't even relate to her."

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(Continued from page West-1)

the GDP of Barbados, Sudan, or Burundi. In their current form, the county offices date from the 1940s, when the demands of World War II forced schools to expand their vocational, part-time and special instruction. But since the mid Forties, many school districts have unified, rendering the county agencies redundant. For example, in 1946, there were 74 school districts in San Diego county. Currently there are only 43, and most of California's students may be found in some 100 of the state's more than 1,000 districts. With their increased clout from unification, the individual districts began to perform virtually all of the functions of the county agencies. Yet, the county offices steadily have become bloated to their current inflated dimensions.

The Los Angeles County Office of Education boasts over 3,000 employees and a budget of $329 million, higher than that of some cities. A scant 16,000 people live in rural Inyo County, home to seven school districts. Yet the Inyo County Office of Education employs 107 people and consumes an annual budget of around $3.5 million.

Perhaps the best statement of the county offices' role comes from San Diego's county superintendent, Harry Weinberg, whose annual salary is a healthy $103,182, plus generous benefits typical of county offices. "Regulation is a growth industry," notes Weinberg, "and it's the County Office's job to help districts meet hundreds of state and federal reporting requirements." This explains why the county offices are bureaucratic landfills, bulked with administrative filler.

Of the San Diego County Office of Education's 798 permanent employees, only 158 are teachers, and many of these do not teach in the conventional sense. A full 466 employees, well over half the total, are classified and non-credentialed. The ranks of "certificated management," that is, principals and counselors, number 96.

There are no fewer than four assistant superintendents to supplement Mr. Weinberg, along with 68 employees in "classified management." A specialist, technician and analyst, along with an assistant, work in "risk management." The office also employs its own maintenance personnel, plus three consultants whose job is primarily to help districts fill out forms.

The office also employs two "gang prevention coordinators," at a salary of $61,512 each. These coordinators and their paid helpers visit schools

Seeking Charters

ON TWO wintry days recently, a group of education activists gathered in Denver to discuss the hot topic of charter schools. Like the charter-school movement itself, the conference (cohosted by Colorado Governor Roy Romer and California State Senator Gary Hart) drew an eclectic mix of centrist Democrats, conservative intellectuals, and even a liberal or two. Could an idea embraced by a philosophical rainbow coalition like this really promise revolutionary change for the education system?

The answer is maybe—but you still have to approach the whole issue with a mighty helping of skepticism. Governor Romer, for instance, has been a consistent supporter of more money for public schools, without any condition of those funds on performance. When such a reliable ally of the education unions can embrace the charter-school concept enthusiastically, it's time to ask whether this program might be little more than a convenient diversion for politicians seeking to mask their lack of commitment to fundamental school reform.

Mr. Izumi, formerly chief speechwriter for Governor George Deukmejian, is a fellow with the Pacific Research Institute.

In theory, charter schools sound great: public schools that have declared themselves independent of state and local school districts enjoying greater freedom to innovate and prod students to perform.

So far, eight states, mostly from the West and Midwest, have enacted charter-school laws. However, with the exception of Georgia, all have placed a very low cap on the number of schools that can go this route. In New Mexico, only five charter schools are permitted. California, home to tens of thousands of public schools, will permit no more than 100 to go charter.

And even with these low caps, many states have not reached their limit due to opposition from teacher unions, administrators, and school boards, and an approval process that minimizes parental power while maximizing bureaucratic leverage.

In Colorado, charter-school applications must be approved by the local school board. So in populous Jefferson County, outside of Denver, the anti-charter majority on the board, now weighing eight charter applications, is displaying no enthusiasm about any of them.

Charter proponents in New Mexico face similar roadblocks. State Representative Robert Perls, author of the New Mexico charter law, says that in his own district, the charter process is going nowhere due to school-board recalcitrance.

To be sure, there are some significant successes. City Academy in St. Paul, Minnesota, has taken children with discipline problems and turned them around. And even with charter funding problems, L.A.'s Vaughn school has raised attendance to an impressive 99.3 per cent.

But the outlook for charters is mixed at best. Even if caps are removed, the power of unions and their toadies on school boards is a constant. When Senator Hart, author of California's charter law, warned at the Denver gathering against union-bashing, he was demonstrating the weakness in the movement: many of these "revolutionaries" are in bed with the *ancien régime*.

Many conservatives therefore will not accept charters as more than a half-step the right way. Jersey City Mayor Bret Schundler wants charters *and* vouchers. Vouchers, he says, will mean a change "from the politicans controlling the money to the parents controlling the money," helping ensure "that every school, public or private . . . will become a school of choice." Now that would truly be a revolution. —LANCE IZUMI

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and tell children not to join gangs, something the kids' parents and teachers already tell them. Other job descriptions include a "parent aide," "special education parent liaison," a "positive alternatives assistant," "retirement technician," "casual laborer," and "occupational therapist." Surely the educational process would not grind to a halt without these officials.

Many county offices employ a staff lobbyist or "legislative advocate" in Sacramento. These lobbyists have helped to create the "growth industry" of stifling regulations that fill California's 11-volume education code. Functionaries in the county system then helpfully offer to help fulfill the same regulations that their tax-supported lobbying has helped to create.

But not all regulations. By law, only legal residents may attend public schools in California. However, school officials get paid on the basis of daily attendance and are turning a blind eye. In one school near the border, it came out that a full 60 percent of students were illegal non-residents.

Verification of residency is something the county office could easily handle but which it never made any attempt to do before the problem became public. After the story broke, Superintendent Weinberg conducted an investigation but refused to reveal the level of fraud he had found. It was doubtless much larger than he expected, and this problem is widespread throughout the state.

A former legislative analyst who asked not to be identified said that county superintendents "tend to be politically well-connected." They do not represent the populace to Sacramento, but are middle men who represent their office to the state. It is in their self-interest to maintain an ever-expanding bureaucracy with ever-increasing budgets. Not ever-increasing quality, however.

The state's Little Hoover Commission, a watchdog agency, says the county education offices "provide a layer of bureaucracy in many counties that would appear to be unneeded." Further, "in counties with large school districts the Commission is told there [are] often duplicative administrative functions in the county office and the district office."

The Commission concluded that much of the administrative portion of the $1.5 billion could be "saved and redirected into classrooms" by abolishing the county offices where appropriate. But a better plan would be to erase them completely.

And what about the county employees who would be cut loose? That's the easy part. They can look for a job, and if someone hires them, they can work. Good luck to "parent liasons," count-

Charter Fallback

CHARTER schools are the education establishment's response to the failed voucher initiative in California. Teachers will be allowed to break free from onerous regulations and create learning environments that will actually allow some learning. Or at least so the sponsors of the policy promise. But in California, the reality is falling considerably short of the theoretical potential—and you have to wonder whether that isn't just as the plan's proponents planned it.

Utilizing the new charter law passed last year, some California teachers today are making history, breaking free from a 6,000-page Education Code that too often strangles the instructional quest in red tape. Yet history is being made only on a small scale: Fewer than fifty schools have begun the process of "going charter," and lawmakers severely limited the number of schools that can follow their example.

Where the process is underway, however, children are benefitting. El Dorado County's charter school is replacing layers of administrators with "entrepreneurs," whose salaries [illegible] average 37 to 39 per hour, depending on seniority, in addition to reimbursement of graduate degrees, but on their ability to educate. In fact, charter-school teachers don't even have to have a certificate, so a Bill Gates, for instance, could teach seventh-grade computer science without having to sit through mind-numbing "education" courses first.

In Sonoma County, the Bennett Valley Union Elementary School has created a charter version of a home school. The state is paying 200 Bennett Valley parents to instruct their own kids. Elsewhere, charter-school students are allowed to supplement schooling with apprenticeships in local businesses, with the aim of improving job prospects.

But getting a charter approved is only the beginning of the battle. "We have to satisfy new regulations to get unregulated," says Marsha Napier, a teacher trying to win a charter high school for Sonoma County.

State bureaucrats threaten financial headaches for any school that attempts the innovative path. Lyle Graf, who runs the charter school for home-schoolers in Bennett Valley, has ended up in a protracted fight with the Department of Education over funding. The government just "froze everything," he said, halting reimbursements for supplies and field trips. This in spite of the fact his school is so popular its enrollment increased ten-fold in one year.

Marta Reyes, who runs an El Dorado County charter school for delinquent youths, also had to fight state bureaucrats for the funding her school was owed. Eva Kinsman, principal of Yucca Mesa Elementary School in San Bernardino County, tells similar stories of Sacramento's snubs and injustices: the education department allows local public schools more "staff development days," she reports, and, unlike her school, the non-charter schools get "daily attendance" funding for kids absent with legitimate excuses.

In San Bernardino County, Eva Kinsman says building a charter school is worth it, despite the obstacles: "We no longer have to worry about whether what we want to do fits in with school-board policy, just about whether it's best for children."

Unfortunately, such testimony only unnerves the education establishment, which helps explain why they seem determined to keep charter schools as a sideshow rather than a dynamic force for change.

—JOY ANTHONY

Miss Anthony is a writer based in Newport Beach.

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less "consultants" and "gang prevention coordinators" asking $60,000 per year.

If the county office did not exist, says a pamphlet from one office, "it would have to be invented." That paraphrase of Voltaire might reveal the self-image of these bureaucrats, but the authors got it wrong. If the county offices didn't exist, California taxpayers would get more for their education dollars. □

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Looking at Rent Control

WHOSE HOME IS IT ANYWAY?

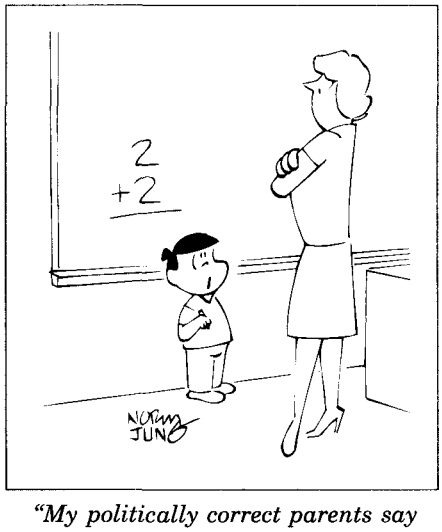
HAROLD JOHNSON

AMONG the long-term casualties of the Northridge earthquake could be the city hall establishment in what some people still call the People's Republic of Santa Monica. For now, the political machine erected by Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda in the late Seventies still thrives—at least outwardly—in the seaside yuppie retreat to the west of Los Angeles, where Hayden these days holds sway as a state senator (and wanna-be governor). But its confidence was shaken by the big temblor; the quake opened cracks in the system around which Haydenismo organizes its power: Santa Monica's draconian rent-control law, enacted 15 years ago in a grassroots blitz spearheaded by Hayden, Fonda, and followers.

Along with the potential for tectonic political aftershocks, the temblor also delivered a jarring economics lesson about the folly of squeezing landlords—indeed, the danger such policies pose to life and limb.

By some tallies, upwards of 2,500 of Santa Monica's approximately 25,000 apartment units were damaged in the quake. As many as two hundred landlords are sitting on buildings that were rattled into "red tag" condition, so violently shaken that tenants can't safely move back in. Given the punishing economics of rent control, the incentive for these property owners to rebuild—unless they're granted essentially total exemption from the price-control system—simply isn't there.

A mortal threat thus looms for the city's political establishment, which swears allegiance to rent control and derives its power from the votes of renters. If a slew of rental units are lost, many of them permanently, the population of tenants/rent-control-voters shrinks suddenly, dramatically—by as many as three thousand, speculates attorney and landlord Carl Lambert. Other estimates put the number closer to a thousand, but the implications are beyond debate: the 1,500-vote cushion on which pro-rent-control politicians rely is in peril.



"My politically correct parents say there are no answers—only options."

The Haydenite cause is further undermined by the clear link between the intensity of earthquake damage and the stringency of rent control. For years, many landlords asked permission to make basic structural improvements and pass the costs along in the form of higher rents. The requests were routinely denied. So it is hardly a shock that in a recent survey, the Pacific Legal Foundation found that the average condition of apartment buildings in Santa Monica has declined markedly over the last decade.

Rents have been allowed to rise at only about half the rate of inflation since 1980. No wonder there has been a steady exodus of landlords from the city, and a shrinkage in the overall number of apartment units.

But hasn't rent control helped the poor? To the contrary, the trend in the city has been one of rapid gentrification, as landlords, with their pick of tenants, have naturally chosen the most financially flush. An underground market in rental units, with "finders fees" or bonuses paid to subleasors in the thousands of dollars, further limits the access of the less well-off.

City bureaucrats now seem disturbingly eager to upgrade their assessment of buildings originally classified as unlivable in the wake of the quake. One building manager says a structure he oversees has been torn off its foundation, according to engineers he brought in, yet he says city building inspectors call the damage merely cosmetic and want him to invite tenants to move back in.

Is this a sign of officialdom's desperation to shore up its electoral base?

And how should renters respond to suggestions they return to buildings of dubious soundness? In the spirit of Hayden–Fonda, should they chant, "Hell no, we won't go!"?

It will be fascinating to see how far the political earth shifts in Santa Monica now that we've seen what an earthquake can do to the housing stock when helped along by flat-earth economics. □

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The Hangar Party

IF AN AGE is revealed most lucidly in the way it responds to its crises, then ours was illuminated in our response to the California earthquake. The one image that has stayed with me is the long lines of victims waiting, hour after hour, for the federal relief agencies to open, often only to secure an appointment for assistance several weeks in the future. Thousands of forlorn, atomized individuals and one centralized savior, the Federal Government.

This image provided the background to the narrative of the emergency, interrupted only by that moment of high glamor, the hangar party of political heavyweights dispensing soundbites and promises in a polished piece of political theater, two days after the quake. The Federal Government would feed us, clothe us—and outlaw any future earthquakes if necessary!

While the earthquake reduced so many lives to rubble, our response highlighted the plight of so many more lives reduced to near total dependency on government. By all means, send the money to repair our ruptured roads and broken water mains, but only local communities can help heal shattered lives. The problem is not with FEMA; the problem is with our assumption that any endeavor that requires more than a few individual efforts should default to Uncle Sam.

Many of Edmund Burke's little platoons have been disbanded, discouraged from service by a tax-funded elite armed with an arsenal of resources. And yet over 80 million Americans still volunteer nearly one billion hours of their time. They are all too often diminished by a system which simply wants them out of the way so that altruism can be left to the experts.

Most alarming is our inability even to *imagine* anything beyond this model of compulsory compassion—beyond a universe revolving around the central axis of centralized government. As I skimmed the papers and surfed the channels, what struck me was how reporters, columnists, and activists all centered their attentions on the same old themes: what government can do for you, what government can do to you, or even, what you can do for your government.

It was not so much that the media failed to report on instances of alternative solutions—of the churches that set up tent cities, the businessmen who wrote generous checks, the moms who cooked for the entire neighborhood—even though that coverage was sparse. It was that when these stories were reported, they were relegated to the "Metro" pages or as the "kicker" after the serious evening news. The implicit attitude is that these stories are entertaining, they are uplifting, but ultimately they are irrelevant.

Whether I was watching the news or working at one of the Red Cross shelters, I couldn't stop thinking of what our response would have been like if only we had outgrown our government-centric view. Airwaves would have been saturated with public-service announcements telling everyone not just where to get help, but where to *give* it. Our attention and admiration would go not to the powdered politicians of the hangar party, but to people like Muriel Bagley of Huntington Beach, who worked around the clock at a shelter. Muriel explains: "Whatever they need to have done, I do it. One day all I did was pass out food. We served over 4,000 dinners."

"Can you call back later? He's busy burning his diary."

Instead of focusing all our attention on FEMA, we would have focused on organizations like Grace Community Church in Sun Valley, which immediately set up two tables, one for victims, one for volunteers—working to coordinate the needs of the one group with the skills and resources of the other. We would have had hundreds of restaurants copying the Hard Rock Cafe, whose employees went to a distribution center and flipped burgers, feeding over 2,000 before day's end.

And then, through the magic of the information age, all of these efforts would have been multiplied, so that assistance would have been activated far from the epicenter, galvanizing circles of compassion nationwide. We were given a preview of this when the tenants of the Northridge Meadow apartments in Michigan launched a fund-raising drive for the victims of the Northridge Meadows complex in California, which collapsed, killing 16. One of the Michigan tenants, a 26-year-old beautician and immigrant from Poland, explained why she wanted to help: "We had nothing [in Poland]. I know what it's like to have someone give you a helping hand."

IMAGINE, finally, leadership wielded not simply to pump more tax dollars out of Washington, but to inspire individuals to walk out of their doors and into their communities to take action. Crises offer such opportunities to practice those virtues of generosity that have been usurped by a bankrupt welfare state—to change the way we see ourselves, our communities, our very concept of citizenship. Churchill understood this, as was evident in his speech to the Civil Defense Forces of London: "In this war, so terrible in many aspects and yet so inspiring, men and women who have never thought about fighting or being involved in fighting before have been proud to emulate the courage of the bravest regiments." It's time to rearm our little platoons, and let them lead the way. —ARIANNA HUFFINGTON

Mrs. Huffington's The Fourth Instinct *will be published in May by Simon & Schuster.*

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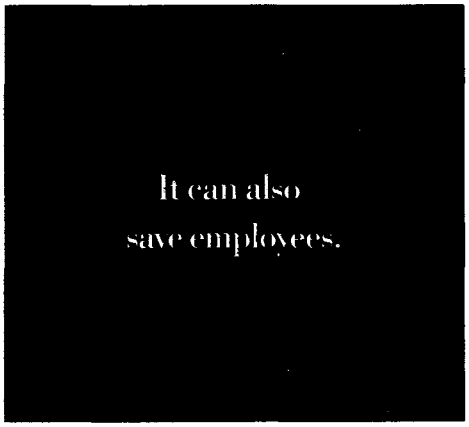

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content which emboldened Rome to take on the Mafia. In the United States, it was the ebb tide in real estate that brought action against the savings-and-loan crooks. (Of course, a halt in economic growth will not necessarily help shrink government. The economic decline after 1929 ushered in one of the largest government expansions.)

Cause and effect are hard to trace in human affairs. Those of us who wish to proffer policy advice need to think long and hard about circuitous routes of causation. Yet, the message that most voters will hear from our growth utopians is that the perpetual self-replenishment of the cornucopia depends not on how wisely they live and how hard they work, but on how they vote. Or to put it more crudely: the promised gratification depends on the government. The people thus become conditioned to regard all good things that come with economic growth as an entitlement. They become hooked on big government.

The addiction is bipartisan. Few of our conservative lawmakers enjoy enough support to disappoint those voters who have been seduced by the growth utopia. Republicans join Democrats in voting for government programs—not because of their merit but because canceling them would deny some group its growth entitlement. Hence, government must give away grazing and mineral rights on Western lands, bestow perpetual benefits through the Rural Electrification Administration, subsidize rich peanut farmers and the sugar industry, and so on. Behold—the Left and the Right are agreed that big government is good for growth.

Decimating Our Own Ranks

IT IS bad enough if some conservatives demand more government just to have government dispense more economic growth. It is folly if they also drive many of our potential supporters into the enemy camp.

Alas, the growth utopians attack those who are favorably disposed toward conservation, the very people who know, as Edmund Burke put it, "that they should not think it among their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance." Everywhere and all the time, our Jacobins of growth ridicule those who wish to conserve forests, seashores, or wildlife. They condemn any conservationist reasoning that favors preserving our tangible heritage or slowing immigration. And with these noisy attacks, they are drowning out promising new ideas for market-based approaches to conservation that other conservatives have developed; approaches that seek to avoid excessive litigation and government intrusion.

Citizens who fear for our vanishing patrimony in nature drink from a wellspring of emotions that nourishes the most enduring conservative convictions. Political convictions that are anchored only in the intellect will be blown away by the first ill wind, but convictions that are rooted in the heart will survive adversity. Young Americans whose deepest convictions draw them to the environmental movement today could become some of the finest supporters of our conservative movement tomorrow. If only we would let them.

Instead, by ridiculing all environmental concerns (some of which, to be sure, are unfounded) and neglecting sensible solutions, our own Jacobins have invited the revolutionary Left to increase its political strength. We should envy, indeed, the skill of the Left in bringing under its control so much of the worldwide environmental movement. We should weep over our self-destructive folly in assisting this takeover.

Folly likes company. Not only are the growth utopians kicking conservation-minded citizens into the enemy camp, but, with their advocacy of high levels of immigration, they are also alienating many traditional conservative voters. There are a great many Americans who do not regard their country's borders as merely an obstacle to global free trade, an obsolete "protectionist" contraption. They value the borders as a breakwater that will protect their—yes, their—nation's social fabric and political culture in a stormy world.

Yet, our Jacobins insist on "free immigration." Whoever disagrees is a "racist"; never mind that among American blacks, whose forefathers helped build this country, many also disagree. And whoever proposes that the United States should regain control of its borders will be derided as wanting a "Berlin Wall." (Erich Honecker must have been mighty pleased to see distinguished Americans confirm what he always asserted: that his wall was never meant to imprison his people, but to keep out "undocumented" Westerners.)

The extreme Left in America is delighted. Like its counterparts in Europe, it has long pined for a split among conservatives that would create a faction it could attack as "fascist," thus forcing all other conservatives to spend their time proving that they, by contrast, are *not* fascist. This stratagem worked in France and Germany, until the conservative parties at last began to cope with immigration, and thus sharply curtailed their loss of votes to "anti-immigration" splinter parties.

The Bovine Rebuttal of Malthus

DOES population growth stimulate economic growth, or is it the other way around? Do increasing population densities negate the benefits of economic growth, or are they the very engine for a growing economy? To disentangle the knurly twist of cause and effect takes more than a simplistic statistical correlation. Yet our growth utopians, to prove that high population densities bring prosperity, invariably introduce their favorite success story—Hong Kong. According to a *Wall Street Journal* editorial, the physical limit to the number of people that Hong Kong could absorb has "not even been approached"; indeed, more immigration would help, since Hong Kong "continues to suffer a labor shortage."

Higher population densities, to be sure, can help economic growth—by permitting a more efficient division of labor, stimulating trade, and enhancing financial

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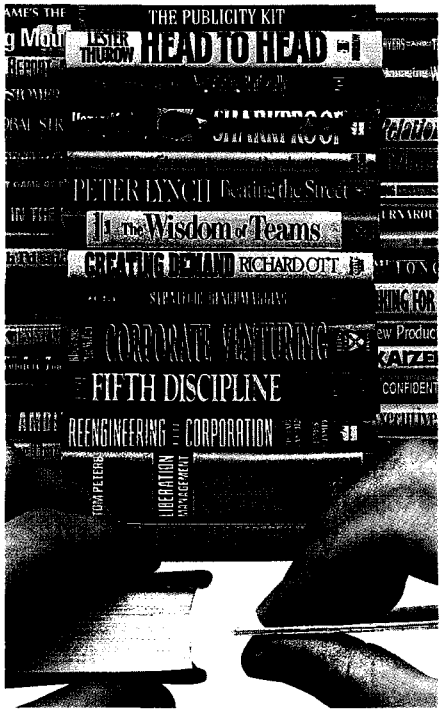

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markets. But more often than not, higher densities will lead to more government. More crowding means more people will bump into one another; and to mitigate these bumps, people nowadays demand that government interfere ever more. The more a population is culturally and linguistically divided, the more irritating the bumps will be—hence the louder the demands for government-determined outcomes. Conservatives know we want less government, not more. But an unintended consequence of growth will be more government.

Nonetheless, conservatives addicted to the Utopia of Perpetual Growth tell us that to worry about population growth is incorrect thinking, called Malthusianism. Thomas Malthus had this theory that population tends to grow faster than the food supply, pushing mankind toward misery. But since the end of the eighteenth century, when Malthus wrote his book, food supplies grew easily as fast as population—unless foolish government policies interfered.

Because of this history, the pros and cons of population growth continue to be debated as a question of accommodating more people by feeding them. One might call this the bovine rebuttal to Thomas Malthus. Given capitalist agriculture, it is said, an ever-growing human herd will always have enough fodder. As the global economy becomes more and more integrated, we will all blend into one growing family. The happy whirligig will go round and round, faster and faster, more people and more things, at home and abroad, more things and more people, abroad and at home.

Man, however, does not live by fodder alone. Nor can one measure human progress by the growth in per-capita income alone. William J. Bennett's Index of Leading Cultural Indicators shows this all too clearly. Measured by many of these indicators, America suffered a cultural decline even during the fabulous economic growth of the 1980s—"the seven fat years," as Robert Bartley's engaging book calls them. For some of these indicators that correlate nicely with past economic growth, even the most dogmatic believers in the growth utopia would agree the trend was bad. Example: illegitimate births have quintupled since 1960. Other Bennett indicators, however, they might regard as desirable correlatives of growth; for example, the increase in average daily TV viewing. Economic growth brings better TV sets, cheaper TV sets, more TV programs, more leisure, and, hence, more time spent in front of the tube.

Conservatives ought to focus less on the bovine interpretation of population growth and more on its cultural and political implications. Never mind that a growing world economy can feed all the people. The right question is whether cultural values can keep up with this multiplication, and whether the pressures for more government can be kept in check.

Rapid population growth is the paramount, the most elemental anti-conservative force. It creates irresistible pressures for farflung, and usually irreversible, government interventions, allegedly to cope with all the social changes that rapid population growth has unleashed. It thus helps the radical Left to garner political support for its social-engineering schemes. It dilutes the influence of religious institutions that seek to preserve society's moral fiber. It empowers the unprincipled and the rootless to tear down vastly more civilizing traditions and riches of culture than they will ever create.

Till Growth Devours Us

IF MALTHUS'S famine is not the reason why we need to be concerned about population growth, neither is an imminent scarcity of raw materials. Throughout this century, predictions have been made that mankind faced calamity because it was running out of anthracite or copper, petroleum or fresh water, or other vital resources. Most of these alleged "limits of growth" were foolish.

The growth utopians delight in mocking this foolishness. It is of course easier, when confronted by a vexing question, to ridicule silly answers others have given than to search for the right answer oneself. But the question will not go away. Either we cling to the belief that the growth of all good things can be perpetual, or we must address the question of limits. As John Gray wrote in his timely book *Beyond the New Right* (1993), "the project of a social order that does not rest on the prospect of indefinite future betterment creates problems for policy that have as yet been barely addressed by conventional thought, including the mainstream of conservative philosophy."

A stable population would be a critical component of the social order that John Gray refers to. Many population experts see such stability coming about through the "demographic transition"—the decline in birth rates often associated with growing prosperity. Nothing in the growth ideology is more indicative of its utopianism than what it says about the demographic transition. On the one hand, it holds that an increasing population is a godsend for economic growth; on the other hand, it promises that economic growth, all by itself, will usher in the demographic transition and thus halt population growth. Yet, this utopianism ignores the cultural conditions that are necessary for the transition to take hold. Instead, as soon as a rich country's birth rates have declined enough to keep its population stable, the utopia's high priests condemn such "stagnation," warn of economic and moral decline, a crippling labor shortage, and an aging nation, and insist that population growth must promptly be resumed—by admitting large numbers of immigrants.

Thus, the growth utopianism is unmasked as a gigantic, global Ponzi scheme, where each generation can collect its growth entitlement only if a compliant and larger generation steps into the queue behind it. Should we let this utopianism dominate the conservative movement, nobody would be left to stop the fraud, and the whole pyramid would eventually collapse, engulfing everyone in misery. The cause of this collapse would not be a shortage of material goods but the destruction of society's conservative conscience by our Jacobins of growth. □

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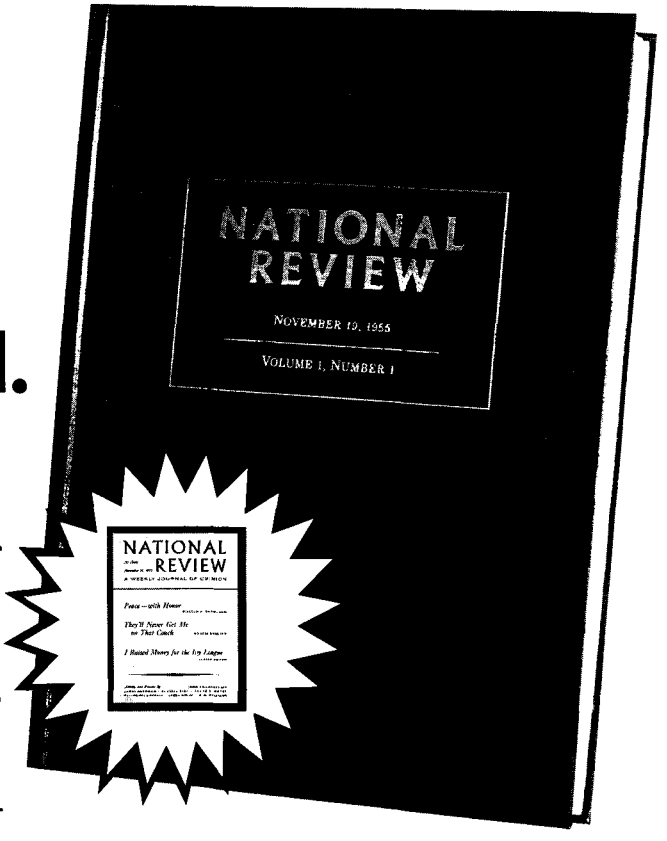
And Bill Buckley Said "Let There Be Right." And There Was Right. And The Right Was Good.



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The Cooper Plan

CLINTON LITE

Why would big business, in rejecting the Clinton health-care plan, go for one with many of the same features? The answer is not: to serve their employees' best interests.

JOHN HOOD

THE Clinton Administration's health-care bandwagon wobbled into February with two flat tires and a twisted axle. Already some liberal Democrats were castigating the President for compromising too much, insurance-company ads on national TV were cutting into public support for the plan, and Senate Finance Committee Chairman Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D., N.Y.) was sending strong signals that he thought welfare, not health care, should be Congress's top priority in 1994. But the biggest speed bumps were yet to come.

In quick succession, four organizations—the National Governors' Association, the Business Roundtable, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the National Association of Manufacturers—staked out positions either mildly or strongly at variance with the President's legislation. The Business Roundtable's announcement probably stung the most. Partisans of the Clinton plan, including the First Lady herself, had been lobbying members of the big-business group for weeks. By a large margin, however, its policy committee endorsed as a "starting point" in the debate a rival "managed competition" plan sponsored by, among others, Representatives Jim Cooper (D., Tenn.) and Fred Grandy (R., Iowa), and Senator John Breaux (D., La.).

Liberal lawmakers and Administration defenders were quick to spin ClintonCare's setbacks as expected and irrelevant. White House aide George Stephanopoulos hinted that the U.S. Chamber was "bowing to some sort of pressure—I don't know what." Senator Jay Rockefeller (D., W.Va.) told the *New York Times* that if the Administration had won business support for its plan "it would have been the upset of the decade." But the reality is much more interesting. Clinton partisans actually believed they *could* win significant business support for a much-expanded government role in health care, and fought until the very end to get it. Nonetheless, business executives preferred the version of managed competition put forth by Cooper, which even *he* calls Clinton Lite. For average Americans seeking more health care for their dollars and more control over their medical destiny, however, Cooper versus Clinton could be a distinction without a real difference.

The Same, but Less

JIM COOPER, until recently a backbencher in the House, now plays an almost unbelievably powerful role in the health-care debate—lobbying Perot's United We Stand one day, talking to White House staffers the next, cozying up to medical and business groups the day after that. What's amazing is that his plan is so widely considered a palatable alternative to ClintonCare, when in fact it is so similar. Here's a comparison of the two plans' main elements:

—Both would create a national commission to specify a **uniform benefits package** that all insurers must offer—in Clinton's bill to be part of the system at all and in Cooper's in order to qualify for federal tax exemption. While the Clinton bill spells out many of these benefits, Cooper–Grandy provides broad outlines of allowable coverage and then leaves decisions on specifics to the commission. But in either case, the result will be a relatively generous package, with very low deductibles and co-payments. Defining a standard-benefits package will inevitably be a heavily politicized process, with lobbyists for each segment of the medical industry pushing to have its services or treatments included. We already find such a process in state capitals, where legislatures have imposed a large number of mandates on the provision of health insurance, ranging from chiropractic care and acupuncture to drug counseling and mental-health services.

Requiring all insurers to offer a standard package with low deductibles is no reform at all. Patients aren't really getting anything from the deal; they are still paying for services included in the basic package, but they're doing so up front, through high premiums, which decouples their medical consumption from the costs of that consumption, reducing their financial incentive to shop wisely for routine care. It is this system of pre-paid health care, in which the bill is funneled through third parties (insurers or the government) that drives a significant part of medical inflation.

Mr. Hood is vice president of the John Locke Foundation in Raleigh, N.C.

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There are really two approaches to controlling the demand for health care: either give patients a direct financial stake in reducing their consumption, or else let the third-party payer "manage" the patients' health-care consumption for them. Both ClintonCare and Cooper's Clinton Lite choose the latter approach. They would not permit "patient power" plans allowing consumers to buy catastrophic insurance with high deductibles and deposit their premium savings in medical savings accounts to pay for routine expenses directly.

—Both bills would authorize monopoly **health alliances** to pool purchasers of health insurance. But while Clinton's bill requires employees of all companies with fewer than 5,000 workers to join an alliance, the Cooper bill establishes a much lower threshold of 100 workers and simply ends federal tax deductibility for those under the threshold who purchase coverage outside an alliance. However, this still forces *all small businesses and self-employed individuals* to buy their insurance through a government-controlled monopoly or else be heavily taxed by Washington. And even though medium-sized businesses can escape participation in health alliances under the Cooper plan, they will still have to offer at least the standard benefits package in order to avoid punitive federal taxation. In effect, both ClintonCare and Clinton Lite would tell most employers and individuals what kind of insurance they can buy and from whom they can buy it.

—The Clinton plan requires employers to pay 80 per cent of **insurance premiums**, with employees picking up the other 20 per cent. Cooper's bill includes a number of provisions designed to reduce the price of insurance, as well as federal subsidies for low-income consumers, but it does not require business to pay for it. Naturally, business executives like the idea that they won't have to unravel current insurance arrangements. But again, the distinction may well be lost on the average worker. Whether he pays his premium directly, or his employer pays it and then provides less cash income to him, the result is the purchase of a relatively expensive health plan that may limit his choice of doctors and that may pay for services he neither wants nor needs, while denying him services he does want.

—While the Clinton plan sets **price controls** on insurance, the Cooper plan would limit the tax deductibility of premiums to the least expensive health plan in a given region—a provision which sounds as if it would reduce the current bias in the tax code toward insurance rather than wages. But it won't really, since even the "least expensive" plan meeting Cooper's standard-benefits rules would still be essentially a form of costly prepaid health care.

—Both plans would impose **community rating** on health-insurance premiums, thus prohibiting accurate pricing of risk. Subscribers who take care of themselves by exercising, eating healthful foods, and avoiding drug addictions will be charged the same rate as their slovenly, unhealthy peers. "Adopting this policy would be like prohibiting auto insurance companies from raising rates on drivers who commit more traffic violations," says Michele Davis, author of a recent analysis of the Cooper plan for Citizens for a Sound Economy.

—The Clinton plan would allow most poor people on **Medicaid** to buy the same coverage through the regional alliances as everyone else. The Cooper plan would repeal Medicaid altogether in favor of subsidies to the poor to buy insurance.

Look at the Others

THE Cooper plan clearly has some salutary aspects, not the least of which is that it isn't ClintonCare. It doesn't *directly* impose price controls or mandates on employers to pay for insurance. It ends the deeply flawed Medicaid program. And it allows many more employers to opt out of a "regional health alliance" system that seems destined to become especially politicized, bureaucratic, and regulatory. However, rather than staying neutral about what arrangements, freely chosen in a medical marketplace, advance the best interests of consumers, Clinton Lite, like ClintonCare, uses the power of the Federal Government to tilt the market heavily in favor of managed-care networks that collect most of their subscribers' medical dollars up front and then give them back grudgingly in the form of bureaucratically rationed services.

There are other bills already introduced or being drafted that would be much more beneficial to businesses and consumers. Attacking our over-reliance on third-party payment is one obvious goal of real reform, and one achieved to a great extent by Texas Senator Phil Gramm's bill and the House Republicans' bill, and to a somewhat lesser extent by the Consumer Choice Health Security Act introduced by Representative Clifford Stearns (R., Fla.) and Senator Don Nickles (R., Okla.). These bills all include at least some provision for medical savings accounts and do not impose an overly expensive "standard benefits package."

Why, then, are the better bills being overlooked by the business lobbies? For one thing, the lobbies' policy posi-

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tions reflect the important influence of big insurance companies, which like third-party payment, dislike medical savings accounts and catastrophic insurance, and run much of the nation's managed-care business. The Business Roundtable's health-care task force, for example, was headed up by Robert Winters, chairman of Prudential Insurance Company of America. Prudential is one of the "Big Five" commercial insurers which, along with the Blue Cross and Blue Shield associations, already own a significant chunk of the managed-care market. They'd like government policy to ratify their decision to invest in managed care. Associations of smaller insurers, such as the Health Insurance Association of America and especially the Council for Affordable Health Insurance, have been more critical of government regulations that stifle market competition.

In addition, large firms that currently provide generous insurance policies have a strong incentive to require their smaller competitors to do the same. Cooper's bill accomplishes that by limiting federal tax deductibility to this standard plan alone.

Advocates of truly market-oriented reforms can work with business lobbies to combat ClintonCare, but that's about the extent of their common interests. As with so many other issues, consumers face an array of savvy, well-funded interest groups with a stake in government regulation. That's the bad news. The good news is that the ClintonCare bandwagon has lost another wheel and may (let's hope) be beyond repair. □

NATO and Bosnia

FURIOUSLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS

NATO wasn't set up for handling situations like Bosnia—and it isn't.

NOEL MALCOLM

WHEN Western leaders try to deal with the problem of Bosnia, a terrible dilemma confronts them. Is it desirable to try to keep together an artificial grouping of nationalities that seethe with conflicting aims and values? And, even if that is desirable, is it not possible that the very act of pushing them back together again may actually strengthen the hostilities among them?

The grouping of nationalities I refer to is called the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Threats to use NATO warplanes to bomb Serb artillery positions have brought this organization, for the first time, into the very heart of the Bosnia debate. For some politicians and military men, this is a chance for NATO to remind us of how indispensable it is: there is simply no other organization that can do the job. For others, it is an ill-conceived venture from which, given the lack of clear aims at the outset, NATO may emerge tarnished and politically weakened.

It is a hard judgment to make; the stakes are very high. As one senior British officer puts it: "Frankly, I don't care very much about what happens to Yugoslavia. But I care a hell of a lot about what happens to NATO." That officer is in favor of taking action, but only for the most reluctant of reasons: he fears that if NATO stands back any longer, it will become an international laughing-stock. "Our governments have spent billions of pounds giving us the best equipment and the best training," he says. "People are going to start asking what it was all for, if we say we're incapable of knocking a few drunken Serbs off a hillside."

Bosnia poses a type of problem very different from the problem the North Atlantic alliance was originally created to deal with. NATO, the most successful (one could say, the *only* truly successful) international organization of the last half-century, was created to counter a single and unmistakable strategic military threat. Although that threat has not evaporated, it has become shrouded in a fog of other more nebulous security concerns since the alleged ending of the Cold War five years ago. Recognizing this, the Alliance issued a new "Strategic Concept" in late 1991, in which it tried to redefine its role: "In contrast with the predominant threat of the past, the risks to Allied security that remain are multi-faceted and multi-dimensional, which makes them harder to predict and assess. . . . These risks are less likely to result from calculated aggression against the Allies, but rather from the adverse consequences of instabilities that may arise from the serious economic, social and political difficulties, including ethnic rivalries and territorial disputes, which are faced by many countries in central and eastern Europe."

Europeanizing NATO

WHAT THIS new doctrine implied was that in the future NATO would be concerned less with defense (the straightforward matter of protecting NATO members against possible attack) and more with *security*—a far more open-ended and uncertain concept. And it was not obvious that a transatlantic military alliance was the ideal piece of machinery for dealing with the delicate matter of security arrangements within Europe. Would it not be better, perhaps, to entrust this task to a new Europe-wide forum for discussion and negotiation, such as the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe? Or to a purely European political formation, such as the European Community (now renamed the European Union)? Or even to the Western European Union, a grouping which might roughly be described as the European sub-section of NATO but which, according to the Maastricht Treaty,

Mr. Malcolm, a columnist for the London Daily Telegraph, *is the author of the forthcoming* Bosnia: A Short History.

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might one day become the European Union's very own military machine?

All these suggestions sounded reasonable, until the war in Yugoslavia. Then, one by one, the grand-sounding European organizations tripped and fell. First to go was the CSCE, whose "Conflict Prevention Center" had been set up in Vienna in 1990, just in time to demonstrate that it was incapable of preventing conflicts. With its membership now nudging fifty (including such typical European countries as Tadjikistan) and its offices scattered among various European capitals, the CSCE resembles Nicholas of Cusa's definition of God: a circle whose circumference is nowhere and whose center is everywhere. Like the Almighty, it has remained, for the most part, invisible.

Next was the European Community. Though it seemed at first almost to welcome the chance to display its peacemaking skills ("Now is the hour of Europe!" cried its representative, the foreign minister of Luxembourg, at the outbreak of the Yugoslav war), its most decisive action was to supply a small number of "monitors" in white coats—christened "ice-cream men" by the bemused Yugoslavs whose deaths they proceeded to monitor.

As for the Western European Union, this body did indeed send a small flotilla to the Adriatic in 1992 to enforce the arms embargo against Bosnia and the other ex-Yugoslav republics. But the WEU, having no assigned forces of its own, has to borrow them off member states, which are almost all members of NATO. And since NATO was sending a flotilla to patrol the Adriatic anyway, this parallel action by the WEU had an element of redundancy bordering on the farcical.

NATO's own involvement began in the summer of 1992. Shocked by the television pictures of the Serb-run concentration camps, NATO politicians agreed to instruct the Alliance's military planners to make contingency plans for a deployment to Bosnia. At the same time, the UN formally requested NATO to prepare to execute missions in Bosnia under its auspices.

Three scenarios were considered at NATO's Brussels headquarters. The first was a peace-keeping operation in the event of the Vance–Owen plan's being accepted throughout Bosnia—that is, by local commanders as well as political leaders. For this, a modest NATO force of no more than 20,000 men was required, to patrol roads and man checkpoints. The second scenario imagined a Vance–Owen plan accepted at the national level but ignored or rejected by local commanders here and there. To deal with this, NATO proposed sending a force of 60,000 to 70,000 men. And the third scenario involved sending troops to pacify a Bosnia in which no peace plan had been accepted at any level: here the NATO planners doodled for a while with their pencils, and then put the file back in the filing cabinet.

Within reasonable limits (options 1 and 2), the planners were happy to make plans: that is what planners are for. But was NATO happy with the idea of being drawn into the Yugoslav conflict? According to one NATO insider, the question is badly framed. "NATO is just an instrument, a military machine. You can't talk about NATO wanting this or that. It doesn't have policies of its own; it is just the servant of its member governments. Please remember that NATO is not a person sitting in Brussels with arms and legs."

And yet that answer itself helps one to understand why the military men at the Brussels headquarters were very wary of taking on any Bosnian tasks. NATO is the servant; its master is the agreed policy of 16 member governments—32 arms and 32 legs. On a contentious issue such as Bosnia, an

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issue essentially of foreign policy rather than defense, those arms and legs may put most of their energy into kicking and striking one another.

And 16 Heads

THE disagreements have been painfully obvious for the last two years: disagreements not only about what action to take, but also about who should take it. At one end of the spectrum there were countries that wanted something to be done, but did not want to do it themselves. The German government, which championed the cause of Croatia in 1991–92 and defended the right of the Bosnian government not to be bullied into surrender in 1993–94, refused to supply any troops of its own. The reason it gives is not the clause in its constitution which served as an excuse for non-participation in the Gulf War (a constitution which in fact allows Germany to act as part of "a system of mutual collective security . . . to secure a peaceful and lasting order in Europe and among the nations of the world"), but the memory of German-occupied Yugoslavia in the Second World War. Italy, though also sympathetic to Croatia and Bosnia, refuses military involvement, also because of memories of that war. And the U.S. Government has taken a similar line, partly for a similar reason—though the war it is remembering took place on the other side of the globe.

That leaves only two major military powers in NATO: Britain and France. Both countries have sent troops into Bosnia (2,400 and 5,200 men respectively), under UN command. But they did this more to satisfy their own television-watching electorates than to save Bosnia from destruction. Both have continued to uphold the arms embargo against the Bosnians; both have pursued the same basic policy, since last summer, of trying to persuade the Bosnian government to sign whatever piece of paper is pushed in front of it by Milosevic, Tudjman, and Owen at Geneva. And both have, therefore, fought a war of attrition against U.S. and German policy, urging those governments not to do anything (such as talk about lifting the embargo) which might raise the spirits of the beleaguered Bosnians.

So why is it that, since the NATO summit last month, France has been pushing for air strikes, and Britain (the most non-interventionist of all the NATO powers, excepting Serbia's poodle, Greece) has supported the idea?

Both France and Britain have felt frustrated by the petty humiliations of their UN troops in Bosnia, and have come round to the idea of specific interventions for specific purposes—not to change the nature of the war, but just to assist UN deployments in places such as Tuzla and Srebrenica. Both countries had begun to contemplate the utter humiliation of an impeded withdrawal (which might force them to leave all their heavy equipment behind), and could see the advantage of making a show of force at this stage.

But the main reasons for moving toward a policy of air strikes are more long-term, and more contradictory. What has finally swayed the mind of the British government is the plea from its military men to allow NATO to do something in order to restore its own credibility. Britain has always been deeply skeptical of any attempt to replace NATO with a purely European grouping, and will do anything to bolster NATO's reputation.

France, however, has pushed for air strikes for almost the opposite reason. The appeal of the idea for the French is that this will seem to be almost a European-only NATO operation, thus exposing the U.S. as somehow peripheral to Europe's security requirements. It was France that proposed sending a WEU force of 50,000 to Yugoslavia in September 1991. That proposal was vetoed by Britain. Had the U.S. suggested sending a NATO force of 50,000 American troops, we may guess that such a proposal would have been vetoed by France. So-called "Europeanism," i.e., anti-Americanism, remains the driving force of French foreign policy.

So it was that on February 7 the French tried to ensure that the decision on air strikes would be taken not by NATO but by a meeting of the European Union. (It was in fact deferred to the NATO meeting on February 8 at Britain's insistence.) And so too the French daily *Le Monde* reported on February 8 an extraordinary conversation between France's defense minister, François Léotard, and his Russian counterpart, General Grachev; Léotard asked the Russians to support

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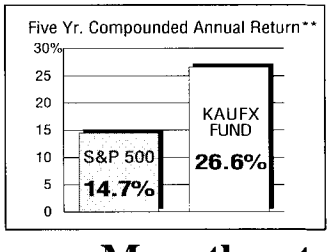

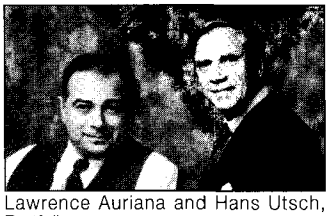
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France's attempt to establish a "neutral and impartial" policy toward the former Yugoslavia, and in particular to counter the policy of the U.S., which he suspected of smuggling arms, as it did in Afghanistan, to the Muslim forces in Bosnia. Even *Le Monde*, used to the contortions of French foreign policy, described this appeal to Russia as "curious."

Britain supports air strikes because it thinks, reluctantly, that this is the way to preserve NATO. France supports them because it thinks it is the way to undermine NATO, detaching its European members from America. Those who actually care about what happens to Bosnia will find this a worryingly unstable basis for future action. And those who care about NATO have even more to worry about. Looking at some of Europe's politicians, they may feel moved to murmur, like the Duke of Wellington: "They may not frighten the enemy, but by God they frighten me." □

The President and the Evangelicals

CLINTON'S REVELATION

Our Southern Baptist President has his work cut out for him appealing to the Southern Baptists.

RICH LOWRY

AS SOON AS he had his voice back from the State of the Union address, President Clinton made a visit to a Southeast Washington junior high that could have been scripted by Bill Kristol. "Make up your mind you're not going to have a baby," Clinton urged the students, "till you're old enough to take care of it and until you're married."

It's Dan Quayle redux. Family values? After a State of the Union that included the applause line, "Governments don't raise children, parents do," 53 per cent of Americans said President Clinton shares their values, up from 44 per cent a week earlier. The Religious Right? Near the end of the same speech Clinton referred to "my good friend Tony Campolo," an evangelical professor at the American Baptist Eastern College.

Fresh from stealing Republican issues like crime and welfare, Clinton now looks to be taking what some see as the GOP's albatrosses too. Why? The answer is in the numbers: evangelicals, the "values constituency," account for a full quarter of the American electorate and, especially in the South and in the border states, are the rock upon which Republican presidential victories are built.

The erosion of evangelical support for the GOP in 1992 was one of the things that cost George Bush the election: roughly 70 per cent of self-identified evangelicals voted Republican in 1984 and 1988; only about 56 per cent in 1992. That contributed to Bush losses in Georgia, Louisiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois. But Clinton the Southern Baptist lost ground too, winning roughly 28 per cent of the evangelical vote, even less than Dukakis (Perot took about 16).

So it shouldn't surprise when Clinton asks a dozen evangelicals—now referred to in the evangelical community as the "Gang of 12"—to the White House for a bull session and advice on how to minister to his spiritual life. That October breakfast produced gobs of the kind of material James Carville must dream about.

Take the evangelical leader Jack Hayford's report on the breakfast to his eight-thousand-member Southern California congregation. Hayford relates how White House volunteer Linda Lader asked him to lead off the breakfast roundtable (not surprising—the night before Hayford had told her that God filled him with love for Clinton the day after the election). He goes on to say the President "is not as political as I would have expected." And he concludes: "he's a great man, a gifted man . . . I know that I was talking to a brother in Christ that I'm glad the Lord allowed me a chance to serve in a small way."

There's more. Says Tony Campolo: "He wants to cooperate with evangelicals in the task of rebuilding America." Writes *Christianity Today* columnist Philip Yancey: "I was sobered by the alienation that exists between evangelicals and the current Administration." (Yancey reports that an earlier column of his titled "Why Clinton Is Not Antichrist" prompted Al Gore to quip, "Well, Bill, you've got to start somewhere.") Robert Seiple, president of the relief agency World Vision, warned evangelicals against "the viciousness of these personal attacks against the President."

Return to the Fold

ARE THESE folks getting snookered by Clinton's spiritual avowals? It would be uncharitable to discount the President's faith (few who have met him would do so anyway), but in this, as in much else, it's difficult to untangle Clinton personal from Clinton political. He returned to religion around 1980. Losing a bid for re-election—as Clinton just had—could send anyone back to church. Joining the choir of one of Little Rock's largest churches, where services are broadcast on TV every Sunday—as Clinton did—could also help any politician win the next time around.

What's clear is that some evangelicals are innocent of the political import of their Clinton praise. "They want the evangelical leaders to go out of the meetings," says James A. Smith, who is with the Christian Life Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention, "and tell the media and tell their friends, 'You know, I think he is seriously devoted to his faith.'" It's happening—in exchange, says University of Virginia political scientist Larry Sabato, for "bones and thin gruel" from the President. "He must," says the irreverent Sabato, "be really chuckling over this."

In some ways, evangelicals are easy marks. "We don't move in these circles," says former Nixon aide Chuck

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s associate articles editor.*

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Colson, now head of the evangelical Prison Fellowship, "and when we do get invited it is simply breathtaking." But also the President is sometimes preaching to the choir. Notable among White House invitees have been members of the evangelical Left (yes, there is such a thing) more in tune with the President's views than most evangelicals. Tony Campolo, for one, endorsed gays in the military.

Tougher Audiences

WHEN the company Clinton keeps isn't so carefully calibrated, things can get dicey. At the National Prayer Breakfast in February, the President sat just a yard from Mother Teresa as she, her head barely sticking above the lectern, denounced abortion. "Any country that accepts abortion," she said, "is not teaching its people to love, but to use any violence to get what they want." As the room stood and cheered, an uncomfortable President sipped his water and whispered to a stone-faced First Lady.

Among conservative evangelicals critical of the Gang of 12, Mother Teresa's statement is considered something of a benchmark for Clinton encounters, loving yet uncompromising. "I have rarely felt a moment of admiration quite like that one," says Focus on the Family President James Dobson. The evangelical magazine *World* put Mother Teresa on its cover with the sassy headline, "There Goes Her White House Guest Pass."

Even in the White House, however, Clinton has taken his lumps. At one meeting, leaders of the Southern Baptist Convention (SBC) prayed with Clinton and gave him a brochure explaining a Baptist program to pray for the President for forty days. Then they wanted to talk about abortion and gay rights. "[That's] the only meeting they [the Clintonites] don't consider an unqualified success," says the SBC's James Smith.

Issues, of course, are a vulnerable spot in any Clinton play for evangelical votes. Clinton has done much to make abortion safe, legal, and even government-funded, but little to make it rare. Not only did his Administration launch an advertising campaign with condoms jumping around like the red dots in 7-Up commercials, it originally planned to unveil it during Christmas week. ("That's how plugged in they are," jokes Richard Cizik of the National Association of Evangelicals.) There are a host of other issues—they make up a five-page list in a recent Dobson letter to Focus on the Family listeners—from gays in the military to sub-Cabinet appointments.

And there's Clinton's personal life. Surveys say evangelicals are more likely than other voters to consider character a leadership quality—bad news for Clinton. At a meeting in December with members of the religious press, *First Things* editor James Nuechterlein remembers noting how often Clinton repeated that we are all sinners and need forgiveness. As it turned out, the White House knew the David Brock story was about to break. "I was inclined to say, 'No wonder he was talking about that,'" says Nuechterlein.

None of this has gone unnoticed

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among evangelicals. This year the National Religious Broadcasters broke a tradition of inviting the sitting President to their convention, citing Clinton "positions which are blatantly contrary to Scriptural views." SBC President Ed Young says that "a vast majority of Southern Baptists are heartbroken over our Southern Baptist President." And Gang of 12 members have gotten an earful—Seiple says his letter has generated more response than anything he has ever written.

But the Clintons are not going to stop trying. In a luncheon after the Prayer Breakfast, Hillary Clinton made a point of praising Chuck Colson's Prison Fellowship. And the same day, the President granted a half-hour interview to *Christianity Today*, extraordinary access for a magazine with a circulation below 200,000. All the outreach is unlikely to help with the evangelical hard-core. (Among evangelicals who regularly attend church—some don't—Bush still got 70 per cent of the vote in 1992.) It is in the broader category of self-identified evangelicals that Clinton can gain from the positive PR—in small but significant ways.

The evangelical vote, notes University of Akron political scientist John Green, is as central to the Republican coalition as the black vote is to the Democratic. In these voting blocs relatively small losses hit with a double force. If Republicans won just 25 to 30 per cent of the black vote, says Green, "they'd be winning all over the place." So too with Clinton and the evangelicals, especially the closer he can creep to the 40 per cent mark (although mid 30s is probably his ceiling). "That's a prime Republican constituency," says Green, "and he'll be cutting it off at the knees."

The irony is that Clinton has co-opted the family-values rhetoric and made inroads among evangelicals precisely because many Republicans now believe both are losers. Says the Family Research Council's Gary Bauer: "The White House is scared to death they're on the wrong side [of these issues], the Republicans are scared they may be on the right side." Thwarting the family-values onslaught means not being timid on issues where, objectively, Republicans are in a position of strength. "At the end of the day," says Bill Kristol, "deeds speak louder than words."

There's this much comfort in Clinton's new rhetorical tack: "Clinton's hypocrisy," as Kristol says, "is the tribute liberalism is paying to conservatism." But if they're not careful, Republicans will get complimented all the way into a Clinton second term. □

Ill-Managed Trade

STAND UP & FIGHT

Current U.S.–Japan trade policy benefits neither the U.S., nor non-insider Japanese. Why not change it?

JIM KOLBE

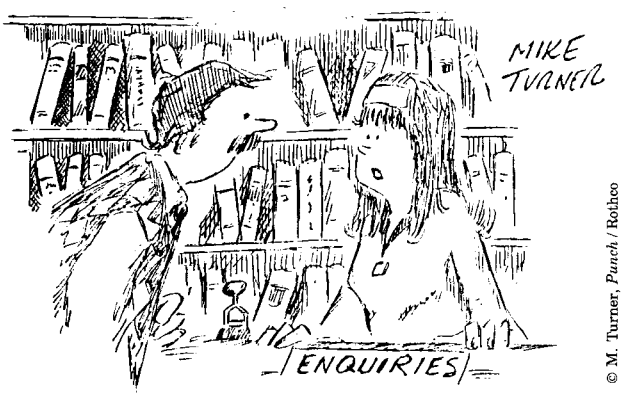
LAST JULY, the President summed up what he said was his basic negotiating approach with these words to students at Tokyo's Waseda University, "What the United States seeks—let me be clear—is not managed trade or so-called trade by the numbers, but better results from better rules of trade."

Yet, last week the U.S.–Japan trade "framework" talks broke down with the Administration advocating the very managed trade—market-share targets in areas such as autos and medical equipment, telecommunications, and insurance—the President had earlier opposed. Mr. Clinton has given in to the temptation of placing more faith in the visible hands of Japanese bureaucrats than in the invisible hands of the free market.

Now, as retaliation in the form of restrictions on Japanese access to the American market looms, the U.S. may pay for his mistake through higher prices for Japanese goods and a deterioration in relations with one of our more vital strategic partners. And the "results oriented" approach of the Administration—even if accepted by Japan—would likely manage more American business out of than into trade with Japan anyway.

The changing political situation in Japan, if played right, could mean the substantive market opening the U.S. has sought for decades. Relying on the Japanese bureaucracy—whose major preoccupation the last forty years has been keeping foreign trade and investment out of Japan—to "manage access" for the U.S. is naïve. Doing so in the midst of a popular movement in Japan against that bureaucracy is tantamount to supporting the Soviet *nomenklatura* during *perestroika*.

If the Administration really wants to solve the "Japan problem" for American business once and for all, it should adopt a policy that targets the removal of regulatory, administrative, and structural barriers to free trade in Japan. The key to opening Japan is to get the Japanese government *out* of the day-to-day workings of the economy, not to expand its powers of intervention in



"The Theory of Chaos? *Oh, it could be anywhere.*"

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Representative Kolbe is chairman of the House Wednesday Group, a leading Republican congressional policy organization. He serves on the House Budget and Appropriations Committees.

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hopes of increasing our market share. In a new round of negotiations the Clinton team should forget about trade by the numbers and insist that the Japanese government lay out a clear schedule for sweeping deregulation and structural harmonization. Then it should carefully monitor progress to ensure that—unlike in the past—talk is backed by action.

Japan's economy is riddled with regulations and procedures that both stifle imports and discourage domestic entrepreneurship. At last count there were over 11,000 government licensing and authorization processes affecting business activities in Japan. Almost all of these are subject to the non-transparent "administrative guidance" of the Japanese bureaucracy, whose power to restrain innovations that might "disrupt the market order" is legendary—especially when the innovator is a foreign company.

Even MITI Minister Hiroshi Kumagai agrees that excessive economic regulation in Japan largely explains why market-opening attempts in the past have proved futile. On his first day on the job in August he startled the Japanese press by bluntly announcing, "It's natural for the U.S. and Europe to think that Japan is strange. Our tariffs may be low but collusive practices and excess regulation effectively close the market."

Calling Adam Smith

IN CAPITALISM the fundamental freedom of capital flow is of obvious importance. But in Japan the freedom of capital flow is drastically restricted. This hurts consumers by giving them very low returns on their savings. At the same time it allows producers to continue making and marketing goods even in the face of sustained low net profitability and sub-standard returns on investment. Thus, financial protectionism is the key to what Western analysts have mis-termed the "Japanese style of capitalism" (which hardly constitutes what Adam Smith would call capitalism at all).

As Masasuke Ide, a senior researcher at Nomura Research Institute in Tokyo, writes in a recent paper, "It is often claimed that Japanese companies adopt a low-return strategy in the short run to drive out competitors so that they can obtain market dominance and leap to high profitability in the long run. This is not the case. Japanese companies do not have to aim at higher profitability even after they have won and gained market share. Rather, they force competitors to come down to Japanese profitability levels."

Ide believes that financial deregulation would prove to be the unmaking of the whole *keiretsu* system of insider cross-shareholding and cross-purchase agreements between large companies that is often cited as an impediment to greater foreign access to the Japanese market. In his words, "If financial institutions have to start seeking higher returns for depositors and investors, that will make it difficult for them to keep supporting the low-return strategy of their traditional corporate group partners." The problem is that to effect the type of substantive—not merely superficial—financial deregulation needed to end this system, the U.S. will have to aim at the heart of the closely protected powers of the Japanese Ministry of Finance (MOF).

Exemplifying the way the MOF uses its regulatory powers to make markets defy gravity are its so-called "Price Keeping Operations" (PKO). Since the massively overvalued Tokyo stock market started to tumble two and a half years ago, the MOF has taken a series of unprecedented steps to keep it from heading further south. Most obviously, it has done things like limit new issues, severely *re*-regulate futures and arbitrage trading, and even change the (already infamously distorted) accounting rules so that companies do not have to report losses fully in their mid-term earnings statements. It has also covertly channeled perhaps as much as 16 trillion yen from Japanese *consumer* deposits in the postal savings system directly into the financial system through its power to "supervise" the trusts that manage postal savings-fund investment.

Thus despite increasingly bad economic news and political uncertainty, the average price–earnings ratio of shares on the "bust" Tokyo exchange remains over 60, more than twice that of those listed on the booming New York Exchange. From the standpoint of the Finance Ministry, then, the PKOs have been a great success. However, what is thought to be good for Japan is not always good for the world

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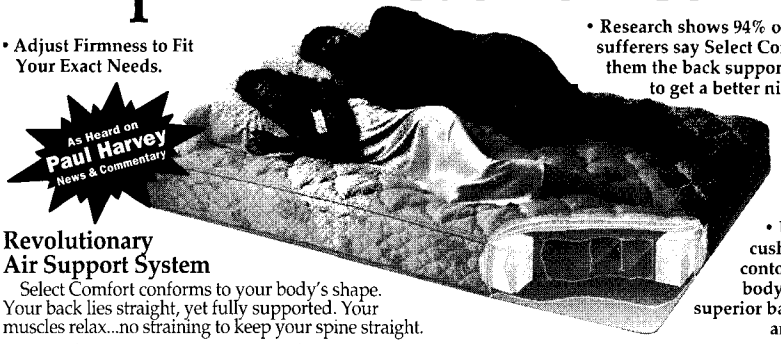

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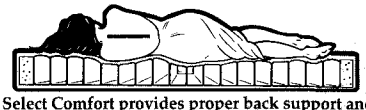

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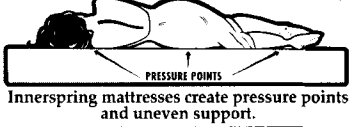

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around it. For in its attempt to impose artificial "equilibrium" on Japan's financial markets, the MOF has fomented massive disequilibrium in the country's trade and current-account balances, which threatens to undermine the stability of the U.S.–Japan relationship and indeed of the entire international trade system.

PKOs distort trade with Japan in two immediate ways. For one, they buoy up the cost of *direct investment* in Japan when overall costs should be falling. As a result PKOs foster what Japan expert David Asher, author of last year's House Wednesday Group report on U.S.–Japan trade, calls "cost protectionism"—effectively precluding American companies from entering Japanese markets.

The impact of "cost protectionism" is clearly reflected in the Japanese government's foreign direct investment (FDI) statistics. Japan has twenty times more money outside its borders than foreign countries have invested in Japan. Although FDI in the U.S. and the European Community averages over $1,600 per capita, accumulated long-term FDI in Japan is less than $97 per capita. The net effect of artificially high asset costs on flows of investment into Japan is to suppress imports from foreign sources.

Direct investment to establish distribution, sales, and service infrastructure is critical for any company wishing to penetrate an overseas market. In the U.S. more than 16 per cent of all economic activity is linked to foreign companies; the numbers for France, Britain, Germany, and Canada are even higher. In Japan the figure is 1.1 per cent, lower even than it was in 1963.

The second major effect of PKOs is to subsidize the efforts of Japanese companies to limit market-share losses in sectors where they are especially uncompetitive. For example, given their superior products, American companies like Apple, Digital, and Compaq should be dominating the PC market in Japan as they do elsewhere. Yet, despite their having developed the necessary Japanese-language software and made large direct investments in Japan, their market penetration is restrained by "unforeseen factors." The main invisible factor is that rivals like NEC, Fujitsu, and Toshiba are effectively shielded from having to back out of unprofitable PC markets by the government, which is propping up their stock values.

Understanding how PKOs support the weak bottom line of Japanese industry today helps explain a number of phenomena that have perplexed business economists. For one thing, PKOs at least partially account for why the total number of firms in the top ranks of each Japanese manufacturing sector and sub-sector has not declined much despite the dismal state of the economy. Basically, companies have been protected from having to face up to the costs of their bad business decisions during the bubble of the late 1980s. Also, PKOs explain why manufactured export volumes have not significantly dropped off even though only 3 to 4 per cent of all Japanese exports have been profitable since the yen went above the 125-to-the-dollar level. It is truly as though, in the words of Japan's top trade negotiator and senior MOF official Eisuke Sakakibara, "Japan has *surpassed* capitalism." But that's not something to brag about—it is exactly the problem in Japan's trade relations today.

"You mean no one told you that your pension was used for last year's Christmas party?"

Thought Experiment

WHAT MIGHT happen if the Japanese government did not regularly intervene in the financial system, and real—not fictitious—market clearing occurred? American companies soon would find it affordable to invest in Japan in order to take advantage of Japanese corporate weakness (as Japanese companies have exploited that of industries in the U.S.). And Japanese companies, rather than continuing to produce (and export) at a loss, would have to cut back on labor, shut factories, drop out of unprofitable market areas, and even start to buy better-made, lower-cost foreign parts and equipment. The "convoy system" (*gosou sendan*) of big Japanese *keiretsu* firms would crumble and the fabric of the nation's cost-protection system would unravel. With this "creative destruction" a whole new age of fair access for foreigners would begin.

The bottom line is that reciprocity in Japanese market regulation could translate into gains for American labor and for the American economy as a whole that would be so substantial that managed-trade protectionists would be left on the sidelines to blush. Economists generally agree that every $1 billion in increased U.S. exports produces about 20,000 jobs here at home. Every $1 billion of U.S. imports that are *replaced* by goods made in America produces about the same number of new jobs. The result would be tens of thousands of new jobs in high-wage, cutting-edge manufacturing and service sectors.

So, rather than stumbling down the same trade-by-the-numbers path, the U.S. trade team should reread Clinton's speech last July. There, he proposed a agenda for U.S. policy that resonated with the spirit of reform in Japan, calling on the Japanese people to accept the logic of reciprocal market deregulation to create a higher standard of living for themselves and better relations with Americans.

Although there are different types of capitalism in the world, there are also different types of protectionism. Japan falls more into the latter category than the former. Balancing U.S.–Japan trade relations requires a policy framework that addresses Japanese regulatory policies as protectionist and anti-capitalist. Our companies are not inherently at a disadvantage. In most sectors they are world leaders—everywhere but in Japan. To succeed in Japan we do not need affirmative action. All we need is something the Japanese government openly says it supports—free trade. □

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The New Busing

THE GHOST OF GAUTREAUX

A Sixties battle in Chicago provided the precedent for a Nineties experiment in social engineering.

LLEWELLYN H. ROCKWELL JR.

THE housing policy of a free society ought to be simple: people should be able to live where they want, using their own money and engaging in voluntary market exchanges.

Traditionally, this led to neighborhoods centered on one group or another, whether WASP, Greek, Ukrainian, Italian, black, Chinese, or whatever. This natural pattern, a product of rational choice, makes possible strong communities, centered on extended families as well as churches, schools, and civic organizations.

But the Clinton Administration objects. It wants to place Americans where it wants them to live, at heavy expense to the taxpayer. HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros has promised to end "spatial segregation," which he attributes to racism. Cisneros plans to stir the demographic pot, picking six major cities for a HUD experiment called "Moving to Opportunity." At taxpayer expense, inner-city residents on welfare, guided by non-profit groups under contract to HUD, will be transferred to the suburbs. The government will pay for their move, rent, and electricity, and provide counseling and day care. As a test, it will shift 6,200 households in the next two years at a cost of $234 million.

The idea is to free blacks from the depressing congeries of inner-city troubles.

Reviving Gautreaux

MOVING to Opportunity is based on the Gautreaux Program, Chicago's forced residential integration of the late 1960s and 1970s. For liberals, Gautreaux represented a landmark step toward the government-run ideal.

The 1960s lawsuit that made Gautreaux possible was born of political resentment. Beginning in 1956, and continuing for nearly two decades, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley enjoyed popular support from the city's wide variety of ethnic groups, including blacks, and he kept crime and taxes low and provided efficient city services. His Cook County Democratic machine also enjoyed a measure of public support—not least because it successfully resisted federal pressure to "integrate" Chicago's settled ethnic and racial communities.

Daley's resistance in a time of rampant social engineering seems like a miracle, but it was a matter of practicality. The machine could usually deliver Illinois's electoral votes to the national Democratic Party. As part of the quid for this quo, the machine had an unusual amount of discretion in the distribution of federal housing money.

However, the machine made a mistake in 1956, at the very outset of Daley's first term as mayor, that would eventually undermine this resistance. The machine's mistake was to maneuver events so that one Richard Austin wound up as the Republican candidate for governor. Unknown to Austin, the machine had no intention of making him governor; it merely needed a respectable opponent to run against the future Democratic governor, as later depositions confirmed. When he lost, the machine awarded Austin a federal judgeship.

Austin was not consoled, however. He believed he should have won because Eisenhower carried even Cook County against the hapless Stevenson. Austin never forgave Daley, and as the judge in the Gautreaux case ten years later, he struck back.

The plaintiffs' lawyer was Alexander Polikoff, a longtime fixture at the ACLU. Perturbed at Daley's refusal to obey federal housing policy, Polikoff decided in 1965 to take the city to court. His first step was to find a client. After a long search, he came up with Dorothy Gautreaux, a married mother who wanted public housing in a white area. In 1953, she had requested an apartment in Dearborn Homes, but got one instead in Altgeld-Murray Homes on the far South Side—scarcely, one would have thought, a serious human-rights violation. Nonetheless, Polikoff alleged that his plaintiffs (there were other families as well, all on welfare) had been harmed by Chicago's "racist" housing policy.

What Harm?

FIRST the matter of legal standing had to be dealt with. Did Polikoff's clients gain the right to sue the taxpayers of Chicago solely because they didn't live in a white area? The 1964 Civil Rights Act, the basis of the suit, had been widely understood as forbidding only explicit, racially motivated harm—e.g., the refusal to consider the bid of a qualified buyer, solely on grounds of race.

But, according to Polikoff, it was enough that the "present" circumstances denied his clients "a right to live in a public housing system which is not infected and shaped by a policy of racial discrimination in the location of its facilities." Translation: the mere existence of racial disparities, regardless of economics, was enough. That is now a familiar leap of logic, though at the time it was novel. Austin, pursuing his vendetta, accepted it.

Austin cited a letter from Howard Glickstein, staff director of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, who argued against a narrow interpretation of the 1964 Act. "It is our experience that the most effective way to ensure goals of equal protection is to define the *results* that must be achieved," he wrote (emphasis in the original). It may have

Mr. Rockwell is president of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Ala.

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been the earliest official statement of this federal policy.

The Chicago Housing Authority made a series of impressive legal arguments in its defense, but its commonsense argument was the best: public housing should not be forced on a resisting community. The judge laughed that out of court, and ruled in favor of Gautreaux and company. He ordered that no new public housing be built in areas more than 30 per cent black until 1,450 units had been installed in white neighborhoods.

In 1969, when the court order was announced, race relations were not exactly at an all-time high. Civil-rights marches through the West Side had led to riots, and gang activity was on the rise. Daley went to war against Austin's order—with the support of blacks who wanted more public housing and whites angry that the neighborhoods they worked hard to afford were now to be occupied by people on welfare.

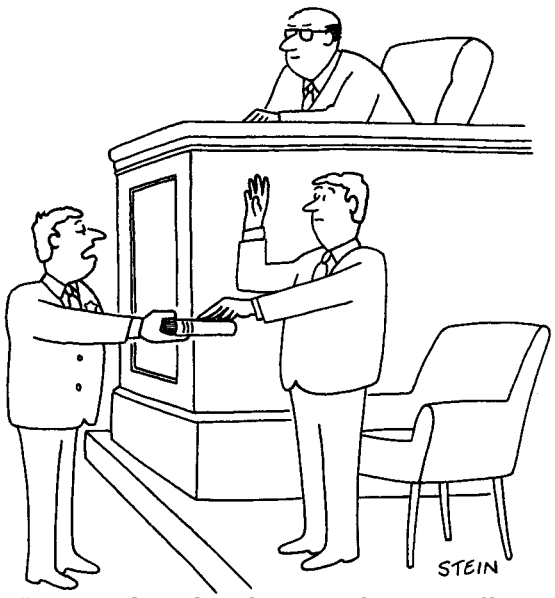
In an ironic twist, HUD had just earmarked $26 million in Model Cities money for Chicago. Daley cheered HUD for rescuing the city from Austin, while the judge opposed HUD on grounds that the money violated his order. After a protracted battle, the judge partially relented.

In his new ruling, he claimed sarcastically that "It is an anomaly that this 'law and order' chief executive of this city should challenge and defy federal law," i.e., Austin's own ruling. "Apparently 'law and order' applies only to the enforcement of state law and municipal ordinances." Austin gave "the chief executive and his City Council an opportunity to repent and reconsider their conduct" by reducing from 1,450 to 700 the number of units to be built in white areas before the city could get the Model Cities money.

The final chapter was the 1976 Supreme Court decision *Hills* v. *Gautreaux*, which granted what Polikoff had long sought: forced integration, funded by the public, and administered by Washington at the behest of local leftists.

The Polikoff plan was called the "Gautreaux Demonstration Program," and, using HUD Section 8 certificates, it moved several thousand inner-city residents to the suburbs over the objections of virtually every group in Chicago, including black community leaders.

The main result of the program was "white flight." By the end of the 1970s, more than 700,000 whites had moved out of Chicago. Yet Elizabeth Warren's highly regarded study on Gautreaux declares the policy a complete success. Of the resulting turmoil, she says, "one cannot help but be distressed to see such a result from such a sincere effort to promote racial justice."



"Do you also solemnly swear that you will not blab on any talk shows until the trial is over?"

Racial Micromanagement

IN HOUSING literature, social engineering is not a metaphor but a policy. Academics use the "Index of Dissimilarity," which compares racial concentration in particular Census tracts to that of the entire city. The Index rates a community against an unachievable standard of perfect blending, in much the way that economists use "perfect competition" as an other-worldly policy benchmark for anti-trust and other policies. Most cities rate about 80, on a scale where 100 is total separation.

Even moving blacks to the suburbs does not automatically increase "integration." As Professors Elizabeth Huttman and Terry Jones note in a 1991 essay: "It is a discouraging development for fair-housing activists who have worked hard to open up the suburbs and find their effort futile as the suburbs become increasingly black." Apart from white flight, there is the fact, as the authors note, that when blacks move into suburban neighborhoods, they tend to seek out areas with other blacks.

The halfway house to residential central planning is "integration maintenance" (IM). It uses preferential treatment to bring about and preserve integration. For example, whites will be favored if they choose to move into a black area, while blacks wanting to move to the same area will not. Starrett City in Brooklyn adopted this policy until blacks sued over loan preferences for whites.

IM policies already tried include forbidding whites to sell early in the integration process, before property values fall. Other policies being proposed include requiring advance notification of the intent to sell, banning real-estate solicitations, and even outlawing "For Sale" and "Sold" signs.

In a typical case of policy backfire, IM policies actually increase the likelihood of whites leaving. If whites believe that blacks moving in are doing so because of economic advancement, acquiring mortgages and homes through their own achievement, the whites are more likely to stay. But if members of the underclass, with attitudes and behaviors unchanged, are enabled to live in a suburb through social engineering, then whites will flee.

Rethinking Priorities

THE academic journals never raise the question, but why should perfect integration be a policy ideal? Free-market economists have emphasized that the market brings people together, forming communities of commerce among differing groups. But it is equally true that markets mean choice, and with choice comes sorting. People tend to choose to work, socialize, and live with others in their own social, religious, cultural, and economic group. There's nothing wrong with that. In fact, it creates real diversity among neighborhoods.

The tendency of people to sort themselves is well known to demographers, and the literature is filled with fretting over this natural system. Sociolo-

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gist Clyde O. McDaniel, for example, defines segregation as "de jure and de facto separation of people's living quarters by some demographic feature like race." But shouldn't the term segregation be limited to state-enforced policy, and not used to describe the results of human choice?

Wherever there was once de jure segregation—and its importance in housing has been hysterically exaggerated—it is long gone. Since a Supreme Court decision in 1917, people have legally been able to live where they wanted to, and that choice has been largely determined by economic considerations.

A good example is Houston, which has had no zoning for more than a hundred years, and no state-enforced housing segregation. Yet most blacks live, as they have always done, in a few neighborhoods that are on average 90 per cent black. Even after many attempts to reduce residential separation (by the Justice Department, HUD, the city council, and the courts) the Dissimilarity Index for Houston is still 81 per cent. It will probably always be so, absent a totalitarian version of integration maintenance.

Government cannot know the proper level of racial togetherness any more than it can know how to organize industry. Both must be determined by the market, the only rational means of social and economic cooperation. The free choices of free people may result in groupings the central government doesn't like, but a society that values liberty will hold fast to the principle of voluntary association. □

Taps for the Navy?

THE TAILHOOK SCANDALS

Tailhook '91 really was a scandal—but nothing compared to the investigation that followed it.

ELAINE DONNELLY

ON OCTOBER 15, 1993, Rear Admiral Riley Mixson, Chief of the Navy's Air Warfare Division, received a letter of censure from new Secretary of the Navy John Dalton. Dalton hit Mixson for being responsible for the arrangements of the 1991 Tailhook convention, the military's worst sex scandal in history.

The rebuke was fired like a showy missile attack, staged for the benefit of CNN. But Mixson defended himself with a letter that convincingly refuted Dalton's charges. He wrote that during most of the time plans were being made for the infamous convention in Las Vegas, he was half a world away directing combat operations during Desert Storm. "I can assure you," Mixson wrote, "my thoughts in the Red Sea were not on Tailhook '91."

In fact, Mixson hadn't attended Tailhook in 13 years, and was shocked to see how gross its nightlife had become. In an *immediate* report to his superiors, Mixson warned that the activities he observed must never be allowed to happen again.

Two years later, none of this would prevent the highly decorated admiral from being censured for arrangements he didn't make, and for the actions of men not under his command. He missed out on a third star and the chance to become Commander, Naval Air Forces Pacific Fleet, and is now retired from service. His case was far from unique.

The sensational accounts of Tailhook damaged the morale and prestige of the Navy. But the worst damage was inflicted not by a few drunken and misbehaving junior officers, but by high-level officials whose judgment was impaired by sexual politics.

Patricia Schroeder, a powerful member of the House Armed Services Committee, is a mistress of sexual politics. She rushed to define Tailhook as a "watershed event"—a revelation of the Navy's sexual harassment so shocking that it could be remedied only by lifting the prohibition against women in combat. It was a stunning non-sequitur—military women must be exposed to thugs behind enemy lines in order to protect them from drunken comrades at home—but cowed Navy officials felt compelled to embrace it as their own.

The brass allowed themselves to be bullied into a capitulation to feminists on procedural and policy issues, at the expense of legal safeguards and sound military policy. The farce came to a humiliating end on February 8 of this year, when Captain William T. Vest, a Navy judge, blasted Defense Department officials for bungled, amateurish witness interview reports that could not stand up in court, and threw out the last of three pending courts martial. In the end, after all the uproar, not a single court-martial produced a conviction.

What Really Happened?

THE MYTH of Tailhook has by now wreaked enormous damage on the Navy; but what had been the reality of Tailhook?

Named for the device that halts aircraft when they land on aircraft carriers, the Tailhook Association is an independent group of active-duty and former Navy aviators. For more than 25 years, the Navy has provided transportation and high-ranking speakers for its annual conventions, where professional symposiums are held by day, hospitality suites by night.

In Las Vegas in September 1991, many naval aviators were returning from life-or-death missions in Desert Storm. That—and the usual free-flowing alcohol—gave the nightlife its special kick. Hundreds of single women were drawn to the three-day event—some for the second or third consecutive year—and freely participated in wild party activities, ranging from

Mrs. Donnelly is president of the Center for Military Readiness and a former member of the Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces.

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sexual suggestiveness to gross indecency.

But in a few cases, non-consensual touching and grabbing degenerated into serious sexual assault. On Saturday night around 11:30 P.M. Navy Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, a helicopter pilot, wandered into the "gauntlet," a mob of drunken airmen arrayed along the third-floor hallway who pounded on the walls and pawed at women as they walked by.

According to Lieutenant Coughlin's oft-repeated account, a Marine Corps captain grabbed her from behind, almost lifting her off the ground by her posterior. She spun around to confront him, but another man grabbed her from behind and the first man then forced his hands down her tube-top. The story broke in October when a letter from the head of the Tailhook Association berating officers for activities "far over the line of responsible behavior" was leaked to the *San Diego Union-Tribune*. A few months later, Lieutenant Coughlin emerged as its star—the Navy's own Anita Hill.

Rush to Judgment

BY APRIL 28, 1992, the Navy Investigative Service had amassed a 2,000 page report from 2,200 interviews. But this voluminous study found only 44 instances in which there was clear evidence to justify disciplinary procedures. That was not enough for feminists like Pat Schroeder, who berated the Joint Chiefs for "not getting it." Hoping to appease them, Navy Undersecretary Dan Howard leaked an incomplete version of the NIS report; but this added fuel to the flames. When it emerged that the number of prosecutions was likely to fall below the exaggerated expectations aroused by early reports, the feminists—echoed by the media—alleged "whitewash."

Until then, Assistant Secretary for Manpower and Reserve Affairs Barbara S. Pope, herself a feminist, had appeared, during 19 briefings updating its progress, to be satisfied with the investigation. Now she demanded more "bodies." She threatened to resign unless all commanding officers who had suites at Tailhook—including some who had flown dangerous combat missions in Desert Storm—were summarily fired "for cause," no matter what their conduct. (This ultimatum would be rejected.) And to toughen the investigation, Miss Pope demanded unconventional investigative procedures that would have involved fleet commanders and a civilian presidential appointee in the interrogation of senior officers and others in their command.

Officials in Defense Secretary Dick Cheney's office capitulated to Miss Pope's threat, but Navy Judge Advocate General John Gordon, who was responsible for the integrity of legal procedures and the protection of constitutional rights, objected. Admiral Gordon argued that it would have injected both politics and unfair "command interference" into what was supposed to be an impartial investigation. He also predicted that the interference of high officials in judicial affairs would create a problem "so severe that we will not see one successful court martial come out of this process." Two years later, Judge Vest was to prove him right.

At the time, Navy Secretary H. Lawrence Garrett III overruled Gordon. But he was soon to be devoured by the revolution he had appeased. When on June 24 and 25 the lead story on ABC's *World News Tonight* with Peter Jennings featured Lieutenant Coughlin, pressure mounted to make someone walk the plank. Within days Garrett was forced to resign. In the meantime he had handed the investigation to Derek J. Vander Schaaf, Deputy Department of Defense Inspector General, and a PC rampage began that left dozens of careers in tatters.

Throughout the summer of 1992 there were persistent reports of questionable interview techniques (investigators would try to bluff airmen by falsely telling them they had been implicated by comrades), careless and sometimes dishonest interview reports, and intrusive polygraph questions about sexual histories and practices. The investigation did "so much to destroy the morale, the cohesion, the effectiveness of the units, it makes my blood boil," one Marine colonel told the *Washington Times*. Three times, senior prosecutors were removed from cases for overzealous conduct in pursuit of convictions.

Still, on September 24 Vander Schaaf issued a report highly critical of the Navy's original investigation. He chastised Inspector General George Davis and NIS Commander Duvall M. Williams for not having broadened the first investigation to encompass "cultural" problems, and he criticized Admiral Gordon for not having abandoned his neutral role for that of prosecutor.

At a hastily called news conference, Acting Navy Secretary Sean O'Keefe, playing to the feminist gallery, made scapegoats of Williams and Gordon. He announced both were retiring as a matter of "conscience," when in fact he knew that wasn't true. Williams and Gordon had strongly objected to the criticisms of them in Vander Schaaf's report, and Gordon's retirement date had been set months before. (Four weeks later, O'Keefe issued a memorandum absolving Davis, Williams, and Gordon of any wrongdoing, but by then the media weren't interested.)

Sinking Careers

WHAT DID the new, strong-arm investigation achieve? Up to the end of 1993, 120 Navy and 20 Marine cases were considered for possible disciplinary actions, and approximately half were dropped for lack of evidence. Even when the charges did stand up, most of the men "went to the mast"—an internal, non-judicial disciplinary procedure that meted out fines and severe career penalties. But almost all of these cases involved unseemly behavior rather than sexual assault.

In cases that went to courts martial, where stricter judicial procedures apply, the Navy's prosecutorial methods have been harshly criticized. In particular, the practice of granting immunity to a number of junior officers—Barbara Pope's idea—allowed some guilty junior officers to escape prosecution. In one case, several junior officers were given immunity to testify against the Commander of the Navy's elite Blue Angel demonstration team, who was allegedly present in one Tailhook suite while a couple engaged in a public sex act. The Gulf War hero had been removed from his squadron and subjected to months of humiliation, but when the time came for testimony and cross-examination under oath, none of the immunized witnesses could place him in the room in question.

While navy men saw careers sunk over being at the wrong party at the wrong time, some Navy women

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walked away from more serious offenses without a scratch.

Take, in particular, Ensign Elizabeth Warnick, who accused Lieutenant Cole Cowden of attempting, with two other men, to gang-rape her. Under oath, Ensign Warnick admitted she had concocted the entire story to keep her fiancé from learning she had willingly engaged in sex with Cowden, and had allowed men to drink "belly shots" from her navel. Despite the Navy's stated policy forbidding false accusations, Ensign Warnick received nothing more than a slap on the wrist.

Disciplinary authorities failed to pursue other Navy women known to have participated in some of Tailhook's more outlandish party traditions. Lieutenant Rolando Diaz, who shaved women's legs in public, was prosecuted for "conduct unbecoming an officer," but three female officers whose legs he shaved were not disciplined on an equal basis. Indeed, one of those three customers, according to Diaz, was none other than Paula Coughlin, who showed her appreciation by signing a banner with "You made me see God. The Paulster." (This is the same media-savvy assault victim who had been invited to the White House to be consoled by George Bush.)

When her own case—one of just *two* assault cases brought to court martial—was finally brought to court, it crumbled. After first identifying the photograph of a man who had not even attended Tailhook as her assailant, Lieutenant Coughlin picked a Marine captain out of a line-up. But she said she remembered the captain wore an orange shirt, whereas a picture from Saturday night showed him in a green "Raging Rhino" T-shirt (the rhino is his squadron's mascot). That, plus alibi witnesses, doomed Tailhook's most celebrated case.

Even before Vest's ruling, judges had been laying into the Navy's prosecution. The U.S. Court of Military Appeals in Washington criticized an "assembly-line technique in this case that merged and blurred investigative and justice procedures." "At best," the court continued, "it reflects a most curiously careless and amateurish approach to a very high-profile case . . . At worst, it raises the possibility of a shadiness in respecting the rights of military members."

But even though the Tailhook prose-

(Continues on page 76)

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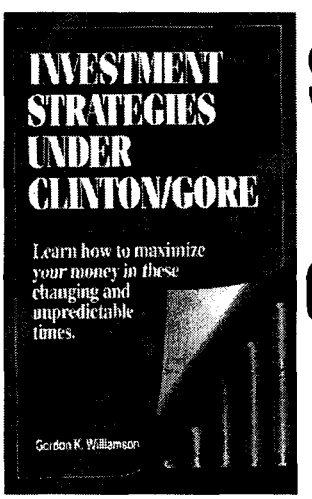
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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

February 7, 1994

Dear Rusty,

Actually, I shouldn't really be writing you a letter now. I'm in the Oval Office, attending an important policy meeting, and last week Mr. Gergen e-mailed us all a memo about how important focusing and prioritizing are, especially these days. We haven't done such a great job in that area. Bill has a hard time sticking to an agenda.

This meeting, for instance, was supposed to be a quick ten-minute rundown on recent auto-emissions tests conducted in Oklahoma. It was just me, Bill, and Hazel O'Leary, our African-American Female Secretary of Energy. She handled the meeting really well—she obviously reads her e-mail from Mr. G.—and was wrapping things up when Bill stopped her mid-sentence.

"Hazel," he said, "you're a woman, an African-American—although I hardly see how that's relevant in any way—a former executive of a utility company, and a trained manager, right?"

"Right, Mr. President," Hazel replied.

"So tell me," Bill said, "do we bomb the Serbs, not bomb the Serbs, lift the arms embargo, commit ground troops . . . what?"

Hazel looked nervous. She shuffled a few of her papers around.

"You're asking me about a potential military action?"

Bill was staring thoughtfully out the window. "Yeah," he said, "and universal access/universal coverage . . . is there some wiggle room there?"

"Uh oh," I said, under my breath, and picked up the phone to call George Stephanopoulos to tell him that Bill's in the mood for a meeting. I've heard around the West Wing that some of the younger staffers call this a code blue-in-the-face, which is disrespectful to the President, but descriptive.

"And what about education? Why don't we launch a big new education initiative?" I heard Bill say as I whispered into the receiver.

You see, Rusty, this kind of thing has happened too often in this Administration. Take a terrific, election-winning issue like, say, reinventing government. An issue that resonates with the voters. Something they can really sink their teeth into. Or NAFTA, for that matter. Okay, so there are two superb issues. We should focus on those, really devote all of our time, energy, and political capital to seeing those initiatives through to their conclusions before we rush off half-baked into crime, health care, welfare reform, and Bosnia. This Administration is getting a reputation for flakiness, and I don't like it.

I think that's what Mr. Gergen was getting at in his memo. "As this Administration faces tough votes on health care," he e-mailed, "and divisive issues like military spending, welfare reform, the 1995 budget, intervention in Bosnia, trade with Japan, crime, and the prospect of a dismal showing in the midterm elections, it's appropriate for me to remind you all that I was only planning to be a part of this Administration for a short time. I had always planned to leave the White House before the spring of 1994, and I have always been a registered independent."

He then went on admonish us all to be more focused, more organized, and more strict with Bill in meetings. After all, he concluded, "I won't be around forever." He signed off and added this P.S.: "For those of you who want a hard copy of this memo, it will be reprinted in full on page A9 of tomorrow's New York Times under the headline 'Secret Memo Reveals Gergen's Growing Discomfort.' " I thought that was a nice, tree-saving gesture, Rusty. Save the expensive computer paper. Everyone gets the Times.

Anyway, back to this meeting. Frederico Peña, our Hispanic-American Male Secretary of Transportation, is explaining to George Stephanopoulos how difficult it is for the U.S. Olympic Committee to decide if Tonya Harding should be removed from the team merely for being under investigation for conspiracy to assault. Bill and our African-American Male Secretary for Veterans Affairs, whose name I forget, are crafting a compromise in our banking and currency regulation initiative. I'm beginning to see Mr. Gergen's point.

The problem is that this place is like an intellectual hot house; everyone in our Administration is just so darned passionate. I blame myself for creating this atmosphere, and I know that in many ways, especially now that Mr. Gergen has reminded us that he was only planning to be in the Administration a short time, in many ways it's up to me to bring some order, some organization into the process. But on the other hand, there's a whole new theory of science and scientific inquiry that suggests that random disorder is nature's most efficient and powerful force. You're a scientist, Rusty, so I'm sure you've heard of it. It's called chaos theory and it explains everything from weather patterns to our foreign policy.

Gotta go! Robert Reich is running down his list of Oscar picks!

Your friend, Al

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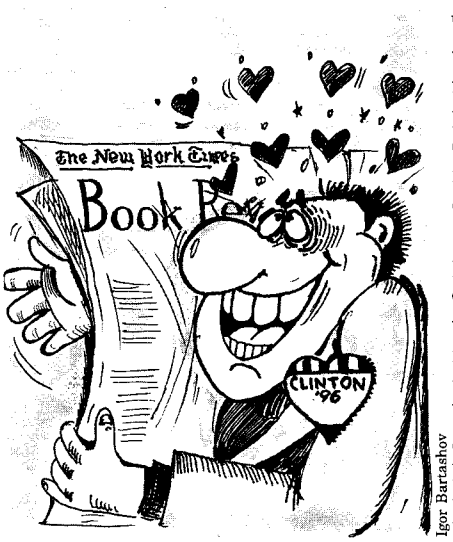
A Little Help for Their Friends

JAMES BOWMAN

IN HIS new book about the *New York Times* called *Behind the Times* (Random House), Edwin Diamond quotes Gore Vidal's observation that in the paper's Sunday *Book Review* section "the air is alive with the sound of axes grinding." But if this is true, why is it that the *Review* is so bland? Axes don't come much duller than those we see fecklessly chopping away in its pages every Sunday. Perhaps they save all the sharp ones to plant between each other's shoulder blades out of the public view? Mr. Diamond outlines a few cases in which personal animosities have found their way into print, but clearly, for every author who can make a case that an enemy has been given his book to review, there are a hundred who have grounds for passing out cigars over the choice of their reviewers. *Behind the Times* chronicles the sweetheart reviews given to *New York Times* insiders since Rebecca Sinkler took over as editor of the *Book Review* in 1989, but it misses the sweetheart reviews given to non-insiders. John Ellis, writing in *Heterodoxy* last November, did a splendid job of documenting cases in which conservatives have seen their books, when they are reviewed at all, airily dismissed by obvious ideological opposites while feminist and other PC books are routinely sent for review to the ideological twins of their authors (see box, next page). But he does not descend far enough into this sinkler of intellectual corruption.



Igor Bartashov

Even a cursory look at its contents in recent years reveals that the *New York Times Book Review* has for the most part ceased to function as a critical organ. It is typically a cheerleader, an adjunct of the publishing industry, a blurb-writer's paradise. Miss Sinkler seems to have adopted as her guiding principle the rule that says: Don't make waves. Mr. Diamond quotes her as claiming that the editors invariably ask prospective reviewers, "Will the author have any grounds for objecting to you as a reviewer?"—a question designed to screen out the interesting and the challenging along with the unfair.

This perverse idea of book reviewing may have something to do with the therapeutic culture, the fashion for "self-esteem" and the horror of seeming "judgmental." But it is also true that the *Times Book Review* occupies a unique place in American cultural life. It is not just a magazine of opinion but a quasi-public institution, like the Public Broadcasting System or the National Endowment for the Arts. And, as with PBS and the NEA, every citizen of the republic of letters seems to think he has some right to claim in the *Book Review*. At least twice in recent years it has been sued for publishing bad reviews—so far without success. When Norman Mailer's sprawling spy novel *Harlot's Ghost* received a review by John Simon which was not to Mr. Mailer's liking, he asserted and was accorded a right to reply.

There are not many writers whose standing in the literary world would allow them to get away with a stunt like that, but there are a great many who share Mr. Mailer's belief that, whatever other publications may do to their books, it borders on the unconstitutional for the *New York Times Book Review* not to show them due deference. In the face of such expectations it is perhaps not surprising that an editor who is not herself a literary heavyweight has taken to publishing more and more bland appreciations that read like extended publishers' blurbs, fewer and fewer tough-minded and argumentative pieces. This is what we might call outcome-based reviewing, and it comes naturally as a part of the more general dumbing down of American culture.

The same process must lie behind the paper's enthusiastic plunge into pop culture. A glance at *what* books are reviewed in a typical week is as dispiriting as the thought of *how* they are reviewed. Space for serious academic books, except those in the trendy fields of women's and multicultural studies, is limited, while a preponderance of attention is given to books about sex or popularized science, self-help and inspirational books, political tracts, thrillers, children's books, literary gossip, and trashy show-biz biographies. It's true that Madonna's *Sex* got a rather negative review from Caryn James. But it did get a whole page. I wouldn't be surprised if Alma Mahler was allotted her half-page because the reviewer was smart enough to begin: "Alma Mahler-Werfel was the Marilyn Monroe of her day."

Above all, there is an awful lot of pretentious fiction of little or no literary merit which is reviewed as if it had just descended from the atelier of Dickens or Tolstoy. It is in this department that outcome-based reviewing is most obvious and influential. Every novelist is entitled, it seems, to have his novel reviewed by another novelist who gives it the kid-glove treatment that he will expect from a third novelist when *his* next novel comes out. It is not exactly a case of "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" but a vast conga line of backscratchers snaking its way through all the major publishing houses.

Mr. Bowman is American editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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Got a calculator handy? A survey of last year's *Book Review* yields what you might call the *Review*'s PC Quotient: this tells book authors their odds of getting a big kiss of a review (if they're certifiably liberal), or a poke in the eye (if they're not). Of 18 books by feminist authors, 15 were reviewed by other feminists (e.g., Linda Fairstein's *Sexual Violence: Our War against Rape*, which received glowing praise from Wendy Kaminer, author of *A Fearful Freedom: Women's Flight from Equality*, or Rose Glickman's *Daughter of Feminists*, which was popular with Deidre English, former editor of *Mother Jones*). "Progressive" writers on racial matters also made out well. Of 14 such books, 11 were given to reviewers of the same persuasion (e.g., *Volunteer Slavery*, Jill Nelson's assault on the *Washington Post*, received high praise from Patsy Sims, author of *Can Somebody Shout Amen!*, while Paul Delaney, a former senior editor at the *Times*, endorsed Cornell West's *Race Matters*). Conservative authors fared less well. Only 8 of 22 conservative books were assigned to conservatives, the rest to liberals (e.g., Myron Magnet's *The Dream and the Nightmare: The Sixties' Legacy to the Underclass*, was mauled by Sidney Blumenthal, Bill Clinton's apologist at *The New Yorker*; Chester Crocker's *High Noon in South Africa* received similar treatment from Mark Uhlig, a former foreign correspondent for the *Times*). Surprise!

—ROBERT PRYSOCK

Occasionally, it is true, a foreign or ideologically tainted novel will be reviewed negatively, but no mainstream American novel from a mainstream house ever gets a really bad review. The result is that the fiction pages are not only uncritical and uninformative but repetitive and boring as well. The same approbatory expressions appear again and again: the typical novel is "richly textured" and "richly evokes"—well, just about anything but mainly "a world of its own." Some such formulation appears almost routinely. The reviewers seem to take this idea for granted by telling the reader that "you find yourself loving his world" or referring to "the important world each [story] creates," but at the same time they enjoy reminding us with some frequency, as if nobody had ever thought of it before, that to write fiction is "not to tell a story but to enter a world" or, indeed, a "universe."

These worlds and universes are "brilliantly realized." They may be "labyrinthine" or "Beckettian" or "Màrquezian," but they are pretty sure to be both "hilarious" and "unsettling." The heroes are typically "outcasts," "outsiders," or "sensitive loners." They are sensitive because they have come from "dysfunctional" families. Indeed, there seem to be no institutions or social structures in these idiolectic worlds which are otherwise than "dysfunctional." It is not too much to say that the function of such worlds *is* "dysfunction." That is how they establish their claim to moral authority. Where there are victims of social dysfunction and "aloneness," there is also authenticity. And the suffering of the victims is, needless to say, always portrayed "unflinchingly."

TECHNICALLY speaking, there should be no villains in these dysfunctional worlds. The whole point of such jargon is to depersonalize evil and render it obsolete. Nevertheless, to judge by the stock *NYTBR* review, there are a lot of "sinister" fellows about. Their purpose is to color the background "*noir*," to make it "hip" and "skeptical" and "sophisticated"—all self-evidently good things. They serve as a self-conscious, "post-modern" commentary, perhaps, on the shopworn existentialism of the rest. For, as Alfred Corn's review of *Lempriere's Dictionary* by Lawrence Norfolk puts it: "Literary works of any sophistication usually include a self-critique." Thus, in these pages, the ideal novel would be described as Rand Richards Cooper described Michael Doane's *City of Light*: "a thriller with a distinctly post-modern, indeed semiotic, cachet, like Frederic Forsyth with a touch of Paul de Man."

Which is to say, like chocolate ice cream with a touch of anchovies. Yum, yum! Who could resist? Yet it is a curious fact that, although the reputation of Paul de Man remains unsullied in the *New York Times Book Review* if it does anywhere in the world, the central tenet of "deconstruction" is curiously disregarded there. This is that the author, like God, is dead. Thus he is in no position to obstruct with a "privileged" view of his own work the fantasies of meaning or unmeaning dreamed up by the industrious deconstructor. Yet in the *NYTBR*, oddly, the author is still very much alive—even when she is dead, as you can tell from Elizabeth Gleick's review of Janet Hobhouse's novel, *The Furies*, a feminist exploration of mother–daughter relationships.

Before it was published, Janet Hobhouse had unfortunately died young (42) of ovarian cancer, so there were even more reasons than usual to give the book the sweetheart treatment:

> One cannot read a sentence of this book—a mesmerizing, hauntingly autobiographical work—without thinking of the author's death, without feeling that Hobhouse was searching for answers to consuming questions about her family, her choices, her life, trying to put at least some of her demons to rest before it was too late.

Yes, but is it any good as a novel? Well, it is "fiercely intelligent" and, in some sense, "satisfying," but mainly Miss Gleick either is uninterested in its qualities as fiction or is unwilling to discuss these. The book is "hauntingly autobiographical," as she frankly admits, in the sense that, for the reviewer at any rate, it is never separable from its author's personal life. Most novelists would consider that failure—else why not write autobiography under its own name? But Miss Gleick passes no such judgment. She merely concludes that:

> *The Furies*, of course, will not be fascinating to everyone. Helen's contemplations would be tiresome if Janet Hobhouse had not been so smart, so fluent at mixing the literary with the colloquial, so funny at just the right moment. But even those readers who are not hypnotized by the piling on of phrases, by the race to the finish, will respect the honesty with which Hobhouse laid her life bare.

It's like paying a compliment to a homely woman: If you can't say she's pretty, you can tell her she has a good personality; and if she doesn't have a good personality, you can at least tell her she's sincere.

To me, what is curious is that no one thinks that insufficient or seems to detect a note of irony in the absence of any more fulsome praise. It is as if the author's personal authenticity—here conferred both by cancer and by those feminist "demons" (round up the usual suspects!)—were

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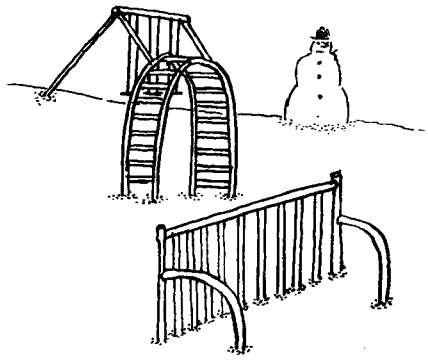
enough to vouch for the worth of her book. And, indeed, this appears to be so. In the recent case, for example, of *Mercy of a Rude Stream*, Henry Roth's first novel since 1934, Robert Alter filled a page and a half with tributes to Mr. Roth as well as to praise of his one previous work, *Call It Sleep*. Nowhere does he mention that the new book, or at least the one volume of it that has appeared so far, is essentially a rewriting of the old one but without its freshness or stylistic élan.



Perhaps this is an unfair example. Nearly all reviewers seem to have thought it cruel and churlish to savage an 87-year-old, recently bereaved arthritic who has finally mustered the spirit to produce *something*, however feeble, after sixty years of silence. But it is typical of the *NYTBR*'s reviews, which are often a testimony to the personal qualities of the author as revealed in his narrative. Chief among these is "compassion"—a word that, having become slightly debased even among those for whom it has long been a mantra in such contexts, is now often qualified by reference to its "impressive breadth" or (as the case may be) "depth."

"This poignant story derives its power from a rare emotional depth," says Donna Rifkind of the title story in Abraham Rodriguez Jr.'s collection *The Boy without a Flag*. But to judge from the publication in which these words appear, there is nothing more common in contemporary fiction than "emotional depth." By contrast, Miss Rifkind qualifies her commendation of Mr. Rodriguez's stories as "boldly true to life," by saying that "being true to life is the first, easiest test of a writer's skill." Really? I would have thought that the task of giving his fiction the stamp of reality was the hardest thing a writer had to do. But it turns out that by "true to life" she only means: includes lots of drugs and violence.

For the excerpts in the review reveal that any kind of verisimilitude is at best intermittent (what street drug dealer tells a 13-year-old child that dealing drugs for him is "better than any Federal program you can name" or that the grade-school kids who pick up crack vials for a dime each are employed in "entry level" positions?). Miss Rifkind acknowledges that young Mr. Rodriguez's prose "is often as awkward as the book's adolescent characters" (I guess the ability to write comes pretty far down her list of the tests of a writer's skill). So why, then, is his book, published by Milkweed Editions of Minneapolis, accorded the honor of a review in the *New York Times Book Review*? Most likely because he is young, Puerto Rican, and writes about authentic stuff such as drug dealing and abortion and illegitimacy on the mean streets of the South Bronx. Reviewing in the *NYTBR* has become, among other things, a form of affirmative action.

ALMOST THE ONLY things marked wrong by the easy graders of the *Book Review* are inadvertent sins against women by men. (They have to be inadvertent because if they were deliberate the books would not have been reviewed.) The hero of Joe Coomer's *The Loop*, according to Carol Muske, is good-macho, a man who "just is (by nature or perhaps because he's an orphan) a manly man, a tender, gentle, funny person—and an eccentric literary hero . . . he seems to exist without any inbred bitterness, nursed grudges, peeves, or, worse, trenchant Family Values." Unfortunately, this paragon—or rather his creator, who is a genius of "Màrquezian" talents—rather slips from his pedestal when he allows one chapter to be narrated by "the loquacious, tumescent librarian Fiona," and Carol Muske—feeling jealous perhaps?—comments sourly: "I know of no woman, real or fictional, who would say: 'I want to mount him in the hospital bed and ride all the sadness out of him.' "

It does seem a little far-fetched, now that she mentions it. But, as a mere mistake of verisimilitude (albeit one with political undertones), it is not ultimately vitiating. On the whole, her opinion of the book requires the imperative mood: "Read this book—and feel better while you wait for the world to make sense"—which it will do, too, before her use of the words "inbred," "trenchant," and "tumescent" does. Such idiosyncratic (it does not do to say "erroneous" any more) usages seem to be a testimony to the writer's training in one of the many "creative writing" programs where they teach that calculated obscurity—not to say incomprehensibility—is "profound." For part of the clubbiness of fiction reviewing in the *New York Times Book Review* is due to the clubbiness of the fiction industry itself and, above all, to the schools of creative writing in which so many novelists have been trained.

THIS TRAINING has produced a latter-day version of the aureate style of past academic writing, and its influence extends to the assessments offered by reviewers who imagine that "creative" writing and good writing are one and the same. Even where this influence of the academic style is slightest, it still betrays itself in the sorts of examples of "magical prose" most often chosen by reviewers. To them, good writing is not the effective and memorable marshaling of words and images to a particular end but phrases that are resonantly obscure or charmingly periphrastic and images that are baroque and *recherchés*.

> Ms. Mackay's writing [writes Walter Satterthwait of Shena Mackay's *A Bowl of Cherries*]—adroit, intelligent, and evocative—is a joy. Almost casually, she tosses off images that are striking in their precision and their lyrical use of the commonplace. As Daisy hears Julian hiss at her through the telephone receiver, "venom sizzled in the little holes." When one character hurries out, frightened, into the sweltering night, where the wind rustles through the trees, "the leaves, glazed and uneasy, showed their undersides like animals laying back their ears." At the very least, this is splendid prose; arranged differently on the page, it would very likely be called poetry.

Would it, indeed? Well, lots of stuff is, these days. Called poetry, I mean. But "precision"? Precise is precisely what these images are not. When was the last time you heard venom sizzle? Why would it be heated up to sizzling point anyway? Is Miss Mackay trying to tell us that Julian, not satisfied with poisoning poor Daisy, wants to burn her as well? And how is it possible to visualize animals that are simultaneously showing their undersides and laying back

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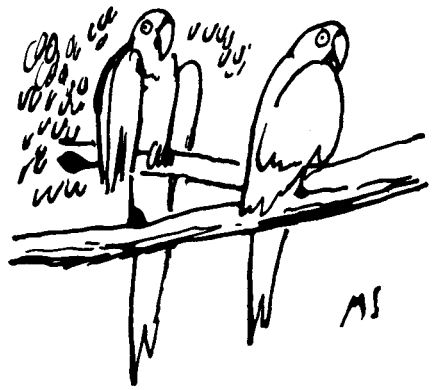
their ears? The one is an act of submissiveness, the other of anger or hostility. We are in any event left to guess why the sight of the underside of a leaf should suggest menace to the exquisite sensibilities of Miss Mackay.

Where a more brutal reviewer, unschooled in the ways of the "creative," might conclude that the author is metaphorically challenged, Mr. Satterthwait prefers to see her as, I take it, a deep-souled creature who sees what the rest of us do not see and whose images are therefore pregnant with significance in measure directly proportional to their incomprehensibility. "Poetry," as he conceives it, is not communication but shamanism. The author tries on the robes of the prophetess, and the critic's function is limited to telling her how good she looks in them.



If we understand that some such assumption underlies much of the fiction reviewing to be found in the *New York Times Book Review*, it is easier to understand why the nonfiction reviewing is almost as bland. For a novelist, getting reviewed there is a kind of validation of one's existence as a writer, as someone licensed, as it were, to look into things and to pronounce on them. It is more like receiving an award than submitting oneself to an examination. A reviewer who criticized a book would be like an Oscar presenter who criticized the winner of the award he presented. However good his judgment, it would be a serious lapse of taste. In the case of nonfiction books there is obviously the residual expectation of a basic correspondence between word and reality which cannot (usually) remain entirely unexamined, but some of the "creative" writer's writerly mystique almost certainly inhibits reviewers from making a just assessment.

REVIEWS OF the work of conservatives are affected by the mystique in a different way. They do not get the same validation as pundits, seers, and prophets. They lack authenticity. They have failed to get their cards punched with authenticity's symbols—in particular "compassion," "skepticism" (by which is meant nihilism), and alienation. The gang of the alienated, be it noted, is very large. And to those who belong to it, the conservatives' state of non-belonging is the most noticeable thing about them. The belongers become obsessive about it.

After Rush Limbaugh's first book, *The Way Things Ought to Be*, had sat atop its own best-seller list for nearly six months, the *Book Review* was finally embarrassed into noticing its existence. Walter Goodman, the *New York Times*'s television critic, called the book "a rant of opinions, gags, and insults with a few facts or near facts sprinkled in like the meat in last week's stew." There is no argument or substantive criticism in this review, and the knowing, superior tone is sustained by treating Mr. Limbaugh as a curiosity, a cultural phenomenon, a fad appealing, as Mr. Goodman says, to the "booboisie" who are flattered when they are told by Mr. Limbaugh that guys like Mr. Goodman in the cultural elite look down on them. I wonder where such an idea could come from?

The interesting thing about Mr. Goodman's review is the shorthand style. Here is a man who knows he is preaching to the converted. It is enough for him simply to list Limbaugh's opinions—against liberals, multiculturalists, environmentalists, rioters, abortion, feminists, and so forth—and cluck his tongue. To him and presumably to those who read the *New York Times Book Review* it is self-evident that such a man is branded as being beyond the pale by the targets of his criticism and not its content, and that anything he has to say must be distorted, oversimplified, or just plain wrong.

The same tone is present in almost all the *Review*'s notices of books by conservative authors. Everywhere one finds the same unmistakable note of condescension, even in the most favorable reviews. Take the review by Charles Gati of George Weigel's book *The Final Revolution*, about the role of the Pope and the Polish Catholic Church in the collapse of Eastern European Communism. Mr. Gati calls the book "eloquent but one-sided" and then concentrates entirely on the so-called one-sidedness by criticizing Mr. Weigel for ignoring the other factors at work in undermining the Communist system. He admits that Mr. Weigel says that there were many causes for the events of 1989, but then he will not allow him to concentrate on only one of them, complaining:

> By focusing almost exclusively on the post-1945 history of Poland and the Vatican, Mr. Weigel creates the impression that in the end nothing else really contributed to the fall of Communist regimes. There is no discussion of the gradual decay of Communist parties, nothing about the opening of the Hungarian border to East German refugees, no analysis of the political circumstances that led to the collapse of the Berlin Wall. There is no consideration of accidents, coincidences, miscalculations, missed political signals—only of underlying historical processes in which the children of light led by the church prevailed over the children of darkness.

The sarcasm of the last half-sentence, appealing to the *Book Review*'s supersophisticated readers' natural prejudice against religious modes of thinking, is used to reinforce the suggestion in the rest of the passage that Mr. Weigel is too simple-minded to have considered all the other factors that a cleverer person (like Mr. Gati, for instance) would have noticed. But on his own showing such an "impression" could only have been created in someone (like Mr. Gati, for instance) who ignored the author's disclaimers.

Stripped of its rhetorical sneering, all that remains of this passage is Mr. Gati's complaint the Mr. Weigel has not written a book more like his own. This is not criticism, it is publicity. Mr. Gati, a professor of political science at Union College, Schenectady, and author of *The Bloc That Failed*, never has to mention his own book. It's right there in his thumbnail bio at the bottom of the page.

MR. GATI'S is actually quite a favorable review, but it manifests the paper's general attitude that there is something tainted or suspect about anything emanating from a "right wing" point of view. Again

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and again, conservative authors who cannot simply be dismissed are condescended to and criticized for things they have not written or things they have which reviewers consider self-evidently untrue. Kenneth Woodward, for example, criticizes Michael Novak's book *The Catholic Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* for "theological cheerleading," merely for the suggestion that democratic capitalism is the system of government and social organization most in keeping with the Gospels—as if the book itself were not a compendium of arguments and evidence for that contention, none of which are considered by Mr. Woodward.

Here, to conservatives, is the more familiar face of outcome-based reviewing: if an author comes to a conclusion approved of by the reviewer—that is, a liberal one—he is applauded; if he does not he is condemned. Thus, John Brademas praises Thomas Sowell's *Inside American Education* for its criticism of schools of education, dumb jocks, and college rankings by journalists, but it is so obvious to him as to be beyond argument that Mr. Sowell is wrong to say that more money does not necessarily mean better education. Usually a reviewer can simply point to a book's "right wing" provenance to discredit it *ipso facto*. Thus Nina Auerbach agrees with Gerald Graff (in *Beyond the Culture Wars*) in deploring "the journalists who publicize these attacks [on universities] as disinterested without noting their origins in the political right wing." There is a splendid shamelessness about such obvious partisanship. The authors of the reviews in the *NYTBR* often feel that they owe the reader not even a pretense of objectivity, impartiality, or judicious weighings up of pros and cons. They and the editors alike assume that the audience is of one mind on all the important issues of the day. So it is that Andrew Delbanco introduces his review of a biography of Abraham Lincoln with this heartwarming story:

> My eight-year-old daughter, confused by her father's reverence for a Republican President, tried this theory out on me the other night: "In the old days the good guys were the Republicans; now it's the other way around." "Something like that" was my parentally evasive reply, as I worried that I had been encouraging her to see the world through the categories of a child—a privilege she will, alas, soon outgrow.

This is the sort of thing that could happen to any of us. In fact, I seem to remember having a similar conversation with my son after incautiously expressing admiration for Grover Cleveland. But in a review with pretensions to academic seriousness it is disastrously out of place.

Or rather, the fact that it is not, so far as Miss Sinkler and her fellow editors are concerned, is very revealing about what academic seriousness means these days. For it seems to be not a disciplined habit of mind but rather an attitude, like the smug yuppie coda to Mr. Delbanco's confirmation to his daughter that the Republicans are now the bad guys: "Not that a clever chap like *me* thinks in such crude terms," he seems to be assuring us, "but as a rough and ready approximation of the moral order it could be allowed to stand, I thought, for the convenience of an eight-year-old who may one day be almost as brilliant as I am." When the outcome-based review finishes congratulating its right-thinking subject, it proceeds to congratulate its right-thinking self. Welcome to intellectual narcissism; welcome to the *Book Review* of the Nineties. □

The Statist Temptation

KENNETH MINOGUE

JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL is the French political theorist who took on and vanquished, with a little help from history, the Marxist tribes of Paris. In *The Totalitarian Temptation* (1976), he asked why so many in the West took a positively obsequious attitude toward the deceit and depravity of Communist regimes. In *How Democracies Perish* (1983) he attacked vigorous Western democracies for feebleness in the face of a corrupt totalitarianism. *Democracy against Itself* carries these themes one stage further.

Democracy against Itself: The Future of the Democratic Impulse, by Jean-François Revel (Free Press, 263 pp., $24.95)

It argues that Western confusion about the very nature of totalitarianism wasted money and lost time in helping Russia come to terms with the disaster of Communism. Mikhail Gorbachev persuaded us that the Russians were just like other underdeveloped societies. All they needed was cash and sympathy in order to grow into free-market democracies. As usual, the troubles of the world were thought the responsibility of the 15 or so capitalist democracies who are regularly called on to save the rest of the world from disaster.

This program was in vain, because the analogy of the post-1945 Marshall Plan turned out to be misleading. We did not recognize that Communist totalitarianism was an "abnormal" political regime of a kind where the state destroys *everything* in civil society. Nothing is left to build on. Financial aid is no use to people who lack any conception of entrepreneurial skills, who have lost their sense of the rule of law, and have been thoroughly and corruptly atomized.

Mr. Revel's broader target is called "statism." It is the idea that human happiness depends on the political system, and it originated, he suggests, in the French Revolution: "professional politicians love it, since it gives them a privileged role in the forging of mankind's destiny." The opposite of statism is individualism, because it attacks the expanded job description favored by politicians; indeed, according to Mr. Revel, it virtually makes them redundant.

It will be clear that Mr. Revel is a

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bravura exponent of dichotomies which would in other hands lead to muddle. What is exhilarating about *Democracy against Itself* is not, however, the theoretical structure that occasionally surfaces, but the vivid account of real events—corruption in the French state, the shifts and devices of the confused Gorbachev as he tried to reform Soviet Communism without actually changing anything, the comedies of kleptocracy in Africa.

Democracy is the heart of the argument: rather like Francis Fukuyama, Mr. Revel thinks that it is now barely possible to resist democracy as the only "normal" way of conducting political affairs. What democracy needs is a set of conditions to be found in all normal societies, including even those (such as Franco's Spain and Pinochet's Chile) which Jeanne Kirkpatrick distinguished as "authoritarian." It is remarkable that the defeated fascist states of the Second World War made a rapid transition to liberal democracy, while such an evolution is proving difficult in the case of nations released from the grip of Communism.

The reason, Mr. Revel argues, is that Communist states were "abnormal" in the sense that Communism battened on civil society like a parasite destined to destroy every active principle within it, leaving nothing behind to serve regeneration. Totalitarianism is, in his view, a political pathology. This is a highly pessimistic view of world politics. Mr. Revel warns us against "the democratic euphoria" which believes that the totalitarian nightmares of the twentieth century were merely an intellectual mistake we have now recognized.

But what lies behind "the totalitarian temptation"? It will never die, Mr. Revel tells us, "for it is inherent in mankind. We can learn from political philosophy not to escape the temptation, but to avoid it." Later he remarks that "totalitarianism is a deadly substitute for man's self-improvement," and in a sentence that deserves to be deeply pondered: "It is unlikely that we will ever be capable of building a world that is qualitatively better than we ourselves are."

This means, I take it, that the collective pursuit of perfection is an illusion from which we will never be free. We are like drunks who must beware of taking even a sip of some intoxicating ideal lest we be carried away. What Mr. Revel does not do is go into the source of this illusion, which I believe to derive from the technological character of our civilization.

The surprising thing is that the technological illusion that the world can be managed peeps out of Mr. Revel's own argument. His account of democracy rightly recognizes that however sensible elections commonly are, they are always vulnerable to a majority's animus against a minority. Hence the importance of human rights in modern democracy. But a Babel of special interests has corrupted the rhetoric of rights. If we avoid this confusion, however, Mr. Revel continues, we shall have as clear a conception of universal rights as those of the classic declarations: rights that stand between the individual and "statist" governments. This leads him to a remarkable conclusion: the next democratizing step must be the recognition of an international "duty of intervention."

Such a duty emerges from historical analogy. International law in our world protects states, not people. It is, Mr. Revel tells us, "at about the same stage as criminal law when a father had the right of life and death over his children." The sovereign state thus appears as the last power left in the world whose treatment of human beings is beyond the law.

A world managed by what Mr. Revel does not hesitate to call "a kind of international democratic police" would no doubt lack many current evils. The difficulties of implementing any such scheme, however, have recently been dramatized by the case of Bosnia. And what if this police force should itself fall into evil hands? We are unlikely, as this admirable writer himself puts it, to build a world better than we are ourselves.

Mr. Revel is a fast man with the charge of fallacy, but here he seems to have slipped into a fallacy of his own. It is one that has had a notable history in political philosophy: the idea that any particular constitution of a state necessarily entails a particular policy. Kant thought republics necessarily favored peace, and Tom Paine that democratic governments would be economical with the money of their subjects. The totalitarian temptation, however, is too smart to be caught in the snares of mere constitutions. □

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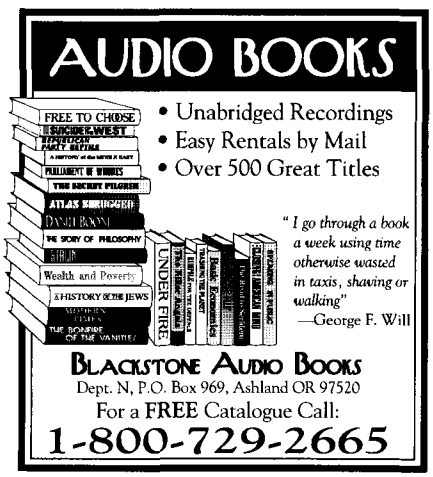
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I Spy

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

AS HE TOURED the United States in the early nineteenth century, Alexis de Tocqueville marveled that whenever something important needed to be done, ordinary Americans got together and did it—without, as in France or Britain, depending on government or the nobility to do it for them.

One of the best illustrations of this do-it-yourself propensity in the democracies was the long war against Communism successfully conducted by non-governmental groups, such as the American Federation of Labor's Free Trade Union Committee, to frustrate Moscow's constant campaign of labor subversion. This happened in Britain,

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too, the best proof being Brian Crozier, who demonstrated the possibilities of "privatization" of intelligence activity. The taxpayer was not involved: the minimal costs of Mr. Crozier's counter-intelligence activities were met by men like Sir James Goldsmith, Rupert Murdoch, Richard Scaife, and others who understood what the Cold War was all about. In fact, when Mr. Crozier's political enemies, such as Richard Barnet of the Institute for Policy Studies, tried to bankrupt him by costly libel suits, it was Sir James's financial support that saved him.

I've known Mr. Crozier in his mode as journalist for some four decades and have long admired his writing, especially in this magazine as successor to James Burnham. However, it's obvious I really didn't know Mr. Crozier or the breathtaking range of his anti-Communist exercises. His memoirs reveal his involvements (but never entanglements; he remained always his own man) during the Cold War with Western intelligence agencies. There seems to be no question as to the authenticity of most of his revelations.

There's an old saying in the intelligence world, "Those who know, don't talk and those who talk, don't know." Now there's a third category: Mr. Crozier knows and does talk. Obviously Mr. Crozier felt that with the fall of the Soviet empire, he could, without endangering the safety or permanent interests of any Western state, talk about his activities as a "free agent," this term meaning that he sometimes had to oppose the pro-Soviet appeasement policies of his own and other governments.

Free Agent: The Unseen War, 1941–1991, by Brian Crozier (HarperCollins, 314 pp., $30)

The running theme of Mr. Crozier's memoirs is that the intelligence agencies of the U.S. and Britain at best weren't up to the job and at worst were colonized either by Soviet sympathizers or else by Left liberals who regarded the Cold War as an undemocratic aberration. He is particularly caustic about Admiral Stansfield Turner, CIA Director under President Carter, who, he says, in 1977 fired some four hundred Soviet experts, "a catastrophic decision [which] completed the self-emasculation of American intelligence."

In fact, Admiral Turner's action was in keeping with what Mr. Crozier calls "the liberal ethos within the Agency," perhaps even better exemplified by the frequently puzzling activities of a CIA front, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, and the sensational emasculating exposés of the CIA by one of its own top executives, Thomas Braden. Whether such activities came as a result of any "liberal ethos" or mere idiotic opportunism may be debated. Of the State Department and its own follies, Mr. Crozier writes that it sought to conceal evidence of "the key role of the Soviet Union and its satellites in the recruiting, training, and financing of terrorist gangs."

The two heroes in this intriguing memoir are President Ronald Reagan and Prime Minister Thatcher—especially the latter, with whom Mr. Crozier enjoyed innumerable colloquies. Indeed there is enough proof here to support this "what-if" scenario: Had Jimmy Carter been re-elected in 1980 and Neil Kinnock chosen as British Prime Minister, it is quite likely that there would still be a Soviet Union today. Supported by a pro-Soviet German *Ostpolitik* and a French Socialist president (whose first cabinet included two Communists), Mikhail Gorbachev could well have engineered a bailout funded by the West in order to salvage his rapidly decomposing economy. Anti-anti-Communism rode high during the Carter years (let it not be forgotten

Mr. Beichman, a Hoover Institution research fellow and a columnist for the Washington Times, *is the author of* Anti-American Myths: Their Causes and Consequences *(Transaction).*

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that then–Secretary of State Cyrus Vance once said that "Leonid Brezhnev is a man who shares our dreams and aspirations"). It was left to the "happy few" to fight the enemy, people such as Brian Crozier who knew the skill of organization as well as the art of polemic.

In years to come the story of this free agent will be read as an integral part of the real history of what happened in the Cold War years, as opposed to the fictional accounts by the Left-liberal revisionists who, posing as historians, tell us that America lost the Cold War. Brian Crozier is the living, documented refutation of such unsavory myth-making. □

Rider of the Lost Empire

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

NADA THE LILY begat *The Jungle Book*, which begat *Tarzan of the Apes*; each author, that is, was prompted by an earlier tale of a hero growing up among savage beasts. *The Jungle Book* and *Tarzan* are familiar enough still, but does anybody now read *Nada the Lily*, a richly exciting novel about Chaka and the murderous power struggles of Zululand? (I know Digby Anderson does. He told us so in these pages recently. But he is a returned prodigal.) How many of Rider Haggard's other books are even familiar as names? *King Solomon's Mines*, I suppose (if only because the latest, extremely bad, film version featured the subsequently celebrated Miss Sharon Stone), and

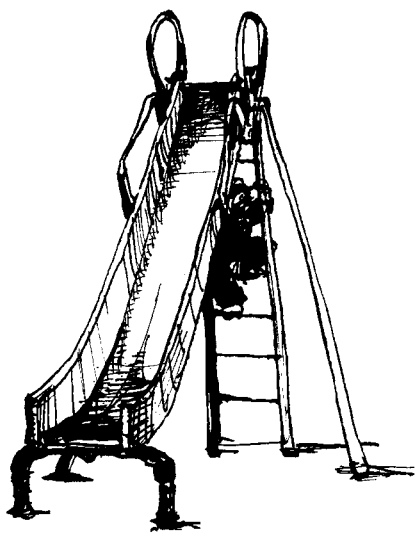
Rider Haggard and the Lost Empire: A Biography, by Tom Pocock (Trafalgar Square, 263 pp., $45)

She (personified most recently by Ursula Andress), perhaps *Allan Quatermain*; not much else.

Which is a great pity; for Haggard was a master storyteller in the grand style, unrivaled, it seems to me, by modern successors. With typical Victorian energy he wrote over fifty novels, few of which occupied him for more than a couple of months or distracted him from other activities. Personally I like the later romances even better than the early ones: they have more depth, more maturity.

His new biographer—Tom Pocock, an English naval historian who is, like me, of an age when Haggard bulked large in every school library—evades the question by concentrating less on the books than on Haggard's life and political ideas and endeavors. The "lost empire" of the title is the British Empire, not so much as it was but as the literary philosophers of imperialism hoped that it would be.

Two things shaped Haggard's mind as a young man. The girl he loved married someone else, and, although they were to meet again in tragic circumstances, he carried the image, the idea, of a perfect lost love with him to the end of his life—and perhaps beyond, since he at least half believed they might be reunited in another world or another incarnation. And, like many younger sons, he sought a career on the wild borders of a still expanding empire. He went, with a



staunch but unromantic wife, to South Africa, where he served as a government official, tried his hand at farming, and witnessed the final stages of the Zulu War and the first stages of the Boer War.

After a few years he returned to England, but the wide African landscapes, the warlike dignity of the Zulus, and the sense of imperial duty had so colored his imagination that, when he started to write, it was inevitably about Africa and its peoples. His books did for Africa what Kipling did for India. They were a huge success on both sides of the Atlantic (except, naturally, with highbrow critics, who didn't like Kipling either).

Haggard was well launched on a literary career, but—typical again both of the man and of the times—thought it second best to the life of action and public service. He assumed the responsibilities, to which both he and his wife were born, of a minor Norfolk squire. Agricultural politics became a chief interest, and it was for his work on that subject, not for his novel-writing, that he was eventually knighted. He stood unsuccessfully for Parliament as a Conservative, but even if he had been elected, the bundle of policies he espoused, including a form of land nationalization, tariff protection, and a minimum wage, would surely have rendered him too much of a maverick for party preferment. Like most idea-driven literary men who test the waters of practical politics, he became disillusioned. Parliament, he wrote in his diary, "is hardly the place for a self-respecting man."

A flight from the land and its values—urbanization, as we would say—was, he thought, a principal reason why empires decline. He urged schemes that would encourage young Englishmen to occupy the wide open spaces of an empire he likened to a great house with many empty rooms. The government, as is the way of governments, talked politely and set up commissions on which Haggard sat, but did too little too late.

He believed straightforwardly in Britain's civilizing mission; that a race higher (albeit temporarily) on the ladder of evolution had a duty to rule and help those on the lower rungs. He believed what, until recently, would have been generally accepted as quite obviously true—that different races have different characteristics, some of which are more admirable than others. He admired the Zulus, whom he considered the Romans of Africa, sympathizing with them much more than with the Boers.

With Egypt and its ancient beliefs he felt a particular affinity. His chilling encounter with a fortune-teller in Luxor was recorded by his daughter

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

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Lilias and is impossible to disbelieve; it might have come from one of his own books. As he grew old, he said, it seemed to him that "the spirit of man is like those great icebergs which float in Arctic seas—towering masses of blue-green ice, which yet hide four-fifths of their bulk beneath the water"; a view that, in those later books, he attributed to the old hunter with whom, of course, he had always identified. "It becomes every day more clear to me, Allan Quatermain, that each of us is a mystery living in the midst of mysteries, bringing them with us when we are born and taking them away with us when we die; doubtless into a land of other and yet greater mysteries."

He died in 1925, looking, said his son-in-law, like an old pharaoh. I hope that Tom Pocock's excellent biography may bring at least a few readers back to Haggard's neglected novels—to the Zulu tetralogy, *Nada the Lily*, *Marie*, *Child of Storm*, and *Finished*; to *The World's Desire*, a wonderfully glamorous book about Helen of Troy in Egypt; and, for those who think that, having read *Allan Quatermain* and *She*, they know all of both stories, *She and Allan*. □

FILM

Like Father, like Son

JOHN SIMON

JIM SHERIDAN'S ***In the Name of the Father*** is, not to mince words, a great film, or, as the Irish would more appositely pronounce it, *fillum*. It is something with which to bolster audiences: fill 'em up with pity and terror, with laughter, sadness, and rage. And perhaps even—the hardest reaction to elicit from moviegoers—thought.

It is based on the autobiography of Gerry Conlon, a young Belfast Catholic and ne'er-do-well, a fellow who dawdles, gambles, and indulges in petty crime such as stealing the tin off a neighbor's roof, much to the chagrin of his honest, hard-working father and staunch, dedicated mother. Gerry's rooftop shenanigans (the British soldiery mistakes him for a sniper and a riot results) get him into trouble with the IRA, some of whom might have been inadvertently compromised in that army crackdown. So, from the very start, Gerry is at the center of a mistaken-identity ruckus.

Eventually he and his friend Paul Hill find themselves in London, drifting on a grander scale. They live in a curious free-love commune when not sponging off Gerry's aunt, Annie Maguire. One evening in 1974, as they sit talking to a bum on a park bench, an explosion in a pub in Guildford kills five people. Similar IRA bombings have claimed further lives, and the newly devised Prevention of Terrorism Act allows the police to hold suspects without a warrant or formal charge for one week, grilling them in whatever brutal fashion they please. On the flimsiest of quasi-evidence—including the jealous nattering of an English member of the commune—Gerry and Paul are arrested, along with another communard from Belfast, Paddy Armstrong, and his teenage English girlfriend, Carole Richardson.

This quartet becomes known as the Guildford Four, and all the understandable wrath of England descends on their heads after the police, through various forms of physical and psychological torture, extract phony confessions from them. Inspector Dixon, who heads the investigation, is a quiet, dapper, middle-aged man with a sexy wife and neat kid; he seems to be thoughtful, gentlemanly, and controlled, but is, in fact, a wolf in police dog's clothing. Surrounding him is a crazy quilt of superiors and inferiors: isolated patches of decency encircled by ritualized sadism, as Kafkaesque innuendos, spoken or implied, criss-cross the troubled air. Gerry's father, Giuseppe (the film misspells this as "Guiseppe" —or did he himself do so?), arrives at Aunt Annie's to lend support to his son. Promptly, he, Annie, and her family are also arrested, becoming the Maguire Seven.

Mr. Sheridan's screenplay, co-written with Terry George, takes some liberties with the facts, but, to my view, this dramatic tightening in no way tarnishes the basic truths. Outstanding here is the sense of detail, much of it evidenced in the quick cutting away to ancillary figures, who provide a kind of silent, choric comment on the main events. Thus we see a young policewoman carrying a candle-studded birthday cake along the corridor off which torture is in process. Later, we see her break down in tears.

But even the angle from which machine-gun-holding guards are shot—perched on high balconies or dominating the back of a courtroom—creates menace with quiet efficiency. Or take the nurse with the red-cross-marked first-aid coffer who trots after the accused or condemned in case they should be physically overcome. The very expression on her face—anxiety? disgust? weary solicitude?—as well as her funny canter in pursuit of hustled-off prisoners subtly conveys the complexities and contradictions of the law. A great deal is told in whispers, expressive looks, or blank silences throughout the film; also in such little touches as a bored Paul Hill, during the longueurs of the trial, braiding the wig of his attorney seated in front of him.

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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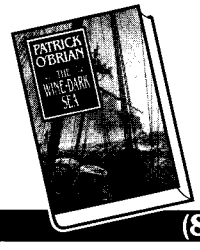

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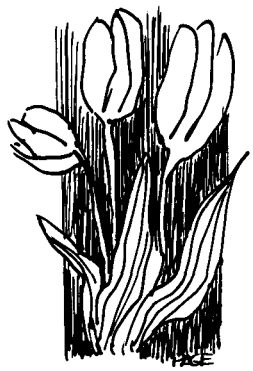
The casting of minor roles is masterly. Thus the prosecutor is played by Daniel Massey, who has specialized in gentle leading men, and who, his former good looks sabotaged by age, still exudes a sweet rationality belying his wrongheadedness. Or take the defender, played by Bosco Hogan as a nerd, yet saying all the decent, sensible things. Or the judge, appearing to be the embodiment of impartiality, yet passing sentence with the unsolicited obiter dictum that he wished he could have made it hanging instead of thirty years' imprisonment, a hanging he would be happy to execute with his own hands. Aidan Grennell speaks these words in the butteriest of tones.



I don't know how much of this comes out of Mr. Conlon's memoir, and how much of it is the script and the director, whom one benighted reviewer described as not having "a quarter of the cinematic flair of Brian de Palma or Adrian Lyne"—the former an undisciplined flounderer, the latter a slick hack. And once the film moves into the prison, its mastery becomes unshowily overwhelming.

The irony of fate had Gerry and Giuseppe confined in the same cell over the years: 15 for Gerry before his retrial and release; just a little less for Giuseppe, carried off by illness before vindication. The father–son relationship, poor during the years of freedom, slowly evolves into love in this enforced closeness. A model prisoner, Giuseppe conducts an energetic campaign by mail for the Guildford Four, for whom support was gradually building up all over Britain, from high and low. But their most invaluable champion is Gareth Peirce, activist woman lawyer, resented by Gerry both as a lawyer and as a woman until her understated assiduity wins him over.

Earlier, Gerry, contemptuous of his father's methods, joined cause with a very different prisoner, Joe McAndrew, a composite character based on several IRA members, who proudly confessed to being the real Guildford bomber a month after the Four were tried. Furthermore, the police had located the bum, who confirmed Gerry and Paul's alibi, but swept this evidence under the carpet, not wishing to own up to a gross police and judicial error, and perhaps considering all Irish Catholics ipso facto guilty. The impressive thing about the film is that, though it obviously sides with the victims, it does not idealize them, nor does it turn the English authorities into stock heavies. A sense of general fallibility and insecurity prevails throughout, never more so than when interrogators and suspects glower at one another in silence as the malaise of history hangs over them like a malevolent smog.

Rather than tell you more of the story, let me enjoin you to watch for the skill of the camera placements and movements within the cramped prison quarters. Note especially two shots in which Giuseppe's head pops into the frame seemingly out of nowhere. This is the essence of the man: an awkward but dutiful ubiquity, until the respiratory illness keeps him in his cell. Observe how the film (fine cinematography by Peter Biziou) conveys that particular seclusion within a general sequestration. Milton may not have admired a cloistered virtue, but *this* virtue, its cloisteredness imposed, shines on and on, figuratively and even literally, as the dying man keeps writing letters late into the night.

As Giuseppe, Pete Postlethwaite etches himself into the memory with a performance of such stripped-down integrity, such self-effacing determination that you believe the actor to be drawing on resources beyond the merely histrionic, great as those are. That blunt, blotchy pentagonal face, with its stubby nose and cluster of moles, radiates a sheer, patient, animal decency to knock your breath away. And, in smaller parts, what of the heart-wrenching bafflement of the innocently condemned, conveyed with aching simplicity by Britta Smith (Annie) and Beatie Edney (Carole)? Do not overlook either Gerald McSorley as a funny little balding detective from Belfast, or Don Baker as the bone-chilling McAndrew, whom Gerry finally turns away from in horror.

Corin Redgrave is a quietly scary Inspector Dixon, a soft-spoken tyrant who cannot comprehend that he could be wrong, and, in the end, can even cringe self-righteously. As the intrepid lawyer, there is the inevitable Emma Thompson. Her penchant for smugness is here either in abeyance or put to good use; even the upward-scooping tone of her voice objectifies the persistence with which the underdog digs his way into recognition. Miss Thompson is not mousy like the real-life Miss Peirce, but there is something very fetching about her sneer of triumph.

Finally, there is Daniel Day-Lewis. Superb as Liam Neeson, Anthony Hopkins, and Tom Hanks may be in their current stellar roles, and consistently splendid as Mr. Day-Lewis has been in wildly varied parts, the chameleon Gerry Conlon provides him with perhaps his finest opportunity to be charming, cynical, cocky, abject, childish, and finally profound. His way of aging 15 years, both outwardly and inwardly, into a wholly new person is nothing short of stunning. Mr. Day-Lewis gets it all right—to say nothing of the accent—down to the dry crying, the incendiary laughter, the bumpkinish insouciance. Lovely as he was in Mr. Sheridan's *My Left Foot*, he has a wider range here to sweep across toward a deep concluding dignity. Perhaps in some dread way Gerry Conlon profited by his imprisonment; he certainly does from being portrayed by Daniel Day-Lewis. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Right Data, edited by Edwin S. Rubenstein (National Review Books, 409 pp., $17.95)

A MEDIA-DRIVEN economic myth can be more deadly, and harder to kill, than a werewolf. But this compendium, edited by *NR*'s economics columnist, shoots a silver bullet through many a beast. Norman Ture vindicates tax cuts, June O'Neill exposes the "income-inequality" myth, and Glenn Yago defends the market for corporate control (takeovers, junk bonds, etc.). Despite Jack Kemp's introduction, Carl Horowitz blasts Mr. Kemp's HUD record, e.g., adding 250,000 households to the welfare rolls. Ed Rubenstein is a numbers maven who can write, and as a bonus, his book includes one hundred pages of raw data that liberals don't want you to know about. And if some of this

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volume's contributors are too protective of the 1980s, the data correct the imbalance; e.g., the chart on page 362 shows social-welfare spending zooming up 154 per cent from 1980 to 1992. So much for the myth of Republican spending cuts. But conservatives shouldn't take *credit* for this betrayal.

—LLEWELLYN H. ROCKWELL JR.

Original Intentions: On the Making and Ratification of the United States Constitution, by M. E. Bradford (Georgia, 165 pp., $24.95)

IT IS NOT yet the moment to make a definitive assessment of the intellectual journey of the late M. E. Bradford, who died very prematurely in the midst of his creativity. I would say that Bradford will rank with R. P. Blackmur, Lionel Trilling, F. R. Leavis, John Crowe Ransom, and those others whose work has made a permanent difference in our sensibility. The present book is a masterpiece, centrally about the roots of limited government. Bradford throughout traces those roots to their philosophical sources. He easily breathes the air of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 in Philadelphia. Of course Bradford's prose is up to his grand design. It is a prose that discusses issues within itself, sentences answering sentences, as in a debate. Even subordinate clauses contain qualifiers. I believe that in the end Bradford will win. When the time comes for the summing up of M. E. Bradford's contribution, it will be a large debt we are obliged to pay him. —JEFFREY HART

The Vicar of Sorrows, by A. N. Wilson (Norton, 391 pp., $23)

IN THIS terrifically funny and at the same time terrifically sad novel, A. N. Wilson makes up for the disappointment of his last book, the amateur-historical work *Jesus*. The earlier volume had less to say about Jesus than about what A. N. Wilson wished to believe about Jesus: that he was a Galilean *hasid* who was transfigured, but wasn't resurrected. Here Mr. Wilson presents Father Francis Kreer as a kind of fictional stand-in for himself: "one of the many priests of the Church of England who [do] not believe in God," a man who has come to think about Jesus much the same way that A. N. Wilson does, and subsequently loses his family and his job. Before losing his sanity, too, he must grapple with parishioners and fellow churchmen, all portrayed with delicious vividness, the most amusing of all being Francis's archdeacon, "who derived most of his views from the liberal newspapers, [and so] took a very lenient view of Damian's [a homosexual priest] proclivities; but one had to be sensible and think of the 'old dears' in the pew, who might be slower than the rest of us to realize that fornication, when practiced by homosexuals, was no longer exactly a sin." Mr. Wilson is a brilliantly mordant observer of human types, of which this book offers a merciless catalogue. —DAVID KLINGHOFFER

Out of Order, by Thomas E. Patterson (Knopf, 301 pp., $23)

DOES America spend too much time selecting its President? Has the press turned the process into a media charade? Syracuse University professor Thomas Patterson thinks so. Things started to go wrong in 1968, he says, when Democratic leaders selected Hubert Humphrey over Eugene McCarthy, despite Humphrey's unpopularity. Party rank and file in turn demanded reform that would give more weight to their vote. But instead of giving power to the voters, Mr. Patterson contends the reforms gave it to the media. The result is months of horse-race prophecies and scandals, while policy proclamations go unheard. Therefore, Mr. Patterson recommends that the nominating drill be shortened, and that networks provide more unfiltered airtime for candidates. Aside from reasonable electoral prescriptions, *Out of Order* is mostly about the distortion of our political process by a maniacally irresponsible press. There's good research and interesting insights—for instance, Mr. Patterson compares questions asked by citizens at candidate forums with questions asked by reporters at news conferences, and finds the amateurs more sagacious. Since 1968 (well before, actually), there has been an explosion of media outlets. Consequently there is more coverage—so the voter today is likely more informed, and he sees and hears more from candidates themselves than ever before. He also sees more nonsense, which is what concerns Mr. Patterson.

—GEOFFREY MORRIS

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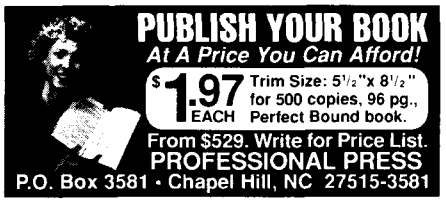
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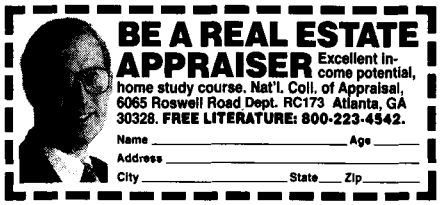
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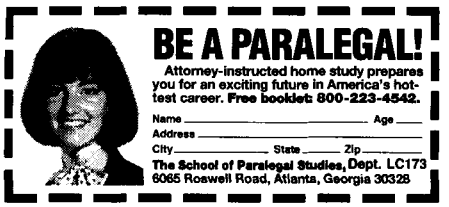
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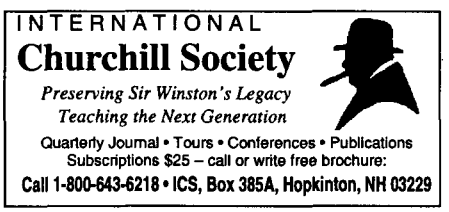
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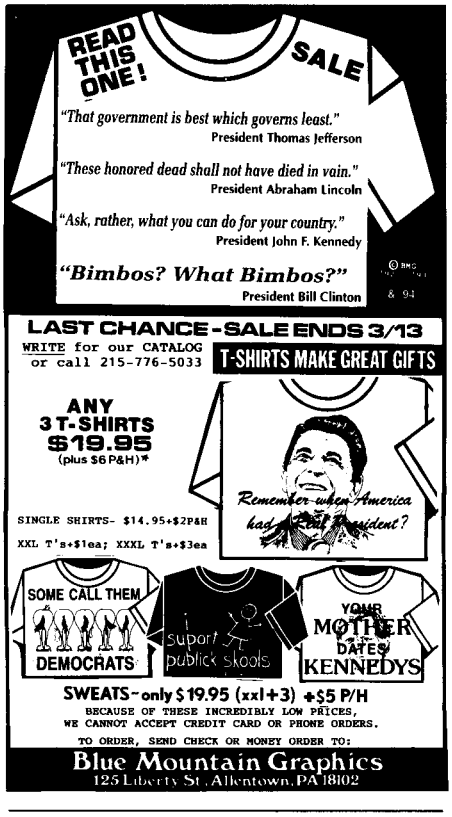
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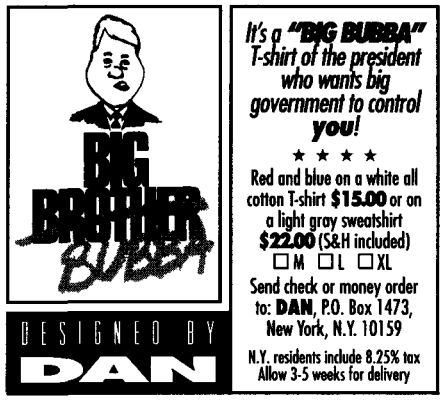
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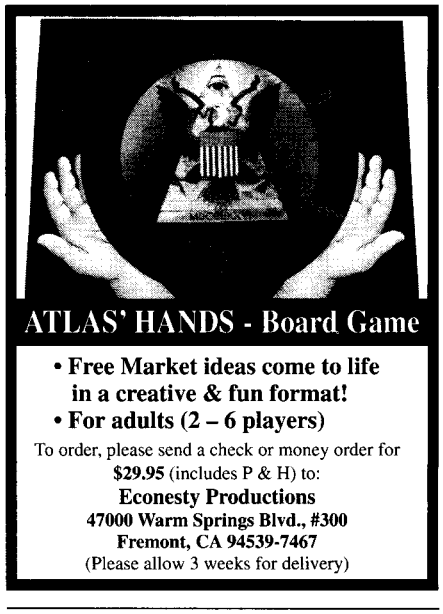
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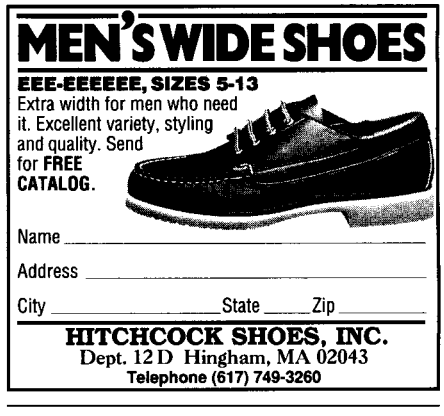
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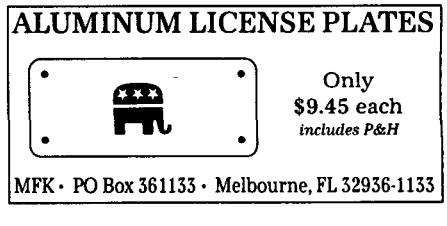

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DONNELLY

(Continued from page 61)

cution produced no court-martial convictions, Paula Coughlin and supporters seized a victory. Just weeks before Tailhook, despite strict prohibitions against lobbying by uniformed personnel, Lieutenant Coughlin was one of several women allowed to lobby for Representative Schroeder's bill to repeal laws exempting women from combat aviation. Tailhook gave a boost to Mrs. Schroeder's effort that no amount of lobbying could.

With Defense Secretary Cheney keeping his head below the parapet, Senator Bob Dole and other GOP leaders went along with Ted Kennedy in 1991 and voted to repeal that law. Two years later, Cheney's successor, Les Aspin, followed the release of a second report on Tailhook with the announcement that women would immediately be assigned to combat-aviation training. Repeal of the law exempting women from combat ships came next, and the Pentagon is currently moving ahead to force women into more dangerous positions in or near land combat positions.

Never mind that the Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces recommended in November 1992 that women *not* be assigned to combat aviation, much less ground combat. Testimony before the commission overwhelmingly indicated that differences in physical capabilities between men and women would detract from unit cohesion, and inappropriate interpersonal relationships would likely hurt morale. The conclusions were based on evidence from Desert Storm, when an average pregnancy rate among enlisted women of about 8 to 10 per cent, combined with family/child-care problems, meant the non-deployability rate among military women was three to four times that for men.

Yet the Navy, described by Chief of Navy Operations Admiral Kelso himself as on the "ragged edge of readiness," is rushing to spend millions to alter combat ships for the accommodation of women. Why? In a *Navy Times* interview, Kelso said he started to change his mind about women in combat when the Clarence Thomas/Anita Hill hearings caused him to realize that "there really is a jungle in the workplace." Kelso also now suggests that the answer to any "execution problems" with women in combat—e.g., the "love boat" phenomenon—is "the right kind of training to understand how not to get pregnant."

Perhaps there should be courts martial for fatuity. Kelso's apparent naïveté masks the real reason for his change of heart. This is the new Navy: a man's career depends on having the "correct" view on women, as defined by feminists who know how to exploit sexual politics to get their way. When Navy Secretary Dalton tried to fire Kelso for his lack of "leadership" at Tailhook, Defense Secretary Les Aspin intervened to save him, at least in part because he had changed his mind about women in combat.

Kelso should have gone—if for different reasons than Dalton's. Vest implicates him as one of the chief forces sending the Tailhook investigation out of control. Vest charges that Kelso had not only been "in error" in denying that he had not witnessed indecent conduct at Tailhook, but "had manipulated the initial investigative process . . . in a manner designed to shield his personal involvement in Tailhook '91."

Admiral Kelso's disgrace is shared by political appointees serving in the Bush and Clinton Administrations who have condoned a new policy of discrimination that is both demoralizing to men and demeaning to women: in future incidents of sexual misconduct, men will be disciplined, but women may not. Surveys already show that the problem of sexual harassment is aggravated by the men's resentment over double standards favoring women, such as the gender-norming of test scores. It is hard to imagine a better prescription for future conflict between military men and women.

In reality, there were two Tailhook scandals. One took place in the halls of Las Vegas; the other, more serious and far reaching, under the watchful eye of Pat Schroeder. The same rotten procedures that prompted Judge Vest to throw out the final courts martial applied in dozens of cases we'll never hear about that went to the mast. Where do those men go to get their careers back? And, more importantly, where does the Navy go to get its honor back? Not only did it betray men who had served it for decades, it capitulated on issues that will affect its combat readiness for decades to come. A scandal indeed. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 I	2 A	3 S	4 K	5 M	6 C	7 F		8 O	9 H	10 D	11 N	12 G	13 E	14 B		15 M	16 A	17 I	18 S	19 T
20 K	21 L	22 F	23 N	24 G	25 H	26 P		27 J	28 E	29 T	30 C	31 K	32 S	33 E	34 M	35 A	36 D	37 N	38 G	39 E
	40 K	41 O	42 S		43 U	44 A	45 J	46 F	47 P	48 L	49 H	50 D	51 N	52 I		53 G	54 S		55 F	56 E
57 M		58 C	59 K	60 P	61 F	62 H	63 A		64 H	65 O	66 E		67 M	68 I	69 D	70 K	71 S	72 A	73 F	
74 O	75 T		76 G	77 Q	78 J	79 C	80 B		81 U	82 L	83 O	84 E	85 G	86 P	87 F	88 C		89 N	90 A	91 I
92 S	93 K	94 D	95 N		96 P	97 J	98 C	99 T	100D	101R		102B	103A	104K	105H	106S	107N	108F		109E
110I	111L	112S	113C	114U	115J		116E	117O	118B	119F	120M	121I	122C		123H	124K	125O		126N	127E
128M	129U		130S	131K	132G		133Q	134T	135J	136N	137G	138I		139O	140S	141R	142B	143F	144C	145D
146A	147H	148O		149L	150N	151T		152G	153D	154R	155E	156A	157T	158K	159M		160P	161J		162Q
163D	164E	165C	166P	167A	168I		169F	170E	171U	172M	173P	174H	175G	176L	177B	178O				

DEFINITIONS

A. Firing, employment-wise — 167 2 103 44 35 72 90 156 146 16 63

B. Venus at evening — 56 177 80 102 39 142 118 14

C. Tyrannical — 113 98 58 6 144 88 122 79 165 30

D. Gaiety — 69 94 153 163 10 36 145 50 100

E. Charge — 109 116 13 170 33 155 84 164 66 28

F. Unyielding attitude — 73 55 127 169 119 46 108 87 7 22 143 61

G. Natal field — 53 76 175 24 132 38 137 12 152 85

H. Yard tool — 25 49 123 147 105 62 64 174 9

I. Where you don't want to be, vis-à-vis a rock and a hard place (2 words) — 121 110 91 68 138 1 168 52 17

J. Undue praise — 45 27 161 135 97 78 115

K. The fireside — 131 104 70 31 40 124 20 4 158 93 59

L. Avow — 111 149 48 82 176 21

M. Peach variety — 128 57 15 34 120 67 172 159 5

N. Spywear — 95 126 107 23 51 150 89 136 37 11

O. Educational level (2 words) — 65 74 148 41 178 8 117 139 125 83

P. Common — 160 60 96 86 173 166 47 26

Q. Ravenous writer — 162 77 133

R. Ogle — 141 101 154

S. Celebrations — 54 42 18 130 106 140 92 112 71 32 3

T. One — 99 75 157 134 19 151 29

U. Cell destruction — 114 81 129 43 171

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. CAL THOMAS: The New Federalism: *"The Centers for Disease Control is beginning an ambitious and dangerous advertising campaign . . . designed to persuade people they will be protected from sexually transmitted diseases including AIDS, if they use a condom while having sex."*

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A Gesture in Bosnia

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7

The new Secretary of Defense let it out that the United States can dispatch death to indicated targets in Yugoslavia in "one hour." One wonders, What was the diplomatic purpose here? Are we advertising the ability of our war machine to go to work, once it is summoned with due attention to protocol?

What are the protocols, and what are they up to? One begins with the United Nations. George Bush pumped a whole lot more life than ought to have been injected into that devious body. This was thought safe to do, given that the Cold War had ended; but always assuming Russia were to go along, we are still left with China's absolute right to veto collective action against the aggressors in the former Yugoslavia, and China is being inscrutable.

So then we wonder about NATO. We are the commanding figure in NATO, but it is very nearly inconceivable that NATO would authorize action without the affirmative vote of Germany—which has been plainspokenly opposed. Great Britain is properly outraged over the mortar attack on Saturday and France has authorized an ultimatum—but they alone cannot commit NATO, with which, in any event, France is only attenuatedly attached.

When foreign-policy spokesmen raise difficulties about doing anything in Yugoslavia one is entitled to wonder whether prudence is merely the virtue hoisted up the flagpole of apathy. Lawrence Eagleburger, a distinguished former ambassador to Yugoslavia, speaks of the impossibility of singling out targets. Lord Owen speaks of dangers to UN forces on the ground, there to promote whatever it is they are failing in fact to promote. In geostrategic clinics, the technicians are telling us such things as that what we have going on, really, is a civil war, and what exactly is it we are supposed to do about civil wars?

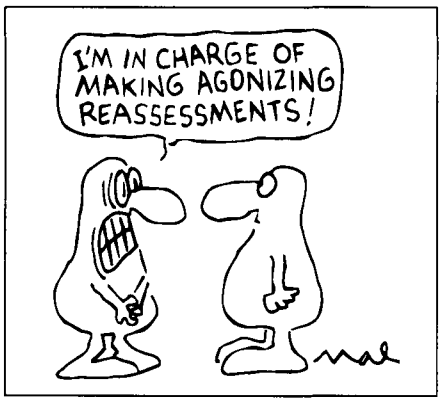
Now this is not an uninteresting point. Some months ago the *New York Times* editorial page listed the countries currently engaged in civil war. They include Angola, Chad, Djibouti, Ethiopia, Liberia, Rwanda, Somalia, Sudan, Western Sahara, Zaïre, Colombia, Guatemala, Peru, Afghanistan, Kashmir, Myanmar, the Philippines, Indonesia, Sri Lanka, Northern Ireland, Bosnia, Croatia, Serbia, Iraq, Palestine, Lebanon, Turkey, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Tadjikistan, and Moldova. We can, I suppose, be grateful that CNN is not covering each of these countries with the attention it is giving to Bosnia. And, of course, geopoliticians who accept the challenge of examining the nature of conflicts within nations will acknowledge that, e.g., what is going on now within the Philippines is further removed from vital Western organs than the historical drama going on within Yugoslavia. Earlier in the century, a world war costing 15 million lives was triggered by an assassination in Sarajevo.

What is it that is absolutely excluded? As far as the U.S. is concerned, the question is not difficult to answer: We are not going to send the Marines to Bosnia.

What is it that can be done that would simultaneously give the West the wholesome satisfaction that comes with dispatching a CARE package, and remind the barbarian Milosevic that we are still involved in mankind?

We might bomb the airfield at Belgrade and the rail center that links the city with Italy, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. Well-directed shells could, for a memorable few days or weeks, block also the water traffic on the Sava and Danube rivers.

The United States might then announce that any nation disposed to do so might join us in an ad-hoc Partnership for the Relief of Bosnia, which would begin immediately to introduce arms to the Bosnian Muslims, as a Sense of the Senate resolution urged a week ago.



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And then our ambassador to the United Nations should present the Security Council with two alternatives: either repeal the various covenants that condemn war crimes, or proceed with the year-old resolution and indict by name the Serbian and Croatian war criminals. This will not bring the dead Bosnians to life, but it will suggest to an awed world that we are a sentient nation, capable of doing more merely than watching war crimes on television. □

Suffocation-time

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2

The *Sunday Telegraph* of London featured on the front page last week a photograph of Prime Minister John Major, his head bent over a table, looking about as forlorn as a politician can look. The headline read, "Major's Days are Running Out, Says Tory Left." But it isn't only the Left that is unhappy; one gets the impression that all of Great Britain is unhappy. Ironically, the Labour Party is playing heavily the theme of maladministration and high taxes. A study last week of Treasury data divulges that Brits are paying a higher percentage of their income in taxes than they were in the last days of the Labour government that preceded Mrs. Thatcher. When accosted with these figures, Chancellor of the Exchequer Kenneth Clark had a difficult time framing his response, and finally settled for, "Piffle."

But taxes aren't the whole of it. The country is invaded by regulations. Some of these issue from Brussels, suggesting the ultimate danger of a European Community beyond the reach of the British voter. But others have nothing whatever to do with Brussels. They are homegrown, and Christopher Booker and Richard North have just got out a book called *The Mad Officials*. "To an extent that many people have not yet grasped," writes columnist Christopher Booker, "our system has gone off the rails at every level, from the top of the Civil Service right down to the most petty official. Having lost touch with the real world, it is fast becoming little more than a gigantic protection racket, oiled by deception and self-deception, whose main purpose is simply to serve the interests of the officials themselves."

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I like the British-coffin story. The Environmental Protection people in Great Britain went to the National Association of Funeral Directors and told them they could no longer cremate Brits in Spanish-made coffins. Why? Because the materials used in Spain to make coffins release bad effluents or whatever. As a practical matter, this has meant that the two or three hundred Brits who die in Spain each year and are placed in coffins and sent home, are required by regulations to be removed on arrival, and resituated in British coffins, suitable for burning. What then do the funeral directors do with the empty Spanish coffins? Why, they burn them.

We learn about an Environmental Health Officer who informed a restaurant on the proper way to deal with customers who come in and ask for a rare steak. This can be supplied, a customer was told recently, only after one signing "the order." The what? Under European Community regulations, she was told, a rare steak would be "insufficiently cooked to destroy injurious bacteria." It turns out that the EC did not in fact make such a ruling, given that meat is inherently hygienic and that contaminated meat gets that way from surface exposure. But meanwhile, there are orders being collected in no one quite knows how many restaurants.

And then, speaking of meat, there is the butcher in Huntingdonshire, carrying on a hundred-year-old family business. He is told by administrators of the Fresh Meat (Hygiene and Inspection) Regulation that he has to make some structural changes. The butcher's shop is twenty yards from his slaughterhouse, across the yard, but from now on he will not be permitted to carry meat across the yard. He must build a refrigerated tunnel between the two buildings and a wall between his house and shop. To walk to work, he must now go out into the road and along the pavement. The butcher decided to close his shop.

Life gets terribly complicated, as we give over our lives to the shower adjusters who reach into our stalls to make the water just a little cooler, or just a little hotter. A British merchant who makes body armor and looked forward to enhanced opportunities under the European Community discovers that whereas before it required three weeks to get an export license, now it takes six: an EC official, after going over the data submitted, will visit the factory to inspect the body armor. A few visits like that, and he'd be prudent to become one of the factory's customers.

It is a fine spectacle, as we lecture the Russians on how to reform. We have such a sure hold over the model, but hanging onto it is like the problem of the greased pig. What ever happened to the idea of sunset legislation? Regulatory agencies expire every ten years, unless specifically revived. □

South African Blues

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17

The time is coming (the South African elections are scheduled for April 27) when the economic programs of the new nation will have to be specified. During the half-century of formal apartheid, an effort was made to develop a political organism that would assure to the Boers, and derivatively to the Anglos, their absolute hold on the economy. The idea, in retrospect, appears as preposterous as Brook Farm and sundry other attempts to reorganize society by imposing ideological coordinates on non-reciprocating gears. The blacks would have their own townships, the whites would retain their hold on the fountainheads of economic power: the country's mineral deposits, its banking, its manufacturing, and its agriculture. The system foundered on its inability to develop something that would substitute for—equality.

For many years, the anti-apartheid white forces were divided. The Liberal Party wanted one man, one vote. The Progressives were prepared to go with a weighted franchise, something on the order of the *asimilado* program in the Portuguese colonies: If you could read and write, you were a grade B citizen. If you held down a job and acquired property, a grade A citizen—etc. The eruptions of 1974 in Mozambique and Angola wiped away any possibility of gradualism toward democratic capitalism. Almost twenty years later, the Portuguese colonialism is gone, and so is any prospect of a better life for the natives of the two countries who can take satisfaction only from the ejection of the Portuguese. The South African opposition abandoned a graduated franchise.

What satisfactions are in store for the South African blacks? The forthcoming elections will certify what is generally known, namely that there are three surviving centers of power, the Boer, the Xhosa, and the English. On the far Left is the Pan Africanist Congress, on the far Right the Afrikaner Resistance Movement (AWB). The far Left clamors for the equivalent of a Communist revolution. The AWB wants a separate white state. The struggle will be over property. Those who think that the white South African's title to property is the equivalent of the white Southerner's title to economic pastures developed by slaves don't really know very much about centuries of hard work, of savings, and of investments. The Afrikaners believe themselves entitled to properties developed by white work and enterprise.

When the African National Congress enunciated a Freedom Charter in 1955, it declared that "The mineral wealth beneath the soil, the banks and monopoly industry shall be transferred to the ownership of the people as a whole. All other industries and trade shall be controlled to assist the well-being of the people." That is Communist cant, and Nelson Mandela, on his release from prison, slowly adjusted to twentieth-century reality. But last week his party announced its current economic plank. The 61-page manifesto calls for the redistribution of land, the construction of a million units of low-income housing, state control of the mining industry, and the break-up of white-run conglomerates.

Specifically, the ANC wants 300,000 subsidized houses built every year, which is six times as many houses as South Africa built in 1992. The document announces that its social programs can be realized without any significant tax increases. Voodoo economics.

South African whites are suffering from economic isolation, and from a demoralization confirmed by the unsuccessful call during the four months since the end of ostracism for huge investments of foreign capital. Such investments have not been forthcoming. It is easy, in the comfortable quarters of the UN, to proclaim the merits of one man, one vote, and to denounce gradualism. But the people who decide where to invest can be forgiven if they peer at continental Africa and ask: What are the prospects of a peaceful evolution in South Africa? What reason is there to hope for a hospitable economic climate?

Andrew Kenny lives in Natal and wrote a dispatch last May for NATIONAL REVIEW. "I work in manufacturing industry, the main hope of the South African economy, where the mood is of torpid pessimism. . . . Rebellion alternates with fatalism. An Afrikaner colleague said recently, 'When you see the way the country is going, you may as well give up engineering and go and sell doughnuts on the beach.'" Mr. Kenny concludes grimly, "The hopes of Africa rest upon whites who are now deciding whether to reach for the passport, the gun, or the doughnut stall." □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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It's Funny till Someone Gets Hurt

MARCH comes to Washington, bringing with it our annual spring fling of parties—deafening, crowd-choked affairs, held in hotel ballrooms the size of football fields. They are usually sponsored by large organizations as tributes to themselves. And what tributes! The food is cold; the cocktails are lukewarm. The after-dinner speeches stretch to Homeric lengths, lasting long after the water glasses have been drained and the table wine has disappeared. A woman with a medium-sized bladder could easily spend half the evening waiting in line for the powder room, and her husband could spend the other half looking for her coat; and on the ride home both would discover that neither had missed anything of interest. No true Washingtonian would pass up such a party for all the world.

My own experience with these occasions is comprehensive. I have covered them as a reporter, attended them as a guest, and fidgeted backstage while important personages delivered remarks I had ghostwritten for pay. What I mean is, I know from these big Washington parties. And so I don't feel shy in offering advice about them to the President of the United States.

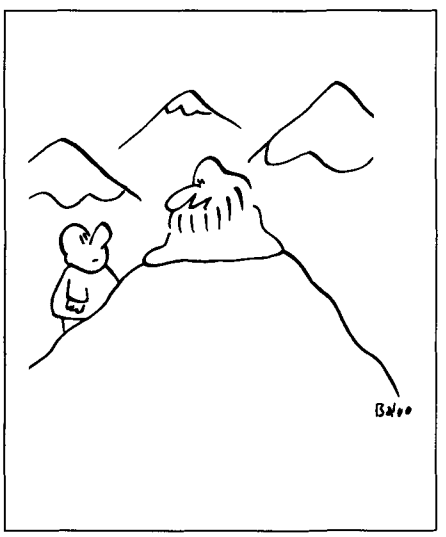
Advice is needed; the President has had trouble in their regard before. Several of the parties are thrown by collections of media folk—the Gridiron Club, White House Correspondents' Association, and others. Members get to dress like grown-ups, drink for free, and hand out awards to one another. But the highlight comes when the President offers a few remarks, consisting mostly of self-deprecating jokes and at least one about Sam Donaldson's big mouth, and concluding with what sitcom writers call the MOS, or "moment of s---," in this case a sentimental peroration about the importance of the First Amendment.

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

It sounds simple, but this President has yet to catch on. He is clearly uncomfortable with self-deprecation—with humor of any kind, in fact. Last year, his jokes at the Gridiron were considered "mean-spirited." A follow-up appearance at the White House Correspondents dinner caused a minor scandal when he accused Bob Dole of porkbarreling and Rush Limbaugh of racism. But these were mere symptoms of a larger pathology, which was the President's failure to comprehend his role in the press-dinner ceremony.

At press dinners, self-deprecation on the President's part isn't a shtick; it's the whole point. A press dinner is a sacramental occasion. The city's high priests invite the President and other luminaries—Cabinet secretaries, prominent legislators—to parade before them and ridicule themselves, confirming the caricatures the press has created in its daily work.

The clearest example, as Tom Bethell noted in these pages several years ago, was Nancy Reagan's now legendary appearance at the Gridiron, in which the First Lady dressed as a charwoman and sang a parody called "Second-Hand Clothes." The lyrics satirized her image, created by her audience, as an airhead Marie Antoinette.



"Oh, I'm not a guru—I'm an isolationist!"

Her groveling proved a sensational success. Her husband also understood: his jokes were routinely about long afternoon naps and an itchy trigger finger. The press still hated him, but they credited him with knowing how Washington worked. "He was a dunce," a press don once said, "but at least he could laugh at himself."

THERE is no reason such accolades should be denied our current President. I have therefore worked up some remarks, complete with stage directions, that he can use when the next press dinner rolls around in a few weeks.

Thank you for that kind introduction, Strobe. Boy, was that a great dinner! Maybe I overdid it. I haven't eaten so much since 4:30!

Actually all these stories about my huge appetite— [Pauses, looks to dinner companion on right, points to dessert.] Strobe, you gonna finish that? [Slurps ball of sherbet into his mouth, swallows it whole.] Can't let food go to waste—there are kids starving in Somalia!

No, but seriously. Hillary thinks I've got a weight problem. The other evening she brought a friend up to see the family quarters. Her friend said, "What a beautiful sofa!" Hillary said, "That's not a sofa, that's the President."

Hey, I'm not saying I'm overweight, but when I sit around the White House, I sit around *the White House.*

But I gotta tell you, the White House is like a fishbowl. Secret Service around all the time. . . . But I've finally reached an agreement with those guys. The next time some girl runs up and tries to kiss me while I'm jogging, they can arrest her, but I *get to wrestle her to the ground.*

Hey, Hillary's great, isn't she? I feel like I can talk to her about anything. Right after the inauguration, I remember she was kind of thinking out loud. "Bill," she said, "do you think there will ever be a woman in the White House?" I said, "Sure—the first weekend you leave town."

Thank you so much. If I could just shift gears a moment, I think we all know why we're really here tonight. There's a reason the First Amendment comes first in our Bill of Rights . . .

But I'll let Gergen write the MOS. For some of us, that's the best joke of all.

—ANDREW FERGUSON

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